

The Bates

Vol. XXIII



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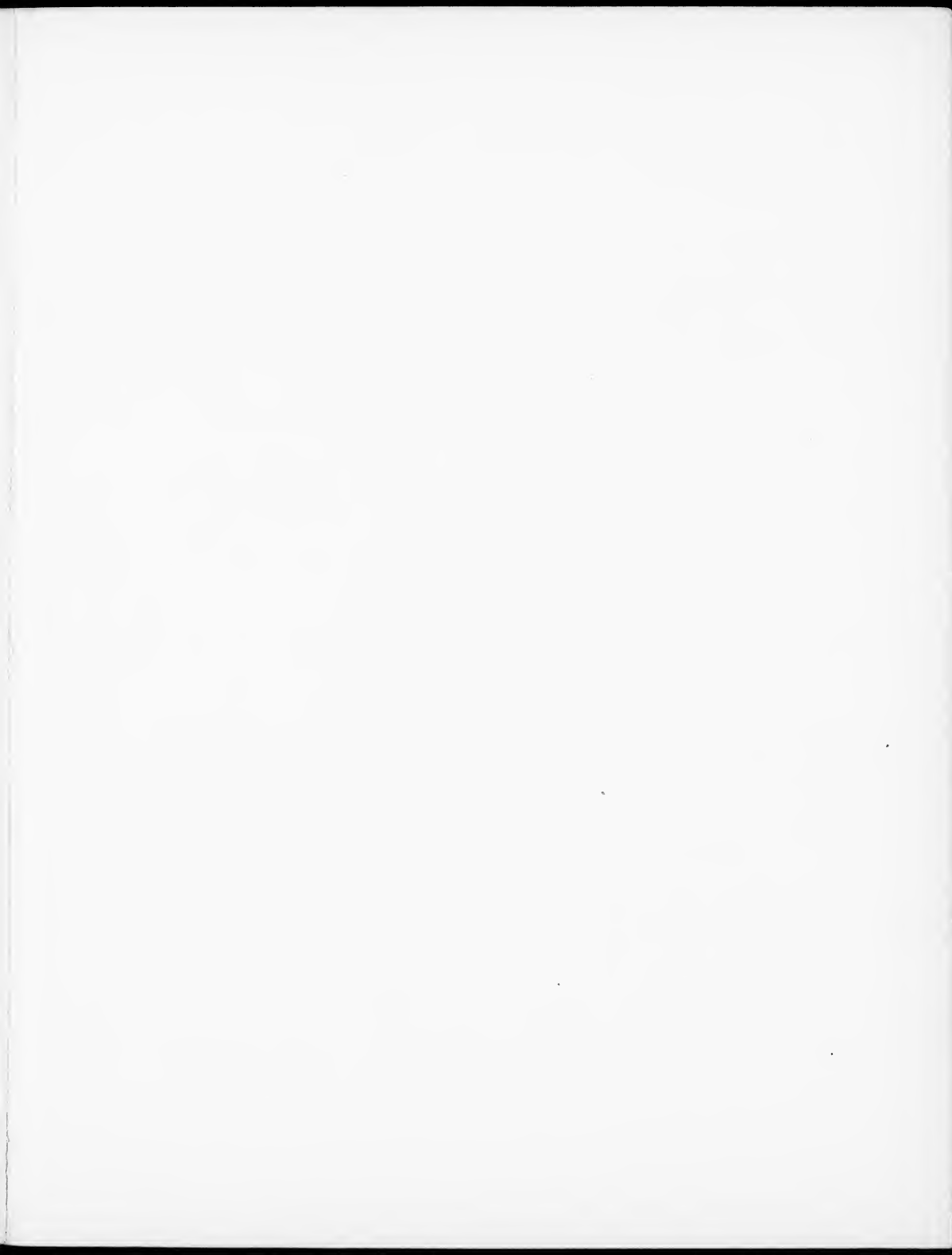
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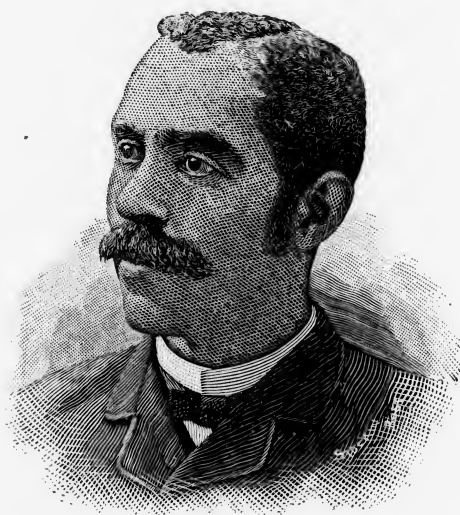
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WILLIAM D. WILSON.

## BATES STUDENT.

Vol. XVII

JANUARY, 1907

No. 1

## THE BATES STUDENT

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Bates College, Me.

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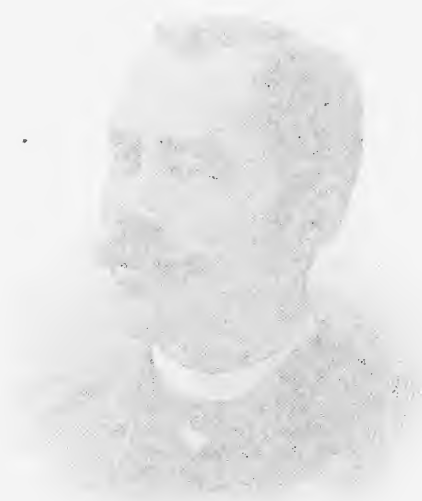
Bates College, Me.

## EDITORIAL

THE BATES STUDENT, which has been published for many years, is a very important part of the life of the college. It is a place where the students can express their views on the things that interest them. It is a place where they can learn about the things that are going on in the world. It is a place where they can find out about the things that are happening in the college. It is a place where they can find out about the things that are happening in the world. It is a place where they can find out about the things that are happening in the college. It is a place where they can find out about the things that are happening in the world.

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MR. J. H. HARRIS

# THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVIII.

JANUARY, 1890.

No. 1.

## THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE  
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LEWISTON, ME.

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## EDITORIAL.

THOUGH, perhaps, rather late for the time-honored wish, yet the smiling face of the STUDENT comes around once more to bid all its readers a Happy New Year. We trust that this coming year the STUDENT will be to its readers what it ever has been, a factor in the events that shall make this new year a pleasant one.

With this number the editorial ink begins to flow unevenly from the inexperienced pens of '91. Since a college magazine is not a representative of its editors merely, nor wholly of the Junior class, but of the whole college, the editors should not feel that they take up the task alone. Each boy and girl in college should feel a *personal* interest in the STUDENT, and not feel that all he has to do with it is, after glancing at the "Personals" and "Pot-pourri," to lay it upon the dust-covered top shelf of the book-case. He should feel that it is *his* magazine, that its success is his success, and that its failure would be in part his disgrace. Such a feeling of fraternal sympathy cannot be wanting in the able corps of editors that have just completed their task.

The STUDENT has, during the past years, been a source of no little strength to the college. We hope it may ever be the same, and that graduates

and friends will find their interest in Bates growing stronger, as they see reflected in its pages the honest work that is being done by our students.

**W**ITH this issue the STUDENT appears in new covers with a design prepared especially for the class of '91, the blades of corn forming the '91. Each decade anniversary of the college President Cheney has preached one of a series of sermons on (1) "The Blade," (2) "The Ear," and (3) "The Full Corn in the Ear."—Mark iv:28. Two of this series have already been delivered. The engraving represents the third and last of this series. We give all the credit to the business manager, Mr. Pinkham, and we think he has shown good taste.

**A** MOST important feature of college Y. M. C. A. work is the formation of classes for Bible study. Although, on account of unavoidable interruptions, but little was done in this line last fall, yet a beginning was made, and we see no reason why good work should not be done this term. Since the Bible is not made an elective in the regular course here, as it is in many colleges, it is the more important that we take advantage of the opportunity offered through the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., for its systematic study. Professor Harper's "Inductive Studies" form a good basis not requiring an unreasonable expenditure of time, and yet sufficiently difficult to stimulate the student, and we hope as many as possible will make this a part of their regular work.

**E**IGHTY-NINE, with its many disasters to the world, has given many blessings to Bates. Among them is the renewed zeal in Christian work. Let that work be steadily advanced in this new year. Do not regard it as a dreamy, far-off work, one that has its chief field in Asia or Africa, and one to be observed at home only on Sunday. The place for it is here; the time, now. Those whom we least suspect of needing encouragement often need it most. A careless exterior often hides an aching heart. How many times a fellow-student is made the victim of a careless jest, remarks made upon his occupation or characteristics. True it is thoughtlessly done, but that makes it none the less cutting. The victim may seem to take it in good part and laugh with the crowd, but once within the privacy of his room he will lay aside the careless demeanor, and wonder *why* his classmates make his life so unbearable. Many an odd habit excites laughter, when, if we knew the hard duty and privations that may cause it, the laugh would be silenced by pity. A misfortune that makes one feel reticent, or outside the pale of common fellowship, is hardest to be endured. And an air of affected mirth often discloses to the thoughtful the sorrow it is meant to conceal. Nothing sooner robs a man of hope and self-respect than "nagging," and remember that when you take these, you have done much to make his life a failure.

Nowhere, more than at Bates are all students equals. A mended suit is not an object of ridicule; the social lines

marked by gold are almost wholly unknown. Yet perhaps every class thoughtlessly jests at one or two students. They do it with no ill-feeling, but rather with that cruel habit of falling in with the crowd. So here, in small ways, we can show the spirit of helpfulness, and remedy evils that are now almost imperceptible, but which may grow to injure not only our noble, high-minded students, but our college.

**T**HERE is one thing in connection with our public exercises at the college chapel that seriously hinders their success. It is the element of rowdyism which makes it necessary to have one or more police present at nearly every entertainment. The presence of police has a bad effect upon the students and makes everybody feel that something is radically wrong, and as though they had come to an entertainment purporting to be first-class, but really not such. The trouble, however, is seldom with the entertainment, but nearly always with a certain portion of the audience who come, not for any good purpose, but to see if there is not some disturbance in which they can take part, or rather to see to it that some devilry is "cut up." Now the chapel can be filled, as was demonstrated once last term, with a very appreciative audience, and we believe that measures should be taken to free the college exercises from this nuisance of rowdyism. We do not think that the presence of police will ever do it. We may not know what would be really best, but we will suggest

what seems to us best. We believe that free admission tickets should be printed, corresponding in number to the number of people the chapel will seat comfortably, that this number should be published with every notice of declamations, debates, or other exercises, that these tickets should be put in the hands of the committee of arrangements for each entertainment, that each committee should know enough to distinguish ladies and gentlemen from "yaggers," and that they should distribute these tickets to *ladies* and *gentlemen only*; beginning as soon as there is any call for them after the entertainment is advertised, and being present with them before the chapel doors on the evening of the entertainment. There should also be a door-keeper whose duty it should be to take these tickets, to admit no one who does not have a ticket, to shut the doors when the time has arrived for the entertainment to begin, and allow nobody to pass in or out during any performance on the stage. As soon as any performance is ended, he should allow any person having a ticket to enter, or any one wishing to leave the hall to do so, and again shut the doors. The presiding officer should in no case call any one on the stage until the door-keeper has shut the doors, and the ushers have seated all persons in the hall. Such arrangements would give dignity and order to all our entertainments, prevent an overcrowded house, exclude all "yaggers," avoid the necessity of police, deprive the president of the privilege of rising and calling for order amid the stamping of

feet, the blowing of whistles, and the explosion of torpedoes, do away with the ridiculous performance of a learned and venerable professor boxing the ears of some young upstart, seizing him by the nape of the neck and pitching him down stairs—a thing which we have seen done quite frequently,—and finally, by the august presence of systematic decorum, utterly shame the belligerent Freshman and Sophomore out of the idea of making beasts of themselves under the very eyes of decent people.

THERE is a tendency on the part of a few students to neglect the social advantages during their college course. This habit seems to be the result of many views as to the object of a college education. Some seem to think that to learn well each lesson and perform faithfully each task, is the whole duty of a student. Indeed, every one must do this in order to obtain the greatest benefit from the course. But while one is studying to develop the power to think and reason on the most difficult subjects, ought he not to give some time to the cultivation of the social side of his nature? In these days, the world demands not only scholarly, but also social men. There is no call for mere book-worms. Thus the college graduate must be able to adapt himself to all kinds of society. This means a great deal to the student whose modesty or bashfulness makes it difficult for him to enter any company without great embarrassment. But if he would ever overcome this bashfulness he must attack it while in college.

Here the question arises, how much time should students give to society? Of course no rule can be given that would apply to every person, for each one must work out the problem for himself. But we do say that no student can afford to neglect this important part of his education. Whatever one's future occupation may be, he will not regret that part of his time was spent in the good society offered by the college and city.

MOST men have shown a deeper appreciation for their regular prescribed work at college ten years after graduating than while they were students. The seeming drudgery of the Freshman and Sophomore years is often discouraging, and some give up altogether, while others drag along in a listless way, under the delusion that the course is not practical. One of the prime causes of this lack of interest in prescribed studies is the tendency of many undergraduates, either of their own accord or at the instigation of their parents, to choose their intended *profession*, and then to begin to cramp their energies into what seems to them to be the channels of that *profession*. Thus they are constantly pondering on what they are going to do, and therefore fail to do anything. They set a barrier to liberal culture by trying to make all else subservient to their hobbies. The whole course is often wasted in gloating over imaginary triumphs in law, medicine, or theology. The present has enough paying work for all, and each will succeed only to the

degree in which he employs himself. There is, therefore, no excuse for discriminating in one's work. He is the scholar who masters *all* principles. No one can hope to be highly successful unless he is faithful in every department. If one would make the most of himself, he must drop his pet notions and visionary schemes, and devote *all* his time and energy to his daily work.

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### LITERARY.

#### THE CHANGE.

By L., '91.

I saw a larva crawl along the road  
 With half its beauty hid because of dust.  
 But when at last from out its silken tomb,  
 A beautiful image crept and spread  
 Its wings, like some new thought, and soared  
     away  
 In altitudes above the drifting sand,  
 No longer stained with dust its wings were  
     clean.  
 So shall the soul that grovels in the dust  
 Of earth, its grandeur hidden by the stains  
 Of sin, burst from its fleshly tegument,  
 Spread its bright wings, and soar at last un-  
     stained  
 Within an upper air of purity.

---

#### THE EFFECT OF PUBLIC LIFE UPON CHARACTER.

By L. B. W., '91.

**G**OD made man in His own image. This He has done for all; but as a means to His everlasting purposes, all must be subjected to the dominant forces of this world. The pure marble must be subjected to the chiseling of the sculptor, Time, whose tools are the influences of the age. If the tools be so true that they are Truth herself,

then may the marble be moulded into a statue, that shall finally be placed on an everlasting pedestal, before Omnipotence, in sight of the eternal hills from which it was hewn. But if the hand of the sculptor be furnished with tools, whose edges are battered and misshapen, then will the plan of the great Artist be spoiled, and the image will be fit only for the Pandemonium of Satan.

In any department of life, "Influenced we must, we will be." Whether for good or evil, depends largely upon the home training. The family meets every soul upon its entrance into life. There the mind receives an influence that no later discipline can eradicate. Love for mankind, a deep reverence for truth and right, and all those noble principles so needful for success in after life, are gained around the home altar. We affirm, then, that the effect which private and public life have upon character, depends, to a great degree, upon the early training of the child.

In view of this statement, to which of course there are exceptions, we will divide public men into two classes—partisans and statesmen.

The partisan entering public life, his one aim being promotion of self, having no love for God or humanity, cannot emerge from it a good man; for vain glory can no more mix with noble sentiments, than water can mix with oil. He possesses no enlarged ideas, but, supported by his constituents, he becomes overbearing and conceited. He is determined to rise in the social scale, at any price; and, considering popularity of more worth than qualifi-

education, he stoops to the caprices of his supporters, doggedly following where he does not dare to lead. His mind becomes corrupted by too close an acquaintance with the political press. The national welfare does not become the desire of his heart. While he becomes meanly servile, he becomes more fixed in his purpose. Honesty, self-reliance, sincerity, and every noble impulse, he sacrifices to his contemptible ambitions. His course in life has stunted the growth of his intellect, and biased his ideas. Like Mammon, he gazes upon the dirt and filth of earth, looking never heavenward whence come the sunshine and the rain. He is the embodiment of failure and discontent. He has schemed and deceived, and the harvest that he reaps is like the apples of Sodom and the clusters of Gomorrah.

The statesman, entering public life, realizes that the state is God's instrument for bringing virtue, order, and happiness out of sin, confusion, and misery. Through the lens of truth and right, he gathers up the wisdom of the past, and shapes the policy of the future. He sees the noble side of humanity, and believes that the development of the true and good in man's nature, is the mission of the thinker and worker. His heart enlarges, in proportion to the number for whom he must work, and the inspiration that he gains every day expands his mind and develops his faculties. Continually planning to reconcile God to men, and men to God, harmony pervades his whole life, and symmetry becomes the cardinal virtue of his character. To

him, statesmanship becomes an engrossing philosophy, demanding divine agency and human effort. Such a man must ever have high ideas. "Strike the chord of self, and it passes in music out of sight." Men feel instinctively the nobility of his character. His course is no more like that of the partisan, than the bright noonday is like the darkness in the caverns of the earth.

What an effect public life had upon Lincoln! Called to action in tremulous times, feeling in his whole heart the throbbings of the whole nation, his magnanimity, courage, and resources grew according to the demand of the moment. At last, his work finished, his purified spirit, borne out of the debris of war, was called away. The terror of his assassination blazed in a new glory around him, and to-day he stands the "heroic man of an heroic age."

On the other hand, look at Napoleon. Ambition was his goal. His life was a search after power; his plans were based on selfish motives, and his life was as unproductive of good as the knarled fruit cut off by an early autumn.

Lincoln relied upon God; Napoleon depended upon his own genius and resources. As one has said, "Resting on any other foundation than that of everlasting truth, the grandest conceptions of the genius of man, often prove as fleeting as the baseless fabric of a dream." In the bright sunlight they flash for a moment, but anon night drops upon them her mantle of despair.

# WILL BISMARCK BE A GREATER HISTORICAL CHARACTER THAN GLADSTONE?

By W. B. S., '92.

THE solution of this question demands the application of three tests of historical greatness,—the extent of the power of these men, the obstacles to their work, and the results attained by them. From these criterions will careful historians judge, and sufficient data are obtainable for us to safely foreshadow their verdict.

By the first, reference is made to the extent of time each has held influential positions, the power attached to these positions, and the different countries with which they have come in contact.

Gladstone's public career has been a long one, a few years longer in fact than Bismarck's, but of a very different nature. Of the first fifteen years he held cabinet positions about two years and four months. For the rest, he was almost entirely unnoticed. Since then he has held higher offices and figured prominently in English history. For about ten years he was Prime Minister. What a contrast the career of Bismarck! In 1847 he became a member of the Prussian diet. A united Germany, his dream from childhood, now became the goal of his ambition, and never did he lose sight of it. Eight years later he was sent on several important diplomatic missions. In 1862 he became Prussian Premier. For an uninterrupted period of twenty-seven years he has held this, probably the most responsible office in Europe.

Here also belongs another subdivision, the number of countries with which each has come in contact. While Gladstone has not held political relations of importance with a single foreign nation, Bismarck has dealt with every country in Europe. Ten years ago a noted Frenchman, one of his bitterest enemies, said: "The history of Europe for fifteen years has his personality for a pivot." An eminent English writer has called him "a solitary Colossus with a continent for a pedestal."

What bearing has this on their comparative historical greatness, do you ask? This much: that the man who has been *prominently* before the public the longest time will secure prominence in the longest series of historical facts, and that he who has had most to do with the making of the history of other nations, will figure most prominently in that history. Then does it not follow that, to whatever extent this division has to do with history, Bismarck will be the greater historical character?

The second test was the comparative difficulty with which each has contended. Gladstone has always been backed by a strong party and strong men. What he has accomplished, he has not done by himself, but aided by a large party led by himself and influenced by his friends. Not so with Bismarck. Distrusted at first by his king, hated by his rivals, denounced by the doctrinaires, opposed by parliament, feared by his people, laboring under all these sources of discouragement and opposition, forced to plan

and to execute, not only without assistance, but with every possible hindrance thrown in his way, he has, nevertheless, persisted in his work, ever conscious that he was attaining the common good of Prussia and of Germany. His party has been himself, his doctrine his country's welfare, and his opponents, the whole world.

But think you this has no bearing on their comparative historical greatness? Of course it has. He who conquers the greatest force in comparison with his own, deserves and demands the most attention. Multiades won more glory at Marathon than Xerxes at Thermopylæ.

Then to whatever extent this division influences history, to that extent will Bismarck be a greater historical character than Gladstone.

Finally, we have to do with the third and most important division of our analysis,—the comparative results of the life-work of these two men. By this chiefly will their historical greatness be determined. True history consists of crises, of great measures inaugurated, and upon his connection with and influence over these depends a man's standing in history.

Let us then consider briefly the history of England and of Germany during the time in which Gladstone and Bismarck have been before the public. The noticeable points in England's history are four, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Eastern Question, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the Home Rule Struggle.

First was the Repeal of the Corn Laws. This measure, originated by

Huskisson, Canning, and a few others outside the pale of either great party, shaped and developed by O'Connell, Cobden, and John Bright, adopted through the influence of Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, and the Duke of Wellington, received scarcely an iota of support from Mr. Gladstone.

With the Eastern Question he had still less to do. Generally no claims to greatness are made on this score. But from the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, they tell us, he will receive a great reputation. Is it true? This measure was introduced by Maguire and Lord John Russell, by whom it was advocated until its adoption became only a question of time. Then, and not till then, did Mr. Gladstone kindly turn his attention to it. Think you historians worthy the name will accord him much praise for this?

Then we must look for the sources of his greatness in the Home Rule Agitation. There are two reasons why he will not be renowned for this. The measure, as far as he has had to do with it, was a failure, and hence will not bring those connected with it into prominence. Moreover, far from originating even this idea, he bitterly opposed it at the outset. Now, when an undertaking fails once, and is afterward successful under a different management, of those engaged in the first attempt only the ones starting it get any of the glory. Therefore, if Ireland should obtain Home Rule in the future, Gladstone's historical greatness will not be enhanced by it.

But quite different has been the history of Germany, and consequently of

her political leaders during this time. It is the history of a country passing from a loosely tied bundle of belligerent states to one of the most powerful nations in the world, from nothing to everything. The striking features in that history are the Schleswig-Holstein controversy, the Austrian war, the Franco-German war, the unification of Germany, the K rltakamph, and the domestic progress.

But let us not forget that Bismarck's has been a dual career; that he is no less a diplomatist than a statesman. He dragged Austria into the Danish controversy, and, by a stroke bold even beyond the confidence of the Emperor, compelled Denmark to give up Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg; by masterly art he duped Napoleon and Benedetti, and snatched from their very grasp the favor of Russia and Italy; he dragged England, Belgium, Austria, and the smaller German states into the signing of the French commercial treaty, a treaty that they were bitterly opposed to; he brought calumny on Austria and France, or rather caused them to bring it on themselves, by taking the initiative in their respective wars—wars that he had all along foreseen and purposed to precipitate; later on, he drew Austria and Italy into an alliance, avowedly for the maintenance of the peace in Europe, when it meant simply the stability of new Germany until her government could be perfected and her coffers replenished. In short, there is not a country in Europe that has not been made to appreciate his diplomatic power, and, as a necessary

result, he will occupy a most prominent place in diplomatic history, perhaps the most important of all modern history, a class of history with which Gladstone will have absolutely nothing to do.

But now to the results of the work of Bismarck, the statesman. Within two years after he became Prussian Premier, he settled the long-agitated Schleswig-Holstein question by causing the cession of these provinces to Germany. Bent upon placing Prussia in the foreground of Germany, he led Austria into a war that closed in six weeks with the realization of his object and the addition to Prussia of half a million souls, while he increased her territory by one-fourth, and compelled Austria and Saxony to pay a war indemnity of fifty million thalers.

Now burning with a desire to place Germany in a higher position, he craftily blindfolded the wily Napoleon and plunged his country into a war, resulting in the shattering of the French Empire, which alone will assure him a place in French history, the addition to German territory of Alsace-Lorraine, and to her population of a million and a half of people, besides opening the way to his next achievement, the consummation of his greatness and the wonder of the world, the unification of Germany. For centuries had German statesmen and German rulers toiled and fought for this end, but, toiling and fighting in vain, it remained for Bismarck to do what they could not. Seizing the reins of government in 1862, in eight years he had realized this great object;

he had welded a score of contending localities into one mighty mass, he had built for himself a monument that the ravages of time can never mar, and for his countrymen a home of which they may well be proud.

Since completing the unification of Germany, Bismarck has made for himself a place in Papal history. That he has puzzled the inmates of the Vatican not a little was virtually admitted, when they stigmatized him "the very incarnation of the Devil." Good or evil, he will be noticed in their history. Nor have his efforts in this field been unattended with success. He has uprooted the last vestige of Romish power in German politics, besides lending no inconsiderable aid in its overthrowal in Italy.

But the internal progress of Germany has been marvelous under the rule of this man, who, you say, will permit no one else to have a hand in the government, and to whom the glory accordingly belongs. No greater proof of the rapidity of its growth can be sought than the fact that a country, now so great, has comparatively no statistics dating back twenty-five years. She now has sixty thousand elementary schools, and twenty-five hundred of a higher grade. She has three public libraries to England's one. She has twenty-five per cent. more miles of railway than England, and of telegraph seventy-five. In Germany education is universal, while in England that of the middle and lower classes is entirely unorganized and neglected. And this state of affairs under Gladstone, the wondrous reformer!

But what must we conclude from this? That the results of Bismarck's work have been many fold greater than of Gladstone's, consequently, that history, which is made up of results and their causes, will give Bismarck more prominence than Gladstone.

It remains to determine the prospects of their adding to their glory hereafter. They are both old men and are not likely to do much that shall increase the splendor of their past life, but even here the chances seem to favor Bismarck. Gladstone is eighty years old; both himself and his party are out of power, and, even if his party should obtain a majority in the near future, a younger man would probably grasp the helm. Bismarck is six years younger, and is now as firmly seated in power as ever. Moreover, the progress of his country continues to be more marked than that of England.

These, then, are the plain, simple facts. Bismarck has been *prominently* before the public a longer time than Gladstone; he has held more power; he has helped make the history of more countries; he has met and overcome more obstacles; he has accomplished more, and his chances of future greatness are more promising.

Now would it not be strange if, in face of these facts, candid, unbiased historians should give the crown of excellence to Gladstone? It will not be so. It can not. In years to come, when careful research and truthful candor shall have pierced the clouds of prejudice, Bismarck will stand forth resplendent in all the glory of his glori-

ous life. Alexander's star began its retrogression when his troops refused to cross the Hyphasis, Hannibal's at Zama, Cromwell's when his government crumbled with him, Napoleon's at Waterloo, Gladstone's when his Home Rule scheme fell through, but Bismarck's has ever pursued a course straight toward the zenith. Nor will it cease to shine as long as the great patriot and unifier lives, and when he shall have passed to his eternal rest, the most powerful and most prosperous nation in the Old World will stand as an everlasting monument to the greatness of Otto von Bismarck.

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### PEACE.

*Psalm 107: 29, 30.*

By N. G. B., '91.

"He maketh the storm a calm." The waves  
At their Master's voice are still;  
Quick yielding to His will,  
Hushed is the mighty deep  
In sleep.

Safe to the haven they desired  
He bringeth the ship's wave tossed,  
The ships that were well nigh lost;  
Safe on the harbor's breast  
They rest.

"He maketh the storm a calm." O heart,  
Restless as storm-tossed sea,  
The Master speaks to thee;  
Yield to His gracious will—  
Be still.

The longed-for haven thou, too, shalt reach;  
Doubt not that the storm will cease,  
That the Master's sweet-voiced "Peace,"  
Shall hush the restless strife  
Of life.

"Because they are quiet they are glad."  
The joy of quietness  
Thy weary soul shall bless,  
And thou on his own dear breast  
Shalt rest.

### THE USE OF ABUSE.

By A. A. B., '91.

PROGRESS is the offspring of abuse. In every branch of government or religion, the first challenging voice is often awakened only by the most flagrant violation of every rational law. That dread of innovation, that cowardly endurance of present evils in preference to the risk of experiment, has been one source of suffering which has eluded many a wise philosopher. And the more firmly that master power, custom, has bound a nation, the deeper misery it must endure before liberation.

History seems but a series of examples. Look at Europe advancing from the Dark Ages. Monarchy, absolute monarchy, reigns from steppe to ocean, from iceberg to heated sea. Thrones, spattered with the blood of a servile people, rest on armor and battle-axe. The lesson of Greece seems buried under the deposit of war and superstition, while above and over all is the iron rule of papacy.

Then the people did not dream of establishing a different government. And had kings ever been just and lenient all might have been uninterrupted. But when the people began to learn the beauties of peace, the nobles plunged them in partisan strife, tore wife and child from their homes, and answered a resenting voice with a deadly blow. At last the Swiss clans, maddened by insult, and fired by the sight of their kinsmen's blood, fiercely drove back the imperial master who destroyed their liberties. No farsighted statesman could have caused

them to do this deed. Only an insupportable oppression could make them strike at sacred royalty. Does Switzerland now mourn the agony of Tell and hate the cruel Gessler? Ah yes, she hates the tyrant, but sends to the snow-capped peaks a joyful shout for the freedom that tyrant forced their fathers to win.

Look at France, sober and industrious, but seemingly crushed beneath her load of despotism. Her people bow to the earth in their rags, while the ermine robes of her haughty Louis load the hands of a dozen courtiers. Their condition is that of slaves. For a petty offense, their bodies are strung on gibbets and left to sway on the creaking chain. Yet they are so firmly wedged in the groove of custom, that only a terrible convulsion can turn their course. The bread is at length snatched from the mouths of their starving children. Their misery is even now causing them to swerve from their course; and now the world shudders, as, with a last fierce effort, they turn and sweep down king and nobles in ruin. Could that sunny republic now spare her Reign of Terror? Gladly she would wipe away the stains, but blood must deluge that land before she will return to her Bourbon tyranny. While sorrowing for the past, France can now rejoice at the winged liberty which sprang from the head of *her Medusa*.

Watch the course of the American colonies. They are blindly devoted to England until their very loyalty calls down woe upon their heads. The avaricious George lacks the power of

discerning how long their patriotism will endure the rack of his oppression. New taxes imposed, charters demanded, soldiers quartered in private houses, and citizens butchered, at length drive the hardy pioneers to rebel. Even then they strive, not for separation but representation. And not until the British hirelings had quenched in blood every spark of affection, did they determine to establish a free home for the world's oppressed. Then let us, while the bells ring in our glorious anniversary, thank our ancient oppressors for the freedom their murderous allies caused us at last to enjoy. Thus it has been in all countries. By abuse more than by philosophy has government been reformed.

In religion, too, has mankind found truth only after enduring shameful imposition. Call up before you the Roman augurs, duping the people and laughing in each other's faces as they pass on the street. The Romans, disgusted beyond measure at their priests, turn slowly to the new, untried religion of Christianity. Through the Dark Ages the Catholic Church beams as the only star of hope. The first fruits of Europe lie at the foot of the papal throne. Kings do penance at the pope's command. But the lack of enemies without, causes corruption within. The avarice and *hauteur* of the church grows with its power. Look with Chaucer at cozening priest and begging friar. Human bonfires are burning in England and on the continent.

Do you weep to see religion made the cloak for any crime? Look longer

and you will see springing from that decaying church the lilies of reformation. Wickliffe dares proclaim the truth and ignores the pope's demands. Luther and Calvin wake the people to uphold their religious freedom. Those burning martyrs and mangled bodies start the tears of all mankind. Yet only by a scourge, like the scourge of God, could our fathers be turned from the church that seemed the only hope of heaven. But for the terrors of the Inquisition even we might yet be kneeling in adoration before the altar of Mary, or the sight of a wheaten god. Then thank Philip of Spain and the fiercest popes for burning away the bonds of thralldom.

So it has been with most institutions. As soon as their power is great enough to silence outside criticism, they begin to fall by their own folly and arrogance. Tortures prepared for others finally revert to themselves. Then while we, in our short space of life, see innocence abused and moral rights transgressed, let us remember that slowly but surely every transgression will work its author's destruction. Such a reflection may not lessen present sufferings, but it will make them more endurable. And in present evil and abuse, future philosophers will see the germs of a great reform.

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### ON THE HEIGHTS.

By M. S. M., '91.

Whence art thou, shadowy angel,  
With that light in thy beautiful eyes,  
That falls like the rays of a half-veiled star  
From the twilight shaded skies?

That thou grieveest for those who are weary  
I know by thy shadowed face;

But those clear eyes pierce thro' the blinding  
mist  
To Eden, the resting place.

Death do they call thee, angel?—  
Come nearer, come nearer to me,  
For the dimness is gathering swiftly now,  
And thy face I fain would see.

They said thou wert dread, dim angel,  
But no fears my pulses stir;  
By those Heaven-lit eyes I know thee well  
For my Father's messenger.

What is this? my fetters broken!—  
Lo! the shadows are changing to light,  
And, alone with the angel that men call Death,  
I stand on Life's grandest height, —

The height where it touches Heaven;—  
For behold, yonder luminous gate,  
Whence Eden's own music comes floating  
down,  
Where the star crowned angels wait.

Below there stretches my life path;  
(I trod it but yesterday)  
Pleasant and fair it looks to me now,  
With the shadows swept away.

Look where the path curves, angel;  
'Twas there that my burden became  
So heavy I sank to the earth, and thought  
That I never should rise again.

Ah, 'tis scarce the weight of a feather,  
Tho' it broke my heart with its load,  
And those stones, where my bruised feet  
stumbled and fell,  
Are but pebbles that pave the road.

Hush, clearer the music rises!  
Sweet music!—see, angel, see,  
How the gates of heaven swing wide apart,  
To welcome my soul set free.

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### WILLIAM D. WILSON.

By E. R. C., '84.

THESE lines will bear to many of Mr. Wilson's friends among the readers of the *STUDENT*, their first tidings of his death. He passed away on the evening of December 23d, at Tuskegee, Ala., where his remains

were interred on Christmas day, the thirty-fourth anniversary of his birth.

Monday, November 25th, Mr. Wilson was called from Tuskegee on business, expecting to return the following day. His friends did not hear from him until Wednesday, when they learned that he was in a neighboring town suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia. It was not until Saturday that he was able to be brought to his home. Bilious fever followed. Intercostal neuralgia then set in, attended with symptoms of pneumonia. Notwithstanding this complication of diseases he finally rallied, and on the 23d of December had so far regained his strength as to be able to walk out of doors. His physician pronounced him out of danger, and to all appearances he was rapidly recovering. But the sad parting was nearer than his friends supposed, for, as he was preparing to retire for the night, the final stroke of heart failure came, and in fifteen minutes he had passed away.

The subject of this sketch was born on the 25th day of December, 1855, in Amissville, Culpepper County,\* Va., where he lived until the age of fifteen. About this time he went to Wheeling, W. Va., where he worked hard and steadily until the spring of 1877, when he entered the Normal Department of Storer College, from which he graduated in 1878. In the summer of 1880 he completed the classical course in the same institution, entering the Fresh-

man class of Bates College the following winter. Upon the completion of his college course in 1884, he was elected to the chair of Natural Science in the Normal School for colored teachers at Tuskegee, Ala. He held this position for five years, resigning it last May on account of ill health and the press of business cares, since which time he had devoted himself closely to business. He had for some time been financially interested in cotton lands and the purchase of cotton.

From the little that can be learned of Mr. Wilson's early life, it would seem that he suffered all the privations and hardships peculiar to the condition of his people at that time. At the age of thirteen he was doing the full work of a man on the farm. A friend writing of him at this time, says, that "his life was one continued round of struggle backed by indomitable ambition, aspiration, and courage." At fifteen he could neither read nor write, yet in six years he had entered Storer College, and has the honor of being the first alumnus of Storer to pursue a college course.

So far as the term "self-made" is true of any man, it is true of Mr. Wilson. In the face of what might have appeared to many young men insuperable obstacles, he succeeded in obtaining a liberal education, and by honorable effort won a commanding position among his fellow-men. His friends now point to him with pride as a worthy example of what a young man from the humblest condition of life may become. "From boyhood he kept to his own best standard of what

\*According to *Lippincott* (1867), Amissville is in Rappahannock County, and Rappahannock County was formed from Culpepper in 1831. A later edition of *Lippincott* may give more information.

a boy and man ought to be." As a man his character was marked by the strictest integrity, "a clean man," says one most familiar with his life.

Talent far above the ordinary was bestowed upon Mr. Wilson; "a man of rare ability," was the testimony of one of his instructors. As a student he was known as a hard worker, who won deserved honors. During his college course he particularly excelled in the department of oratory, so that his friends confidently predicted that he would win distinction as a public speaker. He was always a genial companion, a man of pleasing address, a constant friend, and above all, a Christian gentleman.

No sketch of Mr. Wilson's life would be complete which failed to note his relation to the cause of the colored people, and the loss they have sustained by his death. A prominent educator among them writes: "We feel that the cause of equal suffrage has sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. Wilson." It is said of him that he constantly bore the burden of the condition of the colored people, and was deeply interested in every plan for their improvement. If his life had been spared, he must have become a source of strength to his people; indeed he had already become such, for the example of his life and what he had accomplished, had made him an inspiration to other young men among them, while his ability and his loyalty to their cause must have made him one of the noblest champions for his race. It might seem to us that his work must now remain unfinished, but

an All-wise Providence may see it still going grandly forward toward completion.

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## LOCALS.

Davis, '90, takes charge of the library in the absence of Woodman.

'90 has come and brought his "grip," he evidently intends to make quite a visit.

Mr. Chase, '91, says he suffered a large loss at the Lewiston fire, namely: one overshoe,—no insurance.

Buzzell, '92, has fully recovered from his late accident, and is now canvassing in Vermont.

Have you heard it? Not McGinty, but '91's class yell. "Hic" has at last decided to "jaet" no longer.

Have you scheduled regular hours for study, exercise, reading, etc.? It is a New-Year's resolution worth keeping.

Quite a number of students are suffering from the all pervading influenza. Miss Wood, the ladies' gymnasium instructor is among the victims.

The walks across the campus have taken upon themselves the duty of punishing vain humanity. During the first of the term, they seemed to be aching to give "pride a fall."

Regular gymnasium work is not quite underway yet. The base-ball nine expect to do some thorough work for the next campaign. Garcelon, '90, will be the trainer. Now is the time to win the pennant.

Miss Bodge, '91, has returned but is still unable to attend recitations regularly. Her many friends are glad to see her back and hope for her full recovery soon.

The boys boarding at Mrs. Sheffield's find the walk across to Mountain Avenue an agreeable change from the one down College Street, some of these stormy mornings.

The Freshman and Junior classes are offered a prize for the best essay this term. The Juniors take Cromwell as a subject, the Freshmen, one of Longfellow's poems.

Society work, as usual in the spring term, is not quite so enthusiastic as when there are some members to "rope in," but now is the best time to do some hard work.

Prof.—"Now, Mr. P., when I place the handle of this tuning fork in my teeth why do the vibrations give a louder sound?" Mr. P.—"Because, sir, your jaws also vibrate." Prof.—"Right, Mr. P.; now please pass this to the ladies so we can all hear."

The teachers are slowly gathering in. They say that the school committee up country are as knowing as ever, and advise all applicants for spring schools to study up the boundaries of the county in which they are to teach, also the position of the Caribbean Sea and Cape Cambodia.

The Sophomores are taking much interest in the winter birds. Wilson and Howard have each found sixteen. The moderate weather has brought an unusual number; among them some rare varieties. A Hudsonian chickadee,

and an evening grossbeak have been shot. These are said to be the first specimens of the kind obtained in this vicinity.

Pierce, '90, has taken to himself a companion. No, not that kind, but a fleet-footed dog. The dog, however, likes exercise and surveys the surrounding territory—what was not worn out by the Sophs. That is why Pierce's melodious whistle is so often heard echoing over the campus.

The marble bust in the chapel seems to be undergoing a curious phenomenon. The upper lip is turning dark. All supposed this to be caused by a mischievous pencil until it was learned that a cautious Senior was experimenting with some "infallible" hair restorer.

The course of lectures being delivered by the Rev. Mr. Johannot at the Bates Street Universalist church, on the "History of Israel," began Sunday evening, January 5th. Next lecture in two weeks. The first lecture had great interest and profit. The speaker outlined the course and divided the history into five periods. The latter part of the lecture took up the first period, *i.e.*, "The Patriarchs." Mr. Johannot is not disposed to cover up what he believes to be true, however far it may be from the accepted doctrines and beliefs. He purposes to give the results of the latest and most authentic researches, impartially, and the confidence and candor with which he has begun, will, if continued, make the whole course a success.

"Prof. Carl Braun, who has for several years made thorough and successful

experiments in raising silk-worms by hybridizing the native oak silk-worm with several Indian species, has been asked by the Southern Silk Association in Baltimore, Md., to direct the establishment of a silk plantation in that vicinity, says the *Bangor Whig*. He will go to Baltimore next spring, where several gentlemen of means and interested in silk culture have asked Congress to put a duty on raw silk, to make American silk culture a success. Several gentlemen in Bangor are considering the project of having a similar plant established in the vicinity of that city.—*Lewiston Journal*.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills, whom we all remember so well from his work here last fall, has just finished a similar work in New York City.

## PERSONALS.

### ALUMNI.

'72.—Civil Engineer J. A. Jones lost a large lot of valuable books and papers in the big fire.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'80.—Elmer E. Richards, Esq., of Farmington, who has just been appointed clerk of the courts for Franklin County, by Governor Burleigh, is a popular young Republican lawyer in that county. He was graduated from Bates College and the Michigan University Law School, having been under the instruction in the latter institution of such noted jurists as Chief Justice Howe, of Michigan, and Judge Cooley, the present head of the interstate commerce commission. He established his law office in Farmington, his native

town, where his father, Dr. John A. Richards, is a leading physician, and for many years on the Franklin County board of pension medical examiners. Mr. Richards served a three years' term on the Farmington school board, but declined a re-election. In 1884 he was appointed register of probate for Franklin County by Governor Robie, and has served ever since to the satisfaction of all. His promotion by Governor Burleigh gives great pleasure throughout the county.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'81.—O. H. Drake, principal of Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, opened the session of the Pedagogical Society at Bangor, December 27th, with a paper on "Purpose of Recitation." Papers were also read before the Society by G. B. Files, '69, principal of Lewiston High School, on "Promotion of Pupils," and by G. A. Stuart, '77, Superintendent of Schools in Lewiston, on "School Superintendence." E. P. Sampson, '73, principal of Thornton Academy, Saco, was elected Vice-President of the Society.

'81.—Mr. Chas. S. Haskell, formerly of Auburn, now principal of Public School No. 14, of Jersey City, has been engaged by Gaze & Son, the London tourist agents, to conduct a party of American teachers and their friends on a European excursion next summer. The route includes London, Paris, Edinburgh, and other points of historic interest in England, Scotland, and France. The total cost of this trip, including every necessary expense, is \$175. Teachers, or others wishing to join Mr. Haskell's party, can obtain

full particulars by addressing him at Jersey City. Mr. Haskell, it will be remembered, made an extensive European trip last summer.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'86.—Rev. F. W. Sandford, recently of Topsham, has accepted a call to the Free Baptist church of Great Falls, N. H., at a salary of \$1,500. He was installed over the church New-Year's evening. The invocation was by Rev. W. W. Hayden, '81, of South Berwick; the sermon by Rev. T. H. Stacy, '76, of Auburn; the charge to the church by Rev. O. H. Tracy, '82, of Biddeford.

'87.—J. Bailey, of Yale Theological School, has been chosen Superintendent of the Sabbath School connected with the Congregational church that he attends.

#### BATES ALUMNI BANQUET.

The alumni of Bates College residing in Boston and vicinity held their sixth annual dinner at Young's, in Boston, Tuesday evening, December 31st. A business meeting took place at the same place prior to the dinner, and at this the following-named officers were elected for the year: President, Dr. F. A. Twitchell, '81; Vice-President, Dr. L. M. Palmer, '75; Secretary and Treasurer, George E. Smith, '73.

At the dinner L. A. Burr, '77, presided over the thirty-two gentlemen present. A couple of hours were pleasantly passed after the feast in singing, story-telling, and listening to speeches by several of the older alumni. Rev. F. E. Emrich, '76, who was the first speaker, made some feeling remarks respecting the noble life and work of Professor R. C. Stanley of Bates, who has lately died.

Professor George C. Chase, '68, a member of the Faculty of Bates, spoke for the college, of the grand work it is doing for young men of small means, and of the many improvements that have been made in and around the college since many of those present were there. E. J. Goodwin, '72, W. O. Collins, '76, and others followed the Professor.

A list of those present follows: Prof. G. C. Chase, '68; E. J. Goodwin, '72; George E. Smith, '73; F. P. Moulton, '74; H. S. Cowell, Dr. L. M. Palmer, Dr. F. B. Fuller, F. L. Washburn, '75; I. C. Phillips, E. R. Goodwin, W. O. Collins, John Rankin, E. C. Adams, Rev. F. E. Emrich, '76; L. A. Burr, '77; C. E. Hussey, J. W. Hutchins, '78; A. E. Tuttle, '79; C. A. Strout, Dr. F. A. Twitchell, '81; C. H. Libbey, I. M. Norcross, H. S. Bullen, '82; D. C. Washburn, C. T. Walter, W. W. Jenness, C. A. Scott, '85; C. E. Stevens, '86; L. G. Roberts, H. E. Cushman, '87; C. C. Smith, '88.

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ST. PAUL, MINN., Jan. 4, 1890.

Last June the alumni of Bates who are now located in the Northwest met at the home of Rev. A. H. Heath and effected an organization to be known as the Bates Alumni Association of the Northwest.

This association held its first annual meeting and banquet at the Ryan Hotel, St. Paul, December 31, 1889. Fifteen of the twenty-five members now located in the Northwest answered to the call, and the following alumni were present: Rev. A. H. Heath, '67, St. Paul; A. C. Libby, '73, Minneapolis; J. F.

Keene, '74, Minneapolis; B. T. Hathaway, '77, Anoka; J. H. Randall, '77, Minneapolis; G. H. Wyman, '77, Anoka; J. W. Smith, '77, St. Paul; O. C. Tarbox, '80, Princeton; H. L. Merrill, '80, Hutchinson; J. F. Merrill, '82, St. Paul; B. G. Eaton, '82, St. Paul; F. E. Foss, '83, St. Paul; A. E. Blanchard, '86, Kansas City; Miss Ina Cobb, '88, Mankato; Miss Florence Nowell, '88, St. Peter.

A permanent organization was effected and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. H. Heath; Vice-President, B. T. Hathaway; Secretary, J. F. Merrill; Treasurer, J. W. Smith; Executive Committee, G. H. Wyman, H. L. Merrill, E. A. Merrill.

A very pleasant evening was passed, and after doing full justice to a bountiful dinner, many interesting reminiscences of the old days at Bates were recounted and the best wishes for her future prosperity and usefulness were expressed by all.

The association will hold an annual meeting, and all the alumni who come into the Northwest are requested to send their names to the Secretary.

JOHN F. MERRILL, *Sec'y.*

Wesleyan University has received from Dr. Ayres a munificent gift of a quarter of a million of dollars, with no restrictions save that it be devoted to the pursuit of science. The trustees voted to increase this endowment to half a million, and \$60,000 has already been subscribed. Dr. Ayres had previously given \$50,000 to endow a Professorship of Biology.

## EXCHANGES.

No one can have failed to note the comparatively little interest now taken in oratory. The *Nassau Lit.* touches upon this fact suggesting that a revival of oratory might be effected, in some degree, by placing before college students stronger incentives to cultivate this art, and by affording them more opportunities for hearing really great speakers. The writer justly says:

We seldom get an idea of what oratory can accomplish. Few of us have ever been held spell-bound as we listened to and felt the wondrous power of some such "master of the soul's music." Oratory is too powerful an incentive, it is too strong a form of literary effort, it is too valuable a process of communication to be allowed to become obsolete, or merge itself into the placid editorial or transient newspaper literature.

Among the literary matter, we notice especially the prize poem, a good article on literary criticism, and "Fragments from the Cotteral Collection." The latter, a tale of the Norsemen, has the merit of being somewhat out of the common, both in subject matter and style.

The action of the Faculty at Tufts College in deciding to give hereafter the degree of A.B., instead of Ph.B., to graduates who substitute Modern Languages for Greek in their course, calls forth a presentation of both sides of the question in the *Tuftsionian*. The editorial comments are favorable to the proposed change, stating that both entrance requirements and the two courses of study are now equivalent in amount and kind of work, and therefore no distinction should be made in conferring

ing degrees. On the other hand, the superiority of Greek as a means, both of discipline and of culture, is strongly set forth by another writer, who believes that "for our colleges to accept a Modern Language in lieu of Greek for the degree of A.B., would be neither expedient nor justifiable."

The urgent appeal to the students to avail themselves of the opportunities for physical training offered by their gymnasium, would seem to indicate that compulsory gymnasium attendance would not be so bad a thing after all.

Most noticeable in the literary department are the criticism upon William Morris, and a fable rather cleverly setting forth the rival claims of New York and Chicago to the World's Fair.

Perhaps the principal feature of the *Colby Echo* is the prize story, "Only Mother," which presents something of a contrast to the feebly sentimental fiction sometimes found in college papers. The closing paragraph gives the key-note of the tale:

Oh, that young people would not educate their heads at the expense of their hearts! Honor to the young man who comes from college with his head full of languages and "ologies," and still gives his mother the love and courteous treatment which are rightfully hers. And to the young woman who, in the pursuit of a higher education, thinks not herself too nice to learn from an old-fashioned Book this lesson: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

The initial number of *La Bellevue* comes to us from Missouri. We are always glad to welcome a new publication, believing that no school can afford to lose the many advantages

gained by work of this kind. Success in your undertaking.

We were surprised to find in the *Portfolio* so low an estimate placed upon a most valuable feature of school work:

The amount of note-book work required in the different departments is decreasing, and we hope that it will continue to decrease. For, if the time which is generally spent in dictation exercises and afterward in deciphering and recopying the meaningless mass of hieroglyphics, were spent studying the subject in one of the many books which are written on the subject in question, far more knowledge would be gained, and much valuable paper, and more valuable patience saved.

In striking contrast to the above is the following item from the *News Letter*, with which we heartily agree:

It is gradually becoming recognized that the science of the note-book is worth learning. Wellesley and some other colleges turn out graduates with piles of well-filled note-books, and a rich store this pile makes. In the classroom, chapel, reading-room—every place, bits of information may be gleaned. A pocket note-book, with pencil attached, should be considered as necessary to the wardrobe of a student as a pocket handkerchief. Then have a classified system of note-books in your room, with a scrap-book for clippings, and you will have an invaluable and constantly growing fund of knowledge for future use.

The *Oberlin Review* presents this new argument for tariff reform:

We send England our Barnum and our Buffalo Bill, and she sends us her Canon Farrar and Amelia Edwards. What is the matter? Just this, in our mind, our scholars and great men cannot compete with English free-trade brains, and are being driven out of the market. We should lay a heavy protective tariff on great men and women of foreign lands so as to give our rising generation of college graduates a chance.

The proposed remedy may be impracticable, but the fact stated is worthy of consideration.

## MAGAZINE NOTICES.

In the January *Century*, the next to the last installment of "The Life of Lincoln" appears. This contains a graphic account of Lincoln's last day and his assassination, also a chapter on the fate of the assassins, and a description of the mourning pageant. A notable paper is Miss Amelia B. Edwards's account of the recent very extraordinary discoveries at Bubastis in Egypt. One stone of these ruins is almost sixty-one centuries old, and Bubastis is as ancient as the earth itself used to be considered. All the monuments reproduced in this article are now for the first time published. A profusely illustrated installment of "Jefferson's Autobiography" gives some amusing tales of the early adventures of the author. Among other valuable papers is one by Professor Holden of the Lick Observatory, on "The Real Shape of the Spiral Nebulæ." There is the usual amount of fiction and poetry, and a timely editorial on the care of the Yosemite Valley.

*Germania* is a new periodical designed to aid students of German in acquiring a practical knowledge of the language. It aims to acquaint the reader with the best German literature, and is suited to different grades of students. It seems well adapted to aid students wishing to extend their knowledge of German, or to avoid losing through disuse what they have already learned.

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Wit is wisdom's playground.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

A little over one-half of the 408 Senators and Representatives so far elected to the fifty-first Congress have had the benefit of a college training. Of the Senators, forty-one, or exactly one-half, are college men, and of the Representatives one hundred and sixty-four, or slightly more than half. Delaware is the only State represented entirely by college men. Bowdoin College has three representatives.—*Mail and Express*.

Princeton is to enjoy this season a course of lectures on Egypt, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the world-renowned student of the ancient Egyptian language, archæology, religion, and social life.

The *Concordiensis*, Union College, offers a prize of \$25 for the best college song submitted by an undergraduate, in order to stimulate college singing and the writing of new songs. The author of "Home, Sweet Home" was a Union man.

Brown's new catalogue shows a total attendance of 285 students, a larger number than it has ever had before. Greek and Latin have been made elective after Freshman year, and German compulsory in Sophomore year.

Rev. Dr. Charles E. Van Norden, succeeds Dr. Phraner, as president of Elmira College.

Michigan University registers 2,090 students, and expects over 100 more during the second half of the college year.

Instead of an examination in their English course, the Dartmouth Seniors

are required to make extempore fifteen-minute speeches upon suitable subjects before the class.

The average annual expenses of students at Harvard, as shown by the annual report are \$800.

A gift of \$100,000, unincumbered with conditions, has been made to Johns Hopkins University by Mrs. Caroline Donovan, widow of a New York merchant.

The students of Brown University are supporting a missionary in the Congo Valley.

Only seventy of the two hundred and fifty applicants passed the examination for Clark University. The standard for admission is said to be higher than that of Johns Hopkins.—*Daily Crimson*.

American college papers exhibited at the Paris Exposition, excited great interest in foreign education. Undergraduate journalism is practically unknown in Europe, there being but one college paper in England.—*Ex*.

The first college paper was issued by the students of Dartmouth in 1800, and was called the *Gazette*. Daniel Webster was a contributor under the pseudonym of "Icarus."—*Ex*.

The students of Johns Hopkins University have repudiated the cap and gown idea. That's sensible.—*Boston Herald*.

The great Catholic University at Washington was dedicated and opened November 14th, with imposing ceremonies.—*Ex*.

Prof. W. J. Rolfe of Cambridge, Mass., is a distinguished Shakespeare scholar. He will take charge of the

new department in the *Critic*, and will give no similar aid to any periodical.

Nine hundred and forty-six students this year in Ohio Wesleyan University.

Yale has over 500 students studying the English Bible with Prof. W. R. Harper.

D. L. Moody has been holding special services at Yale.

A union of Catholic students has been formed at Yale with (30) thirty members.

The Slavic School of Oberlin College has already graduated eight Bohemians and one Pole.

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## POETS' CORNER.

Such a starved bank of moss  
Till, that May morn,  
Blue ran the flash across :  
Violets were born !

Sky—what a scowl of cloud  
Till, near and far,  
Ray on ray split the shroud :  
Splendid, a star !

World—how it walled about  
Life with disgrace,  
Till God's own smile came out :  
That never was thy face !

—Robert Browning.

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## SONG.

I saw a knight fare gayly in the sun,  
Gold was his flowing hair ;  
And 'fore his steed did grace and glory run  
To speak him fair.

"I would I were Sir Knight," quoth I,  
With tear-dimmed eye.

I saw my Lord ride forth from out his gate,  
Gemmed all with jewels rare ;  
And forty thanes did follow him in state  
'Mid bugle blare.

"I would I were Sir Lord," quoth I,  
With moody sigh.

I met my lady in the garden shade,  
 Lent-lilies plucked she there ;  
 And by her side a little love-eyed maid.  
 Who smiled at me, I swear.  
 "I would I were none other 'neath the sky?"

Quoth I.

—W. V. Moody, in the *Harvard Advocate*.

#### THE BROOKLET.

Thou brooklet, silver clear and bright,  
 Thou hasteneth forward day and night,  
 In wonder lost upon thy brink,  
 Whence cometh, where goeth, I stand and think.

I come from out a rocky tomb,  
 My course is fringed with moss and bloom,  
 I mirror back with tranquil sheen  
 The friendly blue of heaven serene.

Thus have I childhood's visions fair,  
 I hasten on I know not where ;  
 Who called me from my rocky home  
 Will be my guide where'er I roam

—Portfolio.

"Adown a path with fresh-blown flowers fair,  
 Past fields sweet scented with the breath of  
 June,  
 Sweet Love went tripping of an afternoon,  
 Her careless tresses floating in the air.  
 But as she wandered blithely here and there,  
 And trilled a merry roundelay, too soon  
 Came Pride and hushed the ripple of her tune  
 And bound decorously her flying hair."

—Williams Lit.

#### THE CAROL SINGER.

Gentles all, or knights or ladies,  
 Happiness be yours, away !  
 Dance and caroling our trade is,  
 But we sing for love to-day.

Merry lads and dainty lasses  
 Trip beneath the mistletoe ;  
 Dance to sound of clinking glasses,  
 Bells are ringing o'er the snow.

By the look that on your face is,  
 Sweet, my song is worth a kiss ;  
 There is weeping in cold places,  
 We must laugh the more in this.

Gentles all, or knights or ladies,  
 Happiness be yours, away !  
 Dance and caroling our trade is,  
 But we sing for love to-day.

—Yale Lit.

#### MY TRUE LOVE.

Do you know to what kingdom my true love  
 belongs,  
 To the earth or the sky or the sea ?  
 She belongs to them all, aye, every one,  
 For she's all of the world to me.

There are flashes of gold in her hair,  
 And her teeth are the pearls of the sea ;  
 There is heaven's own blue in her eyes,  
 So she's all of the world to me."

—Walter Learned.

The church bell peals to a welcome warm,  
 And unto every invitation sent upon the air  
 A solemn cadence clings,  
 And from the music springs  
 A thought of prayer.

—Ex.

#### POT-POURRI.

Suspenders for college breaches—  
 the Faculty.—Ex.

The form of the French verb *couper*  
 that most appeals to the unhappy pupil  
 is *coupons*. (Let us cut.)—Ex.

French Teacher—" *Le chien a-t-il les  
 plumes sur le corps?*" Class (all nodding  
 their heads)—"*Oui, oui.*"—Ex.

#### CRIB.

Chalk in hand stood the college boy,  
 With the board unmarked before him,  
 But his face lit up with a smile of joy  
 As a festive "crib" whizzed by him.

He copied that "crib" on the smooth black-  
 board

With many a dash and flourish.  
 In the "Prof.'s note-book a "ten" was scored  
 He had won in the little skirmish.—Ex.

Teacher (to student in geography)  
 —"What group of islands west of

Celebes?" The student is uncertain, and the teacher prompts him by saying: "Think of some natural product." "Sandwiches!" replied the eager and hungry student, glancing at the clock. —*The Adelpian*.

Junior asks professor a very profound question: Prof.—"Mr. W., a fool can ask a question that two wise men could not answer." Junior—"Then I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."—*Dickinson Liberal*.

Teacher (in Philosophy)—"Now, suppose I should ask you to get up and talk for the next ten minutes upon some subject, how would your mind work? What would you do first?" Pupil (promptly)—"Decline."—*Ex.*

"'Tis love that makes the world go 'round."  
I had called to see her. I cannot now tell,  
When it was we had yielded to love's magic spell,  
But yet each had the love of the other divined,  
And her head on my bosom now gently reclined.

Then that silence so golden, to lovers of old,  
Which is far more expressive than words, we are told.

Like a spell of enchantment, a dream ever fair,  
In the silence of evening came over us there.

Yet that vision of happiness soon fled away,  
And I woke with a start which I feel to this day,

For she tenderly said as I sweetly looked down,

"Your watch ticks the loudest of any in town."  
—*Ex.*

"It was ever so kind of you to bring me this box of candy," said the young lady to the student. "I think you are exceedingly nice." "That's the way it goes," said the Junior, as he dropped another bon-bon into her mouth. "Put a caramel into the slot and get some taffy."—*Ex.*

"Hans, you got punished to-day; what for?" Because, papa, Edward Lang had been fighting." "And with whom had Edward Lang been fighting?" "With me, papa."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

First Fresh—"What's hurry?" Second Fresh—"Goin' t'orpera." First Fresh—"Matinee?" Second Fresh—"Naw, Horatii Flacci Opera."

—*Drake's Magazine*.

#### HER CHARMS.

Oh the light that lies in a maiden's eyes  
As she meets the fond glance of her lover,  
Is brighter by far than the gleam of the star  
That shines in the darkness above her.

And the fleeting flush of a maiden's blush,  
The bloom of the rose defying,  
O'er her countenance flies as the maiden sighs,  
Like the dream of a zephyr dying.

And the power to beguile in a maiden's smile,  
And the sound of her voice so thrilling,  
Make a lover crave to become her slave,  
Her slightest behest fulfilling.

But the tuneful clink of a maiden's chink,  
And the gleam of her gold so yellow,  
More than Cupid's dart will touch the heart  
Of the most unsusceptible fellow.

—*Yale Record*.

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Farmington, Bangor, Ellsworth, Aroostook County,  
and St. John.  
4.30 P.M., for Portland and Boston.

Passenger Trains Leave Lewiston  
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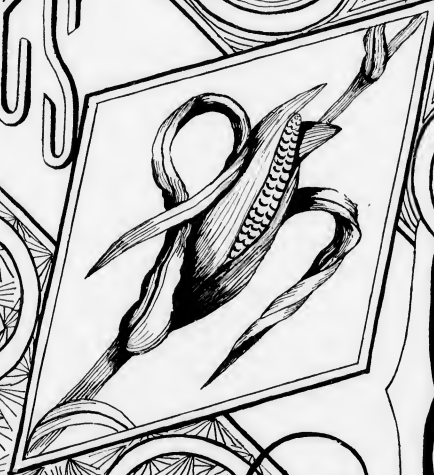
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VOL. XVIII.

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would impose no heavy burden on our people, even were there not in the treasury that "surplus" which is such an "Old Man of the Sea" to our legislators. Whether Senator Edmunds and those of his colleagues who favor the project succeed in passing the proposed bill or not, the agitation of the question will do no harm. The Methodist Church is seriously considering the feasibility of founding a university at Washington. Commendable as this project is, we think few will claim that any denominational school can fill in all respects the place of a national institution. The counteraction of Catholic influences, perhaps the most apparent argument to the popular mind just now, is but one of many reasons why a National University is fast becoming a necessity to our students.

---

**A** LARGE number of students seem inclined to neglect gymnasium work. Either it takes too much time, or they have enough outside exercise, or it does them no good, or it does harm, or they are not able to take it. Sometimes, indeed, the excuse is true, but it is very often unnecessary. Even the ladies are infected with this apathy, yet they, most of all, need some regular recreation. They take far less out-of-door exercise than the gentlemen, nor do they readily substitute indoor work. Does the gymnasium seem too cold? Swing through a short course with the clubs or do some energetic marching—the room will soon seem warm enough. If the work is too hard, try some lighter

exercise. Is the work disagreeable? It will continue so as long as attendance is irregular and the work half-hearted. How long would the recitations be pleasant if every one came half prepared, dawdled through the lesson, and paid more attention to the clock than to work? The only way to enjoy anything is to go at it with a vim, to do one's best if it is at first distasteful. If the work were tennis or fancy steps *slightly modified*, the "Oh dears" would quickly change. Put half the energy of tennis into the gymnasium work, and it will be at least half as agreeable. No labor is half so hard as trying to get rid of labor. Surely the little time necessary to spend is short enough for the day. It is no saving to study continually; the brain can, when rested, do its work in half the time it takes when tired. A recitation gained at the expense of health is an irreparable loss, and so rare an opportunity for physical development should not be neglected.

---

**I**NTERCOLLEGIATE Field Day, so far as Bates is concerned, has been vetoed by "the powers that be." The Athletic Association, after a series of meetings in which the project was considered and reconsidered, finally voted twenty to seven in favor of such Field Day, provided that within two weeks the other colleges concurred. A large number of the members of the association were not present, presumably from lack of interest, for surely sufficient notice was given. Some of the members were opposed to the measure because of the extra expense they thought

it must incur, declaring that they could not afford to pay any higher dues this year than last, yet at the same time feeling that, if there were those who could afford the time and money necessary, they were perfectly willing to see the matter pushed.

Two or three days after the vote was taken the Faculty formally notified the association that they would not allow the students to engage in an Intercollegiate Field-Day contest, and gave substantially the following reasons for their action: They consider Bates to be in many respects entirely independent of the habits, customs, and practices of other colleges, and cannot allow these to interfere in any way with the avowed purpose of this institution, namely, to bring a college education within the reach of every young man and woman of limited means. They regard diligence and faithfulness in the prescribed course of study as the first and chief requisite, but desire that the training of the body shall not be neglected, and have made ample provision that it may not. They desire that the students shall engage in all necessary and healthful sports so long as these are not carried to such extent as to take the time and attention which must necessarily be given to study, if the best results are attained. They feel that the great effort that would be certain to be put forth in preparing for such a contest could not fail to require more time, attention, and means than the best interests of the college can afford. Really we cannot help feeling that there is a large measure of common sense in this, and yet somehow we

wish that there might be a Field Day for the Maine colleges, for we think Bates would show up some good men and perhaps give a few surprise parties in addition to those upon the diamond.

ONE book, though common in the libraries of students, is too much a sealed volume—the dictionary. How often it happens that, finding in our reading an unfamiliar word, we neglect at once to learn its meaning, and perhaps within six months *guess* at the meaning of the same word several times. Doubtless the reason for this is, either we do not wish to interrupt a train of interesting thought or, the dictionary being unabridged, we dislike to handle the heavy volume. But whatever the reason for it, the practice is unscholarly and gives rise to mental starvation. It is impracticable to try to remember a word to be looked up after finishing an interesting paragraph. The chances are ten to one that the word will be forgotten. One book read understandingly is better than two read hurriedly.

If the student writes as well as reads, close beside the dictionary should be some standard work on English synonyms. Such a work few possess, yet it is one that no true scholar can afford to be without. It fills a place the dictionary cannot, since it discriminates nicely between those words that for lack of space the dictionary can only define. By constant reference to these books one would not only form habits of thoroughness and accuracy, but would be greatly aided in obtaining a command of language.

WE have seldom heard a more effective temperance lecture than Attorney-General Littlefield's able plea for the prosecution in the McWilliams case. The moral lesson of the whole trial, in fact, was unmistakable. McWilliams' fate may have a restraining effect upon his associates for a time, while it is fresh in their minds, but we cannot hope for any permanent effect. As long as such men can get liquor they will, and deeds of violence will inevitably result. The only remedy lies in the proper enforcement of stringent liquor laws. The claim that it is impossible to enforce them is folly. Put a stop to the disgraceful connivance of party leaders and town and State officials with rumsellers, and the chief difficulty will disappear. An Englishman, whose wife was cursed with a thirst for drink, lately came with his family to this city, having heard that Maine was a prohibition State, where no rum could be obtained. He was soon undeceived, and the old shadow still rests upon his unhappy home. Where are the earnest hearts, the open hands, the honest votes, that alone can make Maine true to her name,—a Prohibition State!

AT a debating society Mr. Emerson once said: "I was interested in your critic's report. But there are nine of you here; then there should be nine critics." These words of Mr. Emerson would, perhaps, be applicable to the members of the literary societies at Bates. Too many of us fail to criticise the speakers unless we are placed on the programme as critic of

the evening. But in order for one to receive much benefit from his criticism, he must understand the question for discussion. Then will he be better able to judge by what means the speakers succeeded, and wherein they failed. He will also be prepared to take an active part in the exercises, and in this way directly profit by the success or failure of others. Members of our societies often attempt to discuss a question which they do not understand, and on which they have put very little thought. No matter how well they may imitate the manner of good speakers, or how well they can control their language, yet without previous thought on the question they will not make a strong argument. But while methods and manner are of little importance when compared with thought, still they are indispensable to a good speaker. No opportunity, then, to study closely the speakers should be neglected by the members of any debating society.

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## LITERARY.

### TO A CHURCH TOWER.

By T. H. S., '76.

Above the streets and buildings, high,  
I see thy face against the sky,  
To all the town the sentinel.  
And distant hills, and glinting sea,  
Companionship have found in thee:  
As they who long together dwell.

About thee shine the nightly stars;  
To kiss thee haste the early bars  
Of light, that pierce the morning sky.  
How shrieks the storm at thy far height!  
How smite thee, as with fist of spite,  
The hail and lightning, flying by!

The winter snow and breath of spring  
 Alike receive thy welcoming;  
 And summer's gold and autumn's gray.  
 While birds, your casements close beside  
 May build and brood, with autumn-tide  
 To lead their migrant young away.

Thy chimes an invocation bear  
 To every tardy worshiper.  
 Thou callest forth the bridal train.  
 And when, about the silent dead  
 Sweet songs are sung, and prayers are said,  
 Thou sendest forth thy deep refrain.

This sayest thou: Unchangeable  
 In midst of change; of blessings full.  
 And callest out my prayer to God  
 That evermore, to mine and me  
 Of glory full and changeless, He  
 May be, according to His word.

#### WILL BISMARCK BE A GREATER HISTORICAL CHARACTER THAN GLADSTONE?

[In order that our readers may see the discussion of both sides, we have thought best to publish another debate on this question, giving views opposed to the first].

By C. C. F., '92.

THE historical characters are those that have made a deep impress upon the history of the world. The great historical characters are those that have made this impress by their great and successful efforts to promote the interests and advancement of mankind. I shall try to prove that Gladstone will not only be as great but even greater than Bismarck as a historical character. In the first place both men are world-renowned statesmen. Both have exerted a vast influence upon their respective countries. Indeed, no man has so much directed English history during the last half century as Gladstone, and German history during the last forty years has been scarcely more than a record of

the deeds of Bismarck. But aside from this common genius for statesmanship, they are most different. First, no man of this century has been great in so many of the qualities that constitute genius as Gladstone; for, although it has been common to attribute one great quality to the statesman—statesmanship—and although this greatness is true of Bismarck, it proves too narrow for Gladstone. Not only is he a great statesman, but also a scholar fit to adorn a university; a writer and reviewer such as authors are glad to acknowledge of their ranks; a reverent and critical student of art; a man with all the qualities of a great theologian. The greatness of his scholarship is attested by his remarkable knowledge of the classics, science, and theology; and further by the fact that as early as 1837, he was styled by Chevalier Bunsen "the most learned man in England." Bismarck is not a scholar.

As a writer Gladstone has exerted a deep influence upon English-speaking peoples. Indeed, it is said that, leaving Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Ruskin out of the question, no one has had so much as he to do with the mental activity of the last two generations. The excellency of his essays, his writings on Homer, metaphysics, and theology, emphasize the truth of this fact. Bismarck has written nothing of great literary merit.

In reading of past ages, we learn of the great things accomplished by oratory. But no orator ever did more for his country than Gladstone for England. By the sheer weight

of his reasoning and the brilliancy of his oratory, he has many a time, against great opposition, secured for his country the enactment of necessary and beneficial laws. By it he has awakened the people to the need of reform, and has enabled himself, by thus securing their support, to advance his great measures for the public good. To every efficient speech of his only English competitors in oratory during this century, Disraeli and Bright, he has made ten, and therefore exerted far the most influence. Earl Russell thus speaks of him as an orator: "There can be no doubt that Mr. Gladstone, by his eloquence, by his power of developing the most abstruse propositions and embracing at once in his large capacity the most logical demonstrations and the most captivating and dazzling rhetoric, has made for himself a fame which in the lapse of ages will suffer no eclipse." As a debater, in the power of presenting reasons, of removing objections, of making clear difficult questions, and, at the same time, of carrying conviction to his hearers, the House of Commons has probably never heard his equal. Bismarck makes no pretension to oratory.

Every country needs a great financier, and England has not produced during this century a greater one than Gladstone. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, his budgets surpassed all former ones. No finance minister, it is said, ever explained the complications of financial questions more clearly, elegantly, and forcibly, and in one of his speeches on finance, he made what was called by Earl

Russell "the finest exposition of the first principles of finance ever made by an English statesman." Indeed, so successful has his policy been that it will be England's for years to come. Above all he has used this ability to improve the condition of the English people. He has reduced tax after tax, reformed the customs duties, and by his policy lowered the prices of many of the necessities of life. Bismarck has not been greatly successful as a financier.

Then, thus far, we have shown that Gladstone, by his scholarship, by his literary ability, by his power as a financier, and by his oratory, has won for himself an enduring fame, while in these qualities, at least, Bismarck cannot occupy even a small place in history. Then if he shall be greater in the eyes of posterity than Gladstone, it must be as a statesman; but as a statesman Gladstone displays the same remarkable ability that characterizes his other attainments. No man has done more than he to better, by legislation, the condition of the English masses. His reforms cover the whole ground over which the Parliament exercises control. The Irish peasant and the Indian Hindoo, the Jew and the Catholic, the poor of London and the rich manufacturers of Manchester, have all been benefited by his measures. He was the ablest coadjutor of Peel in abrogating the Corn Laws. He has originated measures reforming the representation, purifying the ballot, increasing the franchise, and abolishing that scandalous usage of purchase in the English army. He has supported

bills removing the disabilities from the Catholics, the Jews, and the Non-Conformers. He has entirely reformed the government of India, and secured laws favoring Canada and Australia, but he has won his greatest fame as the advocate of Home Rule for Ireland. And although his bill granting this was violently opposed and finally defeated, yet a careful study of the question seems to show that Gladstone is in the right, and that at no distant date this measure, which would benefit Ireland so much, will become a law.

In his foreign policy Gladstone has, in the main, been successful. He has been characterized less by his warlike policy than by his desire to uplift the downtrodden of all nations. Unjust and unnecessary war he has abhorred and used every means to prevent. The treaty of Washington, by which the Alabama claims were settled and war avoided at a small cost, is a monument of his sagacity as a statesman.

To be a great statesman in this age, a man must have been progressive and liberal in his ideas of government. We have found Gladstone to be so, and more than this, that he has kept pace and even in advance of the progress of the age. But Bismarck has not been characterized by his progressive or even liberal principles of government. He seems more like some mediæval statesman transferred to the nineteenth century. The unscrupulousness, the autocratic and overreaching policy of earlier statesmen has marked his whole career. He entered public life with one aim, and that to secure by any means the union

of the Germanic states, with Prussia at their head. He has succeeded in this, but more from his overreaching policy than from true statesmanship. But Bismarck's policy has been unsuccessful, and when compared with Gladstone's, seems most unsatisfactory. He has tried to govern according to the views of a Richelieu, and these, for a century like this, have failed in their object; for although he has greatly increased the power of the king and of Prussia, he has not increased the liberties of the people. He has ruled as the minister of an absolute king rather than as the servant of his countrymen. Time and again he has violated the Prussian constitution. He has made the Prussian Parliament a nonentity in Prussian affairs. He has enacted severe laws against the liberties of the press. In excuse for this policy he says that the German people are not far enough advanced for liberal laws, but the very fact that the Germans are, as a whole, the most finely educated people in the world, seems to prove conclusively the falsity of this statement. Further, his internal policy has been short-sighted and ineffectual. He made severe laws against the Catholics, and, forgetting that persecution strengthens the persecuted, he enforced these laws more rigidly than ever were those of the Inquisition. Priests were imprisoned, fined, and banished. Hundreds of parishes were left without a spiritual father. In the end, however, Bismarck was compelled to give in, and the Catholics, instead of being weakened, came forth from the struggle far more

powerful and united. But from this lack of foresight arose evils which a generation will not remove, for, during the contest time, the Socialists rapidly gained in numbers and soon became formidable. Morality had sunk to a very low ebb. Emigration had begun on a large scale. Indeed, from no country have we received so many emigrants since 1871 as from Germany. There must be some reason for this, and that reason, since Germany is not over-crowded with population, must be the stern laws of Bismarck. Likewise has he failed in his laws against the Socialists. Had he, as was done in England, removed the causes of socialism, it would probably have disappeared.

Again, so severe has been his government, that it is said, had he ruled over a less conservative people than the Germans, they would have risen against him; and more, that, although he has made a German Empire, he has lowered a German people. These things show Bismarck not to have been entirely successful as a statesman, but on the most important affairs, those relating to the internal prosperity of his country, he has been almost entirely unsuccessful, nor do they show his moral character in a pleasing light. But Gladstone, great as he is in his other attainments, is greatest in his moral character. Unlike most statesmen, he has never descended into bitter partisan strife nor to the use of low means to keep office. Indeed, he has taken public position only that he might promote the welfare and progress of his country; and what higher enco-

mium can be said of a man's life than that he has devoted himself to his countrymen and his country?

Not simply has Gladstone striven to benefit his countrymen, but also to aid the downtrodden and oppressed of all nations. Thus, he appears as the advocate of the liberty of Greece, of the freedom of the downtrodden Bulgarians, and of the amelioration of the wretched condition of the Neapolitans; and, by securing the latter, he is said to have done more to free Italy than did Mazzini or Garibaldi.

Bismarck was never known to aid the oppressed, unless by so doing he could gain some cherished end.

Then, since these things are so, can there be any doubt as to which of these men has done the most to promote the interests and advancement of mankind? Can there be any doubt that Gladstone, possessing such splendid scholarship, such great oratory, such wonderful powers for controlling the affairs of state, who, above all, has most successfully and earnestly used these qualities to forward the public welfare, will be a greater historical character than Bismarck, without oratory, scholarship, capacity as a writer or financier, who, though a great statesman, has been distinguished more than anything else by his overreaching policy and by his efforts to check the advance of progress and liberal laws? Will not posterity, too, more enlightened in her idea of men, be likely to judge genius combined with high moral aims greater than genius without them? Then surely in her eyes, as well as ours, Gladstone will be the greater historical character.

## VIEW FROM MOUNT DAVID.

By P. P. B., '91.

**W**HAT a magnificent panorama was spread before me! Out for an hour's walk and recreation I had made my way up the steep and rugged side of Mount David, and was standing on the topmost point of the massive ledge that overlooks the twin cities of Lewiston and Auburn. The setting sun was penetrating the clouds that, all through the day, had hung dark and lowering over the cities, but which were now breaking up into detached masses and retreating toward the horizon—the shattered remnants of a mighty army seeking cover behind their friendly breastworks.

On the nearer or eastern side of the Androscoggin was spread out the busy city of Lewiston, which, to one facing the south, occupies a semicircular space of about one square mile in extent.

At the right, running directly north and south, by the base of the mountain, is Main Street, bounded through its entire length by two rows of as fine private residences as can be found in the State.

On the left is College Street, also close to the base of the mountain, and running parallel with Main Street.

Directly before me and almost within a stone's throw, is Frye Street, which connects College and Main Streets. Upon this street, also, there are some fine residences, among which are those of several of the college Faculty.

Farther down, in the heart of the city, the houses appear, of course, closer together and less sharply defined. The most prominent objects are, as might

be supposed, the church steeples rising here and there above the confused mass of roofs. Counting the steeples I found that there were ten in sight in Lewiston, and in the midst of these could be seen the high tower of the City Building.

One might suppose that in a town containing so many factories, the chimneys of these would constitute the most prominent objects; but the factories are situated on the low ground near the river, and thus the chimneys are nearly all concealed by the intervening objects.

Beyond Main Street and parallel to it, is the Maine Central Railroad, running through the north-western part of the city, and crossing the river on an iron bridge. Only a portion of the bridge is visible.

As I was looking at the bridge, the incoming train suddenly darted into sight on the farther side of the river, and thundered along upon the bridge under a cloud of steam and smoke. What a magnificent spectacle! What a fit emblem of the power of the human mind and its triumphs over the forces of nature! Never had the grandeur of the progress of human development and civilization so impressed me.

Doubtless the effect produced by a multiplicity of objects appealing to the vision at the same time greatly heightened my pleasure and quickened my imagination. It seems to me that this is the true explanation of that peculiar inspiration gained from mountain scenery.

As the smoke from the engine cleared away, the spires of Auburn, on the

other side of the river, came clearly into view. Unlike Goldsmith's Auburn, our pleasant Maine city is situated on the banks of a river, from which it rises quite abruptly. The river itself was here hidden from my view by intervening houses.

Far away, and beyond the town of Auburn, were the wooded hills of Poland. Upon one of the highest of these hills, standing out in the dim outline of the woods, could be discerned the world-renowned Poland Spring House.

Having taken a hasty glance at the cities and the country beyond, I turn for a moment to the westward. Here, beyond the river, which is in view for a little space, appears the broad and steep side of Mount Gile; and on its highest point, the little observatory with the "stars and stripes" fluttering above it in the breeze. Down at the western foot of the mountain we catch the glimmer of the clear, white water of Lake Auburn.

But see! Far beyond the lake and the low-lying hills of Oxford County, towering up where we can hardly distinguish their rocky summits from the rifted clouds, appear the broken outlines of the White Mountains. Although they are fifty miles away they seem to me within easy walking distance.

Turning again toward the north I can easily trace the winding course of the river by a fringe of small oak and maple trees, while here and there along its banks I catch glimpses of the quiet farm-houses with their green slopes and garden patches. Farther to the

right, almost directly north, I can plainly see the red-roofed buildings of the Maine State Agricultural Society; and near by them, in a long semicircular line, the sheds bounding the race-course. Farther still to the right my eyes follow the sandy course of College Street, stretching directly toward the verdure-clad, sloping farms of Greene.

The most interesting objects that meet the eyes of the observer looking eastward are the buildings of Bates College and the Cobb Divinity School. From the mountain one can literally look down upon Parker Hall, which is the nearest building; Hathorn Hall and the beautiful new Laboratory occupy positions successively farther eastward.

The building of the Divinity School, in which also are the rooms of the Latin School, is situated at the farthest extremity of the college grounds, a quarter of a mile away.

For my hasty survey of the surrounding country I felt fully repaid, and as I turned once more to the west for a parting look at the setting sun, all its resplendent beauties, combined with the myriad tints of the billowy storm-clouds, broke upon my enraptured vision; and as the daylight faded away behind the distant mountains, I seemed to hear a voice saying to me, "Go down now, and, faithfully performing thy duties in the fear of the Lord, thy life shall at last draw to its close like that peaceful sunset."

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"The sleeping fox catches no poultry."

"He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go a long time barefoot."

## EPIHEMERAL.

BY J. L. P., '90.

In the far north of bleak Siberia,  
Where all the year chill frosts and snows  
Spread downy whiteness, lo! there grows,  
So travelers tell us, a most lovely flower.

But only on the first day of the year  
This fragile bloom, so pure, so white,  
Is destined to enjoy the light,  
And on the self-same day it dies!

From out the frozen soil the flow'ret bursts,  
To its three leaves the chill air gives  
A veil of frost, and thus it lives,  
For one brief day, a life of purity.

A wanderer upon Siberia's plains,  
On New Year's day, perchance may greet  
This rare snow-flower breathing sweet,  
And cheered and strengthened goes he on his way.

Deep hidden in the secret hearts of all,  
Where thro' the year dull passions thrive,  
And mad'ning fears with doubtings strive,  
There sleeps unhindered a most sweet resolve,

A "New-Year's resolution" it is called,  
This fragile thing, so like to break,  
And happy he who can but take  
And keep it longer than for New-Year's day.

"A fair, sweet thing it is, to cheer all hearts;  
This one resolve we'll surely keep,"—  
When, suddenly, our hearts do leap,  
For, lo! the fair resolve lies broken now.

"Of what avail," you ask me, "was it, then,  
To cherish close a thing so frail?"  
But, hold! its purpose did not fail,  
For when 'twas crushed it did new fragrance give.

Our hearts for one brief day it did transform;  
This weak resolve we'll not disdain;  
For surely it will live again  
In memory, and e'en perchance in deeds.

—♦♦♦—  
"What sculpture is to the block of  
marble education is to the mind."

## CARLYLE.

BY H. J. P., '90.

IN making the acquaintance of Carlyle, as an author, perhaps the first sensation of which the reader is distinctly aware is that of unmixed novelty. The method of thought, the style, the words—even the punctuation—are all new. Yet beneath these peculiarities is the fact which, above all things, the author is anxious for you to grasp. He does not hesitate to repeat again and again his central and essential truth. To enjoy Carlyle, one must forget the vehicle of thought and attempt to see the truth he is trying to enforce.

At a superficial glance, one would call Carlyle fantastic. His peculiar modes of expression, his bold assertions, his impetuosity, all tend to convey this impression. Out of a few facts he will build a world of living, moving realities. Sometimes he appears to be dictating from a heap of notes on his table; he catches up one, it is not satisfactory, and, with a jerk, he throws it aside. Another, and still another, until he obtains the important one; and then, focusing his mind upon this, he forgets what he is writing about, and loses himself in reverie.

But this is not Carlyle, it is only his manner of working. If one would know the true delight of boat-riding, he must place supreme confidence in the oarsman; allow himself to glide along without one thought of being overturned. So, to enjoy Carlyle, you must give yourself up unreservedly to his method of transportation. You

will not find the voyage a very smooth one. Far from it! a very rough one sometimes; yet withal a pleasant one—pleasant so long as you trust your oarsman.

There is a depth of thought in Carlyle not often found in a writer. He seems to look beyond things and to strive to comprehend their mysterious composition, known only to the Infinite. Most writers are synthetic. From certain individual characteristics they form a species; the several species they group into genera. Taking these again and giving them a common name, they form a family. Carlyle is neither synthetic nor analytic. To him it is not so much a matter *how* he sees a thing as that he sees it. He grasps the whole intuitively; he sees it with all its wonders and mysteries; "it glares in on him." You must be made to see it. If no other way suffices, the sentence is broken short off with an exclamation point and a dash, and your mind wanders with his into the infinite realms of thought.

Carlyle dwells constantly in the presence of the divine. The mysterious spirit-world is everywhere and always about him. To him everything shows the necessity of divine origin. God's plan runs through all nature, God's conception of mankind and its development is everywhere visible. At no point can Carlyle escape from this conviction.

A strong, earnest soul, truly; but one that can shock you most tremendously. Nothing is too contemptuous for him to fling at an obtrusive idea. This man, who would constantly dwell

in the divine reality of things, cannot find invectives enough to fling at the thoughtless or irreverent. No patience here for those who will not be attentive! He has nothing to do with little minds. God, he would say, has made great men so that they *must* think; they cannot get away from their thoughts. So you must read Carlyle and *think*, or read him and be shocked; little cares he which.

There is also an impetuosity about him which is irresistible. The whole thought lies clear—luminous—before him; and he hurries you from point to point with increasing rapidity. You *see* it as he sees it—you cannot help seeing it. Still an increasing force impels you on until words, becoming too feeble for his purpose, cease altogether. But your thought goes rushing on. You have no time to doubt; you feel, "This must be true." Perhaps it is this conviction of truth which attracts you more than all else. To get at the truth of things seems to be the main purpose of the man. Nothing is too small or trivial if it only aid this one object. The fragments that ordinary minds reject he sees with ravenous delight, and, with one swift turn of the kaleidoscope, brings out new and startling, yet harmonious, combinations of thought. A man's whole success, he would say, depends on the fact whether or not he attempts to present the truth; indeed, without truth there is no success. According to Carlyle, the great man must earnestly believe the thing he presents to be true; let him doubt this and he ceases to be great. All force that is pertinent must be sincere,

true. Taking this as his premise, Carlyle quickly tears away the husk and finds the kernel, the truth of the matter. No "hearsay" will satisfy this man, seeking with all his powers for the truth.

Were it not for this desire for truth, this positive spirit, Carlyle's impetuous imagination would lead him into mere hallucinations. His is pre-eminently a constructive mind. Imagination, rightly directed, is one of the grandest possessions of mankind. Carlyle does not waste his imagination by building air-castles for the future, but with it he reconstructs the past. Aided by a few seemingly unimportant events, he grasps the thoughts, purposes, of his hero-men. With powerful strokes he paints the acts and successes of their life-drama. He rebuilds the world in which they moved—everything is clear, transparent. It is no play, but a living reality. He would have you judge men in connection with their environment; how they comported themselves in that, establishes or refutes their greatness.

Carlyle is not lacking in wit and humor, but it is of a grim, not a genial kind. He uses wit only when disposing of objectionable thoughts. He perceives the *simulacrum* which little minds call real and dismisses it with a sardonic laugh—a laugh that has something of invective in it; disgust that men could believe such semblances to be living realities. He is too earnest to have much use for humor; he employs it only in throwing aside what is unnecessary.

Carlyle cannot fail to reach the hearts of men in all places and conditions.

His very earnestness will commend him. That which is spoken from the heart will reach the heart of others. A man who fearlessly speaks what he believes to be true will find followers in all ages of the world's progress. Truth is the central note in the grand harmony of nature; he who touches that has struck a chord that will vibrate through all eternity.

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### COMMUNISM.

By F. L. P., '91.

THIS term communism, which has a wonderful faculty to frighten some people and please others, is perhaps not always well understood. The following is a definition of it as given by J. H. Burton, LL.D., F.R.S.E., the Scottish historian and advocate, and a very high authority: "It is the reorganizing of society, or the doctrine that it should be reorganized, by regulating property, industry, and the sources of livelihood, and also the domestic relations and social morals of mankind; socialism; especially the doctrine of community of property, or the negation of individual rights in property." So then it seems that socialism, which is the term more commonly used, is identical with communism. This is the understanding among nearly all the most learned writers upon the subject.

There are a great variety of ideas as to what these terms may include, and also a great variety of methods proposed by which communism may be brought about. The central idea of communism or socialism, or the idea about which

all others seem to be grouped, is, to repeat the latter part of Burton's definition, "community of property, or the negation of individual rights in property." The results which would follow by the adoption of this idea as the foundation of human society and government, are speculated upon in the most varied manner by all classes of people, from the most illiterate to the most learned. This is perfectly natural and in keeping with the history of all revolutionary schemes. One sees it to be the very gate-way to the millennium, and another sees it to be the destruction of all that is essential to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Thus it comes to be judged by every man according as he thinks its logical results would be, and hence the great variety of ideas as to what communism includes.

Now it is certain that no man can fully foresee what would result from holding all property in common, and regulating all industries simply to the end of supplying the actual needs of society; and because no man can make such an absolute forecast, the advocates of socialism are put to a disadvantage. This disadvantage is seized upon by the conservative element of society, and a thousand and one unanswerable questions are asked and objects interposed. But very many of these are unanswerable because they are ignorantly asked and interposed; and again, it must not be forgotten that this disadvantage to which the socialist is put has been experienced by every reformer since the world began. If Luther had been compelled to answer all questions

and objections raised against him before starting the Reformation, it is safe to say that there would never have been any Reformation. The same is true of the American Revolution, and of the abolition of American slavery.

There is much ignorance, radicalism, and even bigotry to be got rid of, both *pro* and *con*, before we can arrive at an intelligent understanding of what human society really is under the present system of private property and competition, and whether its condition would be likely to be improved by communism. This requisite intelligent understanding cannot be had from the petulant jabber of the daily press about communists, socialists, nihilists, and anarchists. It must be had by a thorough and continued study of the modern industrial system, and of the existing political economy, as compared with the community of property and the regulation of industries and sources of livelihood to the end of the greatest good to the greatest number.

Now, to speak of industries on the basis of competition as a system, involves a contradiction of terms. It must be freely admitted from all sides that there cannot possibly be in reality a system upon such a basis; and furthermore, a little observation reveals the utter lack of system wherever there is private property and competition. It is, then, a conclusion from which there is no escape, that upon such a basis society means nothing but a struggle for existence, man with man; for, whatever of co-operation there is, it is co-operation pitted against co-operation. The struggle is one which,

whether the contending parties are individuals or companies, is a struggle at the dice. It is distinctively and emphatically a game of chance; for, when a man enters upon any enterprise, he neither knows nor can know what are the forces and circumstances arrayed against him. He must simply cast his bread upon the waters, and he is simply a lucky man if, after many days, it returns to him again. This is neither the view of the socialist nor of his opponent. It is simply the fact laid before us by the uncertainties all about us, by the sudden and arbitrary manner in which the laborer is cut down in his wages or thrown out of employment altogether, by the constant recurrence of business failures and panics, by the presence of poverty in the midst of riches, by the amazing anomaly of fortunes lost and won in a single day.

The question which the intelligent communist would ask in the face of this state of things is, whether the institution of private property, with all its consequent competition and its unquestionable tendency to tempt men to practice every form of avarice, lying, and cheating, is really a civilized institution; whether acting upon it as a basis, human society shall forever continue to be what it has ever been hitherto, an economic mob.

I have said intelligent communist. I doubt not this is to name that which many will declare does not exist. But what shall we say of Plato, Robert Owen, Saint Simon, Fourier, Karl Marx, Louis Blanc, Rodbertus, and Sir Thomas More? Perhaps we should do well to inform ourselves

fully in regard to what these men have done and written, before denouncing communism altogether. Perhaps if we were to make a little study of the tendency of the times in the light of the best literature of communism (of which there is an abundance and from the best of sources), we should think at least once before uttering our opinion. It is quite true that the practical efforts of Owen, Saint Simon, Fourier, and many others to establish permanent communism have failed; but these failures do not demonstrate that chaos is better than order, or that it is impossible to bring order out of chaos in due time. Already the writings of Karl Marx, who is unquestionably the greatest of all advocates of socialism, and who spent forty years of his life in the study of it, have had a profound effect upon the writers on political economy all over Europe. Also the first impulse to national education in the present century undoubtedly sprang from the very marked success of Robert Owen's schools in connection with the mills of Lanmark; and again, the various movements for the improvement of the condition of women have found their earliest advocates among theoretical and practical communists.

Finally, what communism proposes as a remedy for the ills of society is the establishment of order in the place of disorder. It proposes that the people of a country shall take in hand the conduct of those industries upon which their life, liberty, and happiness directly and inevitably depend, and shall so arrange, order, classify, distribute, and operate them as that the

production of all things shall be effected in the best, cheapest, and most advantageous manner, and in such and only such quantities as to meet all legitimate demands. It declares that if men are to group themselves together in villages, cities, townships, states, and nations, the wisest course they can possibly pursue is to make such a systematic arrangement for the supply of all their needs as that every man shall know that he can neither rob nor be robbed. And it maintains that such a system can be developed only by holding all property in common; for it is axiomatic that private property and competition can never result otherwise than to afford an opportunity to, and bring to bear a most powerful temptation upon, every man to rob his neighbor.

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### LOCALS.

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Sleds and skates are again in business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Call were in town the first of the month.

Miss Wright, '93, has recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia.

The Sophs are learning a few new curves under the direction of General G.

Miss Chipman, '91, is teaching at South Paris. She finishes the term in place of another teacher.

Singer, '90, who has been dangerously ill, is out again. He has been much missed in the Y. M. C. A. work and in the class-room.

February 12th, Rev. G. M. Howe spoke at the college chapel on the subject, "Supernatural Answers to Prayer."

The college band has been given one recitation each week for practice. It will soon be in readiness to exhibit in public.

Professor Angell is the only one of the Faculty to suffer from influenza. He has had a severe attack, but it is hoped no serious effect will remain.

Mr. C. (in society meeting)—"Mr. President, I move that Miss L. be requested to state her views on the subject." Miss L. (promptly)—"Mr. President, my views coincide with Mr. C.'s."

Old gentleman (after the sermon)—"I don't believe that doctrine." Divinity student—"But I believe it." O. G.—"Well, I *know from personal experience* that there's no such thing as probation after death."

Sophomore "decs" are casting their shadows before. Already some forward spirits are chanting the dirges and shouting defiance in Parker Hall. It is extremely fortunate that most of the influenza victims are sufficiently recovered to endure this perennial plague.

This year an extra prize of fifty dollars has been offered for the Champion Debate of the Sophomore class by an alumnus. The usual prize of twenty dollars will be given this year as a second prize.

Prof.—"Miss M., please give the dates of some important financial crises." Miss M.—"1873, 1853, and 1857." Prof.—"Now, Miss M., don't

you remember an earlier one?" She doesn't, and the Professor wonders what the class is laughing at.

The Eurosophian Society has selected the following speakers to take part in the public exercises on February 22d: Singer, '90; Pugsley, '91; Sanborn, '92; Wilson, '92; Miss Hodgdon, '93, and Small, '92.

Most of the classes were excused from recitations on the 11th and 12th instant, in order to give those who wished, an opportunity to hear the closing arguments in the McWilliams trial.

Plans are being made for a contest in five-minute speeches on "Washington." The date fixed is February 22d. Six are chosen from each society to participate. Professor Wood offered a prize for the best speech, but the societies decided to contest without accepting it.

It is with regret we note the loss of another member of '91. Miss Pulsifer is the first lady to leave the class. Her work as stenographer left her too little time for the college work. Her classmates still hope that some event will come to give her an opportunity of rejoining the class. She has won many friends in all the classes, and her loss is sadly felt.

Professor Stanton has great reason to be gratified by the interest in Ornithology taken by '92, and is doubtless proud of their proficiency. Two of them captured a bird during vacation, which they failed to identify. After much fruitless research, they decided that it must be a *rara avis*, and, con-

gratulating themselves on their good fortune, sent a wing to the Professor for identification. The boys have kept very quiet about their "rare specimen" since they learned his verdict, but they are sure of one thing: they will know an *English sparrow* next time.

Mr. L. S. Williams and Mr. A. O. Burgess, of Cobb Divinity School, are taking Philosophy with the Juniors.

On account of the illness of Professor Angell, an instructor from the Monroe School of Oratory, is to give instruction in Elocution to the Sophomores.

The boys are trying hard to organize a tug-of-war team in order to accept the challenge of Bowdoin.

F. J. Chase, '91, has been quite sick with typhoid fever.

The destruction of the Mechanics' Library has brought quite a number to the college to obtain reading.

We feel relieved to learn that the strange and unearthly noises proceeding from Hathorn Hall, evenings, are not caused by any visitant from another world—only Nickerson practicing elocution.

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## PERSONALS.

### ALUMNI.

'69.—The Androscoggin County Teachers' Association has elected G. B. Files chairman of the Executive Committee.

'70.—The fifteenth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Nash occurred Tuesday evening, January 21st. More than a hundred of

their friends called on them, offering congratulations and beautiful presents. F. L. Noble, Esq., of the class of '74, made an appropriate speech.

'72.—Rev. F. H. Peckham has resigned the pastorate of the Free Baptist church at Amesbury, Mass., and removed to a farm in New Gloucester, hoping for an improvement in his health. He is at present supplying the pulpit of the Free Baptist church in New Gloucester.

'73.—Mr. Charles B. Reade of Maine, formerly Clerk to the Senate Committee on Commerce, has been appointed Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate to succeed the late "Jim" Christie, who died in harness. No better or more acceptable selection could have been made, as this position imposes peculiar and varied duties in relation to the *personnel* of the Senate, as well as contact with the general public, and therefore requires wide knowledge of the practices of that body, coupled with social qualities of the highest order. In fact, the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate practically holds confidential relations with each and every Senator.—*Kansas City Times*.

'76.—November 27th, Edward Whitney was made happy by the birth of a son and heir.

'76.—J. W. Daniels is principal of a public school in Boise City, Idaho, in which there are twelve teachers and seven hundred pupils. "That the work of Prof. Daniels and his able assistants is well done," says the *Idaho Statesman*, "is testified by scores of leading educators who visit this model school and

commend it without measure." The holiday number of the *Statesman* contains pictures of the fine school building and the beautiful residence of Mr. Daniels; also a likeness of Hon. Fremont Wood, U. S. District Attorney for Idaho. Mr. Wood was born in Winthrop, Me., and was at one time a student in Bates College.

'77.—G. A. Stuart, Superintendent of Schools in Lewiston, has been elected President of the Androscoggin County Teachers' Association. Mr. Stuart recently addressed the teachers of Monmouth on "Methods of Teaching and Teachers' Associations."

'77.—J. W. Smith of St. Paul, Minn., has been visiting friends in Lewiston.

'80.—Harris Moore, son of Rev. L. M. and the late Mrs. L. W. (Harris) Robinson, of the class of '80, died January 15th, aged two years and ten months.

'85.—W. B. Small, M.D., for the past year physician in Randall's Island Hospital, New York, has located in this city.

'86.—C. E. Stevens of Attleboro, Mass., has been recently afflicted by the sudden death of his only child.

'87.—H. E. Cushman, of Tufts Divinity School, has met with a great loss in the sudden death of his only sister, Miss Ida E. Cushman, which occurred January 10th.

'87.—U. G. Wheeler, sub-master of the Lewiston High School, has been appointed Secretary of the Androscoggin County Teachers' Association.

'87.—A. S. Littlefield, Esq., was married, January 28th, to Miss Rosa

A. Weymouth, of Lewiston, by Rev. W. T. Chase, D.D., of the Ruggles Street Church of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Littlefield will reside in Rockland, where Mr. Littlefield is in partnership with his brother, Attorney-General Littlefield.

'88.—F. A. Weeman has been elected principal of the Grammar School in Dover, N. H.

'88.—A correspondent of the *Morning Star* writes from New Hampton Institution: "The beginning of this term is shadowed by the very sad loss that has suddenly come to Prof. C. W. Cutts, deservedly one of the most popular teachers. Monday, January 27th, the first day of the term, brought great grief to all, in the death of his young wife, whom he brought here as a bride one year ago. In the midst of that great joy and happiness that comes to an ideal home, this unexpected blow falls hard upon the bereaved husband. Mrs. Cutts had endeared herself to all by her gentle, sweet manner. The deepest sympathy of teachers, pupils, and community is felt for the sorrowing husband."

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow and wife have a son, Frank Clough, born January 14th.

'89.—Miss Della Wood is teacher of Greek and Latin in South Berwick Academy.

'89.—C. J. Emerson, principal of Warner Academy, Warner, N. H., met with an accident some time since, which has rendered him unable to attend his duties for the past few weeks. H. J. Piper, '90, fills his place during his enforced absence.

'89.—A. B. Call, principal of the High School at Henniker, N. H., was married, January 11th, to Miss Evelyn Kenney of Houlton, by Rev. S. C. Whitecomb.

#### COLLEGE.

The illness of Professor Angell casts a shadow over the college. Both the Professor and his family have the sincere sympathy of students and friends, who earnestly hope for his speedy recovery.

Miss Snow, '90, has returned to her class. Miss Chipman, '91, takes her place as assistant in the South Paris High School.

A. N. Peaslee, '90, is teaching in Ashley, Mass.

Miss Pulsifer, '91, has been compelled to give up the remainder of her college course, on account of ill health, greatly to the regret of her class.

A. C. Hutchinson, '91, is teaching on Chebeague Island.

#### DIVINITY SCHOOL.

Rev. W. M. Davis, a graduate of Cobb Divinity School in the class of '88, has accepted a call to the Free Baptist church at Topsham, and has commenced his labors there. Mr. Davis was married, January 8th, to Miss N. A. Berry.

Rev. Dexter Waterman, pastor of the Free Baptist church at Carroll, N. H., recently died of heart disease, at the age of 83 years. Actively engaged in the general work of his denomination for many years, he was one of the founders of its education society, and a trustee of Bates College from its foundation.

## EXCHANGES.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* comes to us laden with much very readable matter in an agreeable form. We rather enjoy seeing a college paper edited and published as if it were of some importance. We think the poem, "The Ballad of Onèta," is very well written, but the conception is rather unnatural, and we doubt the truth of the statement of the last stanza, which we give below :

For man loves but an hour,  
 Alas, for human cry!  
 But woman's love doth steady prove,  
 It liveth on for aye.  
 O human love so strong!  
 O human love so frail!  
 O woman's love—to love so long!  
 O man's—so soon to fail!

By the way, we hardly think so much space ought to be given in our exchanges to poetry upon this subject. It is a weakness that is quite prevalent. There are plenty of subjects upon which good lines may be written, and it would be certain to be as good mental exercise for the writer to try his hand at something new as to continue forever in the same ruts.

The February number of the *Inter-collegian* brings to us much interesting matter in regard to college Y. M. C. A. work. The short, spicy reports from so many colleges in all parts of the country, published under the heading, "Notes from the Field," are very encouraging and inspiring.

We see in the *Hamilton College Monthly* something which we wish were common to all college journals, i.e., that the full name of the author of each article in the literary depart-

ment is given instead of the initials. We regard it as a singularly foolish habit to give initials only, and thereby present to every reader at the very beginning of each article a riddle which he must stop to guess before he can read with any relish.

The *Haverfordian* has an article on extemporaneous speaking, from which we clip the following, and would add that to be able to speak extemporaneously and without grammatical error marks intellectual ability of the highest type; and it ought to be the ambition of every college student to gain this power :

He will gain the power of rapid and correct thinking, his mind will be brightened, and his intellectual character will be improved in every way; he will be enabled to form quick and mature judgments, and arrive at a decision on a subject before some of those about him have comprehended its nature.

We fall in with the plan proposed by the Lutherville Seminary, and will give our opinion on the question of tests. We think that tests should be abolished, and that as often as once a month written reviews should be had, embracing all the work gone over in that time. This would avoid "cramming" and "cribbing," and we believe in the end the student would know more of what he had gone over.

We quote the following from an exchange :

A final examination is the concentrated essence of trickery and malicious meanness, the bane of the honest worker, the hope of the habitual flunker.

And again :

After the recent examinations at Heidelberg University, Germany, two students are said to have committed suicide on account of failure to pass the examination.

The question we would propose for remarks is whether or not the state ought to found and support all institutions of learning whatsoever.

The *Bethany Collegian* is full of interest, and we have found both pleasure and profit in reading it.

The *Williams Weekly* gives us a large amount of intercollegiate matter. It is brimful of athletics.

We heartily agree with the *University News* in the following, which we clip from its editorial:

We repeat that a man should be first of all a student; for no other preparation for life's struggle will prove so effective as the discipline of really hard study, and he who leaves his college examinations behind him without such discipline is sure to fail in some one of the severer tests of after years. To this central pursuit may be added such social recreation as is pleasant without being burdensome, and a moderate share of activity in the minor affairs, which have, nevertheless, some claim upon him. Such a college life would be stripped of its disagreeable features, and its real joys would glow with added lustre when freed from abuse.

The *Pennsylvanian* is wroth because the Faculty prohibit smoking in the college buildings. Well, we are sorry that a college journal should advocate vice in any form. It ought to be a law among all colleges that no tobacco should ever scent or stain their halls.

The *University Argus* has done very well, even if it didn't have more than a week to get on its public garments. If we can judge of what it will do with plenty of time from what it has done in a week, we shall indeed look for a big "kick" in its next issue, and we are glad it has given warning that it is "going to kick."

## COLLEGE NOTES.

The recipients of the prizes offered by the American Protective Tariff Association to the members of the Senior classes of the American colleges for the best essay on "What are Raw Materials?" "Would Free Raw Materials be Advantageous to the Labor and Industries of the United States?" are: First prize, Homer B. Diebell, of the University of Indiana; second prize, S. L. Adler, of Cornell University; and third prize, Norman C. McPherson, of Pennsylvania College.

The athletic interests of Johns Hopkins University are under the management of a single association, including graduate and undergraduate students, alumni, and members of the Faculty. The total income of the University Athletic Association for the last college year was \$872.41.—*Ex.*

Princeton is erecting a new dormitory, which is to be called "Brown Hall."

The American Intercollegiate Baseball Convention was held at Boston on February 1st, and at the same place, on February 8th, a meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Association.

Syracuse University has accepted the services of Professor Goetschins as instructor in the College of Fine Arts.

Among our exchanges we notice that the *University Argus* has a "Ladies' Department."

Columbia is the wealthiest college in the country, and Harvard comes next, with property valued at \$8,000,000, and an annual income of \$363,121.

In the University of Berlin are 600 American students and at Leipsic about 200.

The *Mail and Express* says: "The college papers of the University of Pennsylvania are raising a storm about the Faculty's latest decree forbidding smoking 'in and about the college buildings,' and have made one or two allusions to the professors smoking in their own rooms, which the editors consider in violation of the Faculty's own order."

Some of the Amherst students have formed an anti-cribbing society.

Princeton College has added to its property 160 acres of land which is to be reserved for future college buildings.

Harvard has one hundred and eighty-nine courses of study; Ann Arbor, two hundred and forty-two.—*Ex.*

More than 70,000 students are now attending American colleges or universities.—*Ex.*

Professor F. D. Allen, of Harvard, has set all the odes of Horace to music.

Mr. Jacob Schiff, of New York, has presented \$10,000 to Harvard, to be used in the erection of a Semitic Museum.

The Faculty of Iowa College has allowed the Senior class to select their own Commencement orators, thus abolishing the system making the appointments by rank, and make it probable that the marking system will be abolished entirely. The University of Michigan abolished the marking system about twelve years ago, and to-day she is the largest institution in America. Whether the prosperity is due to this fact or not, the fact that she is

prospering should be sufficient to awaken the interest of other colleges in that direction.

The oldest living college graduate in the United States is Amos F. Parker, of Fitzwilliam, N. H. He graduated from the University of Vermont in 1813, and is nearly ninety-eight years of age.—*University News.*

Rutgers College has a member of the Faculty, Professor DeWitt, holding a regular place on her foot-ball team.

—*Ex.*

Col. Vilas, ex-Postmaster-General, is attorney for the students in the trial before the Supreme Court of the University of Wisconsin hazing case.

—*University News.*

Cornell will shortly present a play, "For Life, For Death," by Meech, '91, for the benefit of the foot-ball eleven, which is behind \$600.—*Ex.*

The presidencies of sixteen American colleges are vacant.—*Ex.*

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## POETS' CORNER.

### BATES COLLEGE.

By G. H. H., '90.

Hurrah for old Bates College!  
Forever may she stand,  
To foster love of knowledge  
In this, our glorious land.  
Her walls were firmly founded  
By earnest hearts and true;  
On truth eternal grounded,  
They stand for me and you.

Through long, dark years of trial,  
With only faith to cheer,  
In sturdy self-denial  
Was built our college here.  
And we will ever render  
Full meed of thanks and praise

To those, so strong and tender,  
Who gave to her their days.

Her walks and halls are freighted  
With memories grave and gay,  
Of some who here were mated,  
And some who've passed away.  
And every year that passes  
Adds something to the store,  
As one by one the classes  
Pass out to come no more.

But oft, in life's endeavor,  
Our hearts will turn to thee;  
And grateful now and ever  
Our thoughts of thee shall be.  
So here's to thee, Bates College!  
May naught thy glory mar!  
We shout for thee, Bates College,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

#### DAY-BREAK.

Behold! The morning! Wake! Arise!  
Bright heralds on the hills appear!  
The forces of another year  
Unfurl their standard to the skies!

Come forth from out the dark array  
That struggles in the gloom of night;  
And join the glorious hosts of light  
That line the battlements of day.

Turn! Linger not where still abound  
The silent shades of blind despair.  
Fly! On the radiant morning air  
The bugle-calls of hope resound!

Gird on thy strength! The brave, the true,  
That fought undaunted to the last!  
The buried beauty of the past  
Shall some day live again for you!

The paths before thee, yet untrod,  
May quickly reach a blessed goal;  
And ere the evening, lo, thy soul  
May pass the gates that lead to God!

Behold! The Morning! Wake! Arise!  
Bright heralds on the hills appear!  
The forces of another year  
Unfurl their standard to the skies!

—*Ursinus College Bulletin.*

#### RECOGNITION.

When sunset's hues from tower and temple  
faded,  
Dull clanged the iron gate

On the dark prison ward, where Christ's  
disciple  
Waited the morrow's fate.

When night was darkest, shone the sudden  
splendor;  
By unseen hands swung wide,  
The opened portal gave the captive freedom,—  
God's angel was his guide.

On through one narrow street he, doubting,  
followed  
The messenger unknown;  
Then from the wondering eye the vision faded,  
And Peter stood alone.

In Doubt's dark hold, God's angels, still de-  
scending,  
Strike off the fetters fast;  
The captive freed, no more the Presence  
tarries,

When the first street is past.  
Well if, like Peter, when the vision faded  
We know whence aid was lent,  
And lift the voice of faith, "Now know I  
surely  
God hath his angel sent."

—*J. E. B., in The University Beacon.*

#### POT-POURRI.

Aut scissors aut nullus.—*Life.*

#### YOUNG AMERICA.

My Pony, 'tis of thee,  
Emblem of liberty,  
To thee I sing;  
Book of my Freshman days,  
Worthy of fondest praise,  
Worthy of poets' lays,  
I'd tribute bring.

My gallant Pony, thee,  
Help to the wearied be,  
When "Ex" is nigh.  
I love thy well-worn look,  
Thou gentle little book,  
Down in some hidden nook  
Silently lie.

Harper and Bohn! to thee,  
Authors of liberty,  
To thee we sing.  
Horace, Demosthenes,  
Tacitus, Sophocles,  
Livy and Homer, these,  
The horse is king!—*Ex.*

Johnny—"Mamma, what's the use of keeping the whip you use on me behind the motto, 'God bless our home?'" Mamma—"Can you suggest a better place?" Johnny—"Yes, put it behind the motto, 'I need thee every hour.'"—*Ex.*

A Vassar girl, speaking of Homer, her favorite Greek, said: "I have not read his *Æneid*, but his *Idocy* is perfectly sublime."—*Ex.*

At a college club boarding-house: First student—"This tea is very weak." Second student—"Lean it up against the butter."

## A DIFFERENCE.

When Rome was great  
And ruled in state  
The nations here below,  
The weather-seer,—  
'Twas very queer,  
Was *augur* then, you know.

But we, to-day,  
In blunter way,  
Don't smooth the matter o'er;  
We speak it out,  
And call the lout  
A plain and simple bore.

—*Brunonian.*

First girl—"Do you like him?" Second girl—"Well, yes, about as much as I do oat meal." First girl—"What do you mean?" Second girl—"Oh, I mean I should like him better if he didn't come around every morning."—*Ex.*

Felis sedit by a hole,  
Intenta she cum omni soul  
Prendere rats;  
Mice concurrent over the floor  
In numero duo, tres or more  
Obliti cats.  
Felis saw them oculis  
I'll have them, inquit she, I guess  
Dum ludunt.  
Tunc illa crept toward the group

Habeam dixit, good rat soup.

Pingues sunt.

Mice continued all ludere

Intenti they in ludum vere

Gaudenter.

Tunc rushed the felis unto them

Et tore them omnes, limb from limb,

Violenter.

## MORAL.

Mures omnes mice be shy

Et aurem praebe mihi

Benigne

Si hoc fuges verbum sat

Avoid a huge and hungry cat,

Studiose.

—*Ex.*

Though some of our colleges are very old, they are still in possession of their faculties.—*Texas Siftings.*

Prof.—"We have decided that the members of the base-ball nine may choose the divisions for declamations that they wish to speak in." Student—"I think I ought to be granted the same privilege, as I have two horses to take care of."

## A NATURAL ERROR.

They met at a church reception;

A 'ninety girl was she.

He came from over the ocean

And registered 'ninety-three.

In course of the conversation

She spoke about her brother,

Said "He's a Michigander,

You ought to know each other."

Up spake the foreigner, then,

His English rather loose,

A blush o'erspreading his features,

"Are you a Michigoose?"

Foot-ball player (feebly)—"Did we win?" Sympathizing comrade—"We did, old boy." Foot-ball player (excitedly)—"Never mind this dislocated thigh, doctor; take these broken teeth out of my mouth so I can holler!"

—*Ex.*

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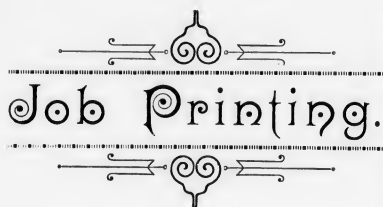
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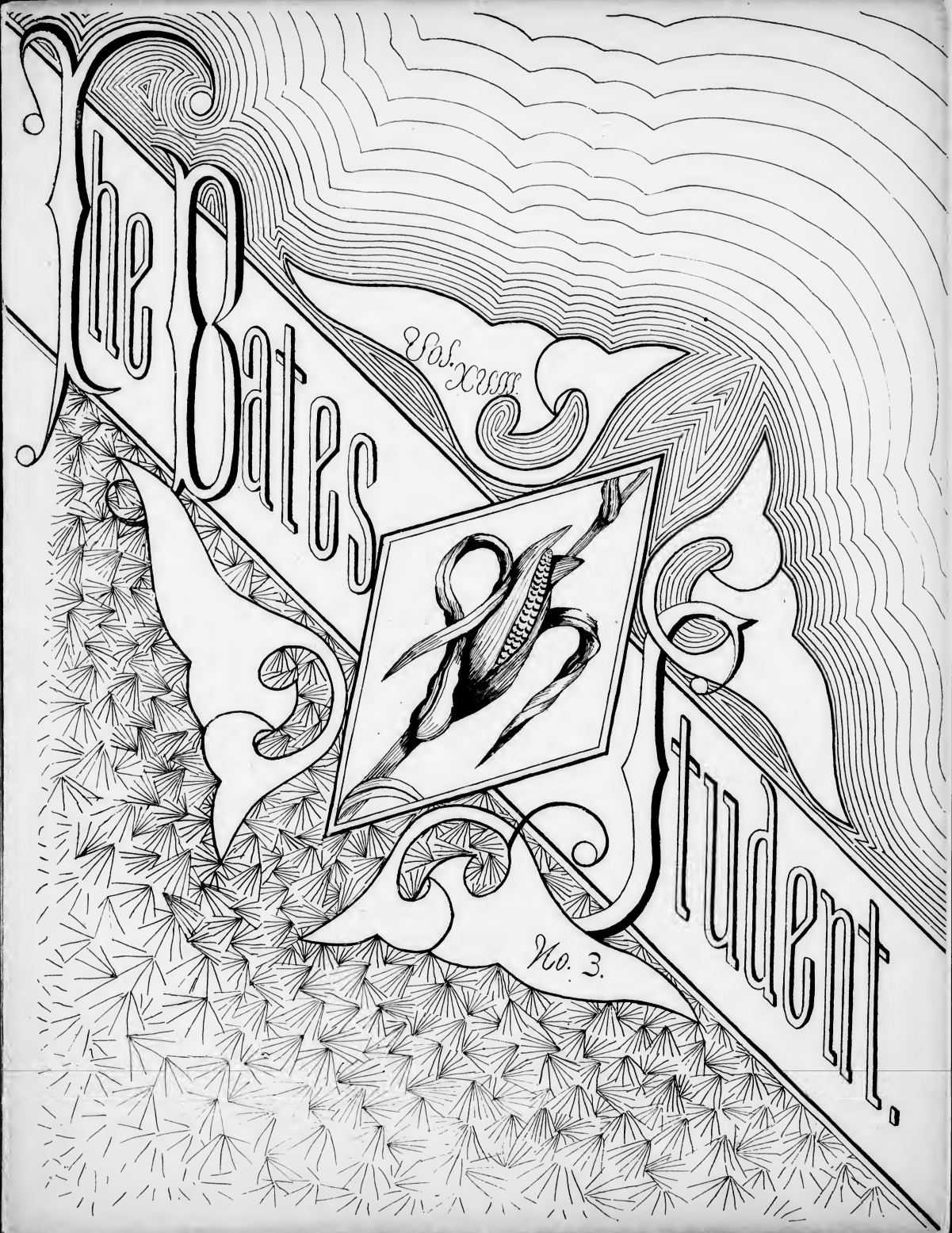


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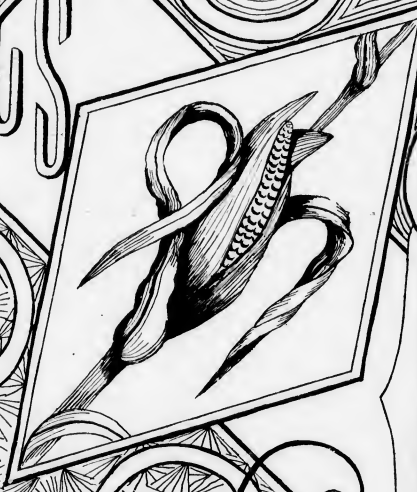
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The Bates

Vol. XXIII



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# THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVIII.

MARCH, 1890.

No. 3.

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A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE  
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE  
CLASS OF '91, BATES COLLEGE,  
LEWISTON, ME.

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N. G. BRAY, F. J. CHASE,  
A. A. BEAL, N. G. HOWARD.

A. D. PINKHAM, Business Manager.  
F. W. PLUMMER, Assistant Manager.

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## EDITORIAL.

**P**LUGGING, in the student's vocab-  
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in fact, too hard. The verb and deed  
came rapidly into disrepute and, with-  
out doubt, effected a reform among  
ambitious book-worms. What does  
the word mean now? It is coming to  
mean any thorough individual work.  
And most unhappily the stigma con-  
nected to the former meaning has at-  
tached to the latter. With what result?  
The student that formerly learned his  
lesson himself, now goes into partner-  
ship with several more boys. The  
discipline that should have been his is  
divided among all. He dares not stay  
in his room and rest when any party or  
sociable is going on, for fear of that  
dreaded epithet, a "plugger." If too  
much time is spent in sports, he may  
open his book and study in the class-  
room, even after books are ordered to  
be closed. But he is determined not  
to plug. That would be dishonest.  
Even "horses" are, in his or his com-  
panions' eyes, preferable to the dreaded  
bugbear of plugging. In fact, this  
once powerful antidote is producing a  
disease of its own. And the sooner  
students realize the danger, the better  
it will be for their future success. The  
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students realize the danger, the better  
it will be for their future success. The  
habit of studying at the expense of

necessary exercise or social enjoyment is wholly bad. But the notion that earnest individual work, in proper amounts, is to be despised, that the bright-lined scum collecting on the shallow pool will compensate for lack of depth, is a greater mistake.

AS the time for the original parts, Junior and Senior, draws near, model orations are studied, and their faults and excellences carefully noted for our own improvement. This is an excellent and indispensable drill. But where did the first orator get his model? He studied not *books*, but *men*. His eloquence was natural because he lived nearest to nature. How often the student, after carefully preparing his oration, *feels* the unexpressed criticism: This can never move my hearers; it is frozen and lifeless. The finely rounded sentences and well-chosen language lack the power found in the works of an unlettered Moody. One is artificial, the other natural. Phelps says: "A man chasing his hat in a gale acts in pantomime a principle that Demosthenes could not safely ignore in striving for the crown." That principle is sincerity. Of an oration, words are but the body; sincerity, the soul. As the body without the soul is a mere clod, so an oration without sincerity is fit only for a Lethetic grave. The eloquence learned from books alone is only a statue, but a living eloquence must be learned from living men. Just as a Harvey Eastman would leave his well-kept grounds to seek rest and refreshment in some primitive forest, so often must the orator turn from study-

ing the flower beds of rhetoric to seek refreshment in the simpler eloquence of life.

We as students at Bates have a peculiar advantage in our facilities for studying men. The different preachers of the two cities, the numerous lecturers that come here from time to time, the business and professional men, all should be carefully studied, not merely for entertainment, but for our own improvement. Too often it happens that a lecture means only an entertainment for which we are excused from lessons in the morning. But to college students it should mean more. By a careful study of the man together with his production we should derive more benefit than from several recitations. Earnest efforts have been made to teach us how to study books; would that we might also be taught how to study men.

THIS college life would be dull indeed if we at all times wore a sombre look and held to the dignity of an ecclesiastic, yet there are extremes, and life and energy often carry us over the bounds of propriety. We may thoughtlessly infringe upon the rights of others while seeking our own enjoyment. The playing of musical instruments or the wild display of lung power, accompanied by a terrific dance, may gratify some, while others are writhing in mortal agony. At every hour of the day some students are trying to accomplish their work, and quiet is a blessing to them. Time and progress may bring about the desired state, yet the present demands our attention. No one has a right to disturb another

in his study, and thoughtlessness is just as bad as maliciousness. If we do not want to use the time, it is no reason why we should keep others from doing so. That old idea that college life must be wild and boisterous was buried years ago, and those who try to revive it find their efforts in vain. A little more regard for the rights of our fellow-students would add greatly to the charm of student-life.

TO crib or not to crib, that is the question" that is once more agitating some of our Hamlets, as the end of the term draws near. The lazy man wants to escape the legitimate consequences of his idleness; the unfortunate victim of *la grippe* and the district school shrinks from the prospect of back work to make up in vacation; the rank-worshiper is seized with a species of stage fright lest some obscure point be forgotten. To one and all we say simply—don't. It won't pay. You gain nothing worth having. You lose the respect of your class, and what is worse, your own. Cribbing at examinations is a very small thing, to be sure; and that is just the point. It is *too* small. If you must be dishonest, break a bank, or steal a railroad. Don't throw away your honor for a few paltry figures that can neither increase your knowledge, nor materially alter your standing in the college; for you will pass for about what you are worth after all. If you have not worked, stand up and face the consequences of your laziness like a man. If you have been unfortunate, and are deficient for no fault of your

own, every one will know it, and make due allowance. Rank is not the chief end of man, though some few seem so to consider it. The knowledge for which the rank stands, or should stand, is what we are here for, and solid work is what tells in the end. Your honest worker will make all the "home runs," and your cribber "strike out" every time.

NOW that the matter of intercollegiate field-day is settled once for all it is somewhat out of time to enter into such conceited balderdash in regard to it as we find in a recent number of the *Orient*. If the writer of the article had read our editorial in the February issue of the *STUDENT*, and had been in his right mind he could not have failed to understand the attitude of our association, and that it is by no means one of "fear and trembling." The fact is, as we stated, that the sober sense of both students and Faculty agree that the time and money which would be sure to be spent in preparing for and carrying out such an enterprise are not consistent with economy either financially or intellectually, yet the association showed its spirit in the matter by its vote, twenty to seven, in favor of the project. The date, February 22d, was fixed in order that the matter might be decided without unnecessary delay. It gave two weeks to the other colleges to decide, and when our vote was taken the subject had been already under discussion for about two weeks among all the colleges of the State,—if not, then it was the fault of Bowdoin and not Bates, for

we presume Bowdoin made the proposition to Colby and Maine State College at the same time she did to us—thus giving in all about a month of time for deliberation; and if four small colleges cannot decide in a month's time whether they will have intercollegiate field-day or not, then there must indeed be some "cabalistic charm" somewhere, and we will leave it to Bowdoin boobyism to explain.

The following quotation from the *Orient's* editorial, to which we refer, gives a good idea of the Bowdoin swelled head, a disease with which that venerable institution is exceedingly troubled of late years: "The fact is right here: Colby and Bates both know that they cannot compete with Bowdoin in all-round athletics—in football, boating, and field-day contests." Indeed! What egotistic vaunt and blatant braggardism is this! And how many pennants will Colby, Maine State College, and Bates have to win from Bowdoin before she learns that what few men these poor institutions have are not made of the sort of stuff to decline to enter field-day for such a consideration? We sincerely hope that our *esteemed contemporary* will not disgrace itself by publishing any more such small boy's talk.

NO man is liberally educated who is ignorant of the law of his country. "Law," says Blackstone, "is the rules of human action or conduct. It employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the soul, and exerts in its practices the cardinal virtues of the heart." The study of the great principles of law

that underlie our institutions not only furnishes that necessary legal knowledge but also brings us in contact with a great store of the grandest literature. In the works of Blackstone, Coke, or any of the great writers upon law we find a depth of thought and a purity of style that is unparalleled. Since it is founded upon truth and justice, law must always elevate the mind and soul.

In this country the study of law is not general in our colleges and universities, so that only those graduates who choose law as a profession learn much about it. Thus men of strong minds and quite extensive reading are often very weak at this vital point. A thorough student of Latin and Greek is frequently unacquainted with the simplest forms of law. There is a great need of remedy in this direction. Our college curriculums have failed to recognize the importance of this branch of knowledge, and it is now in order for Bates to establish a precedent. The introduction of some elementary works on law into the Sophomore year with the addition of a few law books to our library would remove much of the dislike for the Economics of the Junior year, would arouse a healthy enthusiasm for literature and oratory, and would be hailed with delight by many.

ONE cannot spend a thoughtful half hour in any reading-room without a feeling of disgust at the kind of matter prevalent in our daily and weekly papers. It is undeniable that the standard of purity and morality in newspapers is being lowered instead of raised. Those who contribute to their

columns are becoming transformed into news-cultures stirring up the foul carcasses of gossip, slander, and infamy, that ought to have been buried from sight lest they should breed moral disorder.

The old lady who tells over her knitting-work the secrets of the neighborhood, is stigmatized as "gossip" and is shunned by respectable people. But let the gossip be a newspaper reporter, and he sits upon the throne of our admiration. Upon our tables lie papers filled with matter that, if published in book form, would be immediately consigned to the flames. If these things, instead of being circulated as they are, should be mentioned in conversation, the speaker would be forever thrust out from good society.

The excuse for this wholesale poisoning is, "The people demand it." But that is the excuse for nearly all public evil. He who writes trashy stories has the same excuse. But the writer of such stories dares not place his name upon their title-pages, and lives in constant dread "lest his deeds should be made manifest." The author of such works is, by good society, held in disrepute. How can he redeem himself? Condense the article; make the evil personal and fourfold worse than it now appears; publish it in the daily paper, and no one will despise him for his writing. Much is spoken and written about the evil effects of pernicious literature; but since the newspaper is not classed as literature, the silence on this topic is almost one that can be felt.

One claim for the newspaper is, that

it is "the great educator of the people." Granted. But there is a difference between educating and elevating. And what does this educator teach? The last prize fight takes up two columns, and to the minds of boys the champion appears as a hero who has a right to be proud of wearing the diamond belt. By the side of this puff for the prize fighter appears a long article detrimental to the character of some honorable citizen. And this is education!

How can this state of things be remedied? It can never be remedied until a strong public opinion makes it as black a crime to publish impurity as to speak impurity; or until those who publish such articles have the courage to stand boldly against this rushing current.

THE spirit of making improvements about the college buildings and grounds is continually evident. Since we were Freshmen there have been some important changes made. First was the grading in front of Parker Hall, and the laying out of the street which passes across the campus in front of all the buildings. Then a much needed and very highly appreciated improvement quickly followed, namely, the lighting of Parker and Hathorn Halls by gas. Next came the heating of Hathorn Hall by steam, and at about the same time the new apparatus was put into the gymnasium, and an instructor provided.

During last summer and fall the extensive grading in the rear of the halls and about the gymnasium, the preparation of the new tennis courts,

the lighting of the gymnasium by gas, the opening of the street between it and the halls, the leveling of the site for the library building, the sanitary improvements, the painting of all wood-work on the outside of the halls, and finally the building of the new laboratory. All these things were accomplished, and constitute a list of improvements such as few colleges in New England can boast of. Surely at this rate Bates will soon be an institution of learning unsurpassed by any in Maine, or by few in this section of the country in its equipments. This is due in great part, to the wonderful diligence and sagacity of our worthy President in soliciting funds for the institution. We noticed not long ago, in one of our exchanges, a remark which was undoubtedly intended to provoke us somewhat. It accused President Cheney of visiting death-beds with a bundle of blank wills under his arm, etc. Well, of course it is the privilege of any one to use language of this sort if he chooses, but so long as there is nothing but jealousy and spite to prompt it, and Bates gets the dollars, we see nothing about which we should be seriously disturbed. The fact is, Bates is just beginning to "boom," and the man who gives liberally to her now, will, if he lives a few years longer, have reason to be proud of her standing among the colleges of the country. The rare opportunities which she offers to young men and women who are seeking an education with limited means, are yearly increasing; and she is nobly performing a work the need

of which has been felt for many, many years. Let jealousy mock if it will, and spite say its worst, but as for us we will pursue the even tenor of our way.

MANY times a student feels that the more work he puts on an essay, the dryer and more commonplace it becomes. And such is often the case. But the conclusion that care bestowed on writing is lost, is not so correct. The chief difference between the interest of a labored and a quickly written sketch is this. In the first, a subject is taken that rouses no new thought, touches no personal experience. All that the student can do is to dress it in a few generalities. How often have writers enlarged on the "Beauties of Nature," discussed purling brooks, verdant meadows, and waving forests. After all is superficially described, the authors find their forests are mostly chestnut thickets, and their whole production as verdant as their meadows. What is the trouble? Simply that the writers do not feel what they write. On the other hand, examine the subject of an article hastily but satisfactorily written. In the majority of cases it is on a narrowed subject; one of current interest.

The writer sees an animal abused, a friend snubbed, or hears an opinion of his own sneered at. Then he can write a telling article on humanity or politeness. In every line the reader can feel that the author has something to say and is saying it.

This is the whole secret. Never dig away at a subject in which you can

arouse no interest. If subjects for essays are given out, and you find none suited to your case, ask for one of your own choosing or take a biography where you will at least get knowledge, if you give none.

♦♦♦

### LITERARY.

#### THE SCARLET THREAD.

By N. G. B., '91.

Thro' all the cordage made by English hands  
There runs, they say, a single scarlet thread.  
Throughout the wide world go the coils of rope  
To serve alike the peasant and the prince,  
On land and sea, until their strength is spent,  
And they are cast aside. Yet wheresoe'er  
Is found the tiniest fragment of this rope,  
However frayed and worthless, he who cares  
To look for it may see the scarlet thread,  
The Queen's own royal seal of ownership.

Thro' every life there runs the scarlet thread  
Of love divine. God sends his children forth  
To spend the years in service while He gives  
Them life and strength. In palace or in hut,  
On land or sea, where'er is found a child  
Of His, however useless he may seem,  
Or weak, there, too, is found the scarlet thread,  
The Lord's own gracious seal of ownership.  
Thro' all the twisted strands of doubt and  
faith,  
Of joy and grief, which make our life, there  
runs  
The unseen thread of God's unfailing love,  
By which He claims us, always, as His own.

♦♦♦

### WINTER.

By M. S. M., '91.

THE expression "love of Nature" is with most people a conventional phrase used to express mere admiration for certain of Nature's works. We often use it with amusing complacency, careless that we are, figuratively speaking, using a vessel of gold to carry a commonplace thing that would

be much more in place in a vessel of tin. Our love for Nature is of a kind that does not last through the winter. It begins to wane at the first rude advances of that tricky sprite, Jack Frost, and dies entirely when the first heavy snows cover the earth. We shut ourselves indoors and look upon the outer world as an uninviting wilderness.

But the true lover of Nature sees beauty in Nature's every aspect, whether lovely, wild, or commonplace. Where the careless would see chaos, he sees symmetry; where the ear dulled by indifference would hear discord, he hears the clear, fine harmony of Nature that flows on unbroken through storm and calm, through the howling of the northern tempest or the breathing of the south wind from some land of flowers.

It is natural for us to love Nature in the summer. She flatters and caresses us with her warm sunshine and balmy breezes, but in winter, as if she knew it was not good for us to be so constantly smiled upon, frowns darkly and hurls her sleet and snow vindictively in our faces; upon which we, always too ready to judge by appearances, and not perceiving Mother Nature's unchanging kindness to us all through all her bluff manner, withdraw indoors in dismay. But the winter has a subtle charm that the summer, at its loveliest, does not possess.

Stand, in winter, in the midst of some leafless forest where Nature has undisputed sway. Stand still and listen intently. It is a still day. Before you entered the forest you thought

not a breath of wind was stirring. But listen! The solemn pines are sighing over your head—a weird, mysterious music that carries your thought and fancy away with it. It seems as if the pines had a soul and were whispering in some strange language the secrets of some realm of thought and feeling, of truth and power—another world lying close to your own yet one to which you have hitherto been a stranger. And it is not alone the pines you hear. Soft, mysterious whispers, the faintest ripples of sound that a breath might obliterate flow past. You cannot tell what they are. Perhaps their causes are miles away. The very silence seems full of sound—Nature's silent music, felt, not heard. A solitary bird-note comes from some hidden place in the forest. It seems to measure the silence as a pebble dropped into a deep well makes you aware of its depth by the sound as it strikes the water. You feel a strange indefinable charm that holds you like a spell. It is a formless, elusive charm. You cannot put it into words but you feel it for the time intensely.

Perhaps you are walking, some December day, through some rough pasture land such as you may find anywhere in the valley of the Androscoggin. You call it a dull day. The sky is shrouded with gray, and the brown landscape, with patches of snow here and there, looks frost-bitten and dreary to your careless eye. But pause upon the side of this craggy hill and look around you. Behind rise the brown-clad hills; below lies the low stretch of intervale; beyond, the frozen river

with a steel-like gleam upon it though there is no sunshine. Away to the right below you lies a stretch of woodland shadowy, voiceless. Following the river with your eye, you see, far away, the distant hills. The swelling uplands upon the farther side of the river, rise to meet the leaden sky. A winter scene and bleak, but the eye does not shun it. A picture painted in sombre colors may be beautiful. The painter often chooses for his picture a background of wild sky or dark tossing billows. Yes, you acknowledge that there is a certain grandeur in the far outlook with the steel-gray river and dim hills. But "distance lends enchantment to the view" you say. Right where you are standing it is commonplace and sombre enough without a particle of beauty. Is that true? Look again. This decaying stump your hand is resting on is covered with wonderful feathery frost-work, each tiny crystal a marvel of beauty and delicacy. The dried grass is covered with the same work of beauty-loving Nature, who ornaments all her possessions in a thousand beautiful ways, careless whether you see her wonders or not. You crush numberless lovely things at every step.

Even the storms of winter are full of charm. We seem to come nearer to Nature in a storm. When she is at rest we feel as if she were careless of us but when she is awake she seems to notice us, to speak directly to us. We cannot translate into words what she says to us in times like these. No language is spoken upon earth that will bear the weight of it or pre-

serve the ethereal beauty and purity.

Winter has uncounted charms but they are quiet, unobtrusive charms sometimes hidden altogether or strangely disguised, but a true love of Nature makes our eyes keen to discover them.

### EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

By L. M. S., '92.

IT IS now more than a century and a half since the birth of Washington, and more than a century since the culminating point in his inimitable career, his inauguration to the presidency. To-day, it may be safely said, that to a greater degree than ever before we are able to discover accurately the facts in regard to his life, and thus to appreciate his true merits. As with silent admiration we view his character, so well developed, so symmetrical, we now at least may look through a pure medium. Both the mists of prejudice and the illusory splendors of his triumphal hour have long since vanished, and in the clear sunlight of truth we may see the man as he really was. At a time nearer that in which he lived, and to go back farther in his own time, his more ardent admirers might have been criticised for their enthusiastic praise. It might have been said that, unduly affected by the spirit of the times, they were incompetent judges of his merits; but of us who to-day would do him honor, this cannot be said.

The truly great warrior or statesman is he who, having the welfare of his people at heart, is endowed with such wisdom as enables him to discern

the signs of the times, to judge accurately at each crisis what method of procedure will result most beneficially to his people and their posterity. But if he lack the one needful ability, that perfectly executing his plans, and of having his plans such as when executed the circumstances of the nation demand for its maximum good, he is not in the true sense of the word great. Thus the demonstrations of joy and the tributes of praise which filled the air after the surrender at Yorktown cannot be considered as homage paid to a great man, for as yet it had not been clearly and absolutely demonstrated that the plans of Washington and his Congress were practicable; it was not certain that an independent government could exist. Perhaps no form of government could be agreed upon which would legislate as occasion required. Perhaps the army, clamorous for its pay, would revolt, and Civil would supersede Revolutionary War; and indeed a little later such dangers seemed imminent. At that time, therefore, praise could be awarded him only as he was believed to be great.

However, I will not contend that any undeserved honor was paid him or was likely to be. The applause was all merited, though that same day at set of sun the whole scheme had collapsed; the thirteen colonies had dissolved, never again to assume definite shape.

My point is this: To-day we are sure he was great; it has been clearly proved that as a warrior his plans for the future were wise; that he won no

victories at fatal cost to the people; that he contracted no debt the people could not redeem; that as a statesman he was possessed of a calm wisdom and a prophetic foresight which provided for exigencies not apparent for years afterward. If the joyful applause and glad acclaims with which the land resounded on the thirtieth of April, 1789, were merited, what form of tribute to his name is due from us who, to a greater degree than any who have preceded us, enjoy the fruits of his labors? In point of enthusiasm we are not likely to exceed them, in outward demonstration we cannot approach them.

So be it. The day for clamor and shouting is past. But if we desire fitly to honor the name of Washington, there are opportunities still remaining.

The tribute due him may be better rendered in the form of words and deeds tending to a higher plane of enlightenment to truth, to morality, to happiness. Monuments of stone and marble are eminently fitting, but if we would prove clearly our devotion to him and his memory, if we would do him greatest honor, we may, to use the words of the ancient bard, erect monuments to his memory more enduring than brass, loftier than the royal structure of the pyramids.

Oh loyal citizens! so devoted to your country, forsake your wonted paths. Oh demagogues! away with your harangues. Oh politicians! become as true to the best interests of your country as you have been to those of your party, and to the acquisition of worldly pelf. Go! if you

would become popular, if you would find favor with man, and better, with God, go study the life and character of the father of his country; learn his aims; become familiar with the hopes, the desires, the ambitions, which lay nearest his heart; then if you feel better impulses stirring within your bosoms, grasp the timely hope that the power is not lost to you to do honor to the name of Washington. Engage your talent in the diffusion of knowledge, seek out the truth and tell it to others, and you will do him greatest honor; you will thus pay greater tribute to his name than he who designed and built the Washington Monument.

#### THE MORNING TWILIGHT.

By F. B. N., '90.

Silently through the dreamy sky  
I see the morning twilight fly.  
Her garments gleam with gems of light  
That blind the eyes of dusky night.

The watching stars, in dazed surprise,  
Look down and wink and close their eyes.  
And night, with sullen step and slow,  
Retreats before his queenly foe.

Fair twilight lifts her diamond veil,  
And takes a peep at hill and dale.  
The wind with stealthy, wavy grace,  
Impresses kisses on her face.

Then skipping round each bush and tree,  
He whistles loudly in his glee.  
The busy snow in vain has tried  
The ugly form of night to hide.

But soon the rosy twilight spies,  
And to her side, he quickly hies.  
Now waltzing wind so blithe and gay  
Steps up and takes dame snow away.

And arm in arm the merry twain  
Go dancing over hill and plain.  
The Chicadee's most welcome song,  
That in his breast has slumbered long,

Bursts forth the twilight's cheer to greet.  
 She stops to hear the notes so sweet,  
 And pats the little warbler's head,  
 Her soul with joyous song is fed.

But see, the sunbeams come! And lo!  
 The lovely twilight starts to go.  
 Good-bye, fair messenger of day,  
 To-morrow, come again this way.

♦ ♦ ♦

SPENSER'S CHIEF EXCELLEN-  
 CES AND DEFECTS AS DIS-  
 CLOSED IN THE "FAERIE  
 QUEEN."

By M. F. A., '90.

**E**Dmund Spenser, the poets' poet, was born in London, in the year 1552. We all know of his early life and education, his friendship with Sir Walter Raleigh, and his favor with Queen Elizabeth. In 1590 appeared the first three books of his greatest poem, the "Faerie Queen," and in 1596 the second three books followed. The "Faerie Queen" is an allegory representing the six virtues, Holiness, Temperance, Charity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy, each attended by a knight who is the patron and defender of the same.

Spenser is an idealist, for he treats of the marvelous and extraordinary rather than of the natural and common in human experience. To deal with imaginary fair ladies and chivalrous knights, and with the contests of the latter with dragons, and creatures great and terrible, is surely not the part of the realist, but of the idealist. Still the beauty that we find in the "Faerie Queen" is sensuous rather than spiritual. Spenser delights to put before his reader scenes rich in color, and those suggestive of melo-

dious sounds, or of deep repose. Examples of the first are his descriptions of the dress of Duessa and of the armor of Prince Arthur; while an example of the second is the description of the abode of Morpheus; and of the third, his picture of the hermitage in which Archinago dwelt.

Milton demands that poetry be "simple, sensuous, impassioned." We will admit that the "Faerie Queen" is both simple and sensuous, but it does not appeal strongly enough to the human feelings to be called passionate; and this lack of human feeling is due to Spenser's method of imagination, which, although in a degree creative, was in the main contemplative. We do not think of Spenser as a poet suddenly possessed of some great idea, which he hastens to commit to writing, no matter whether he be at home or abroad, but as one who deliberately seats himself at his desk, takes time to arrange his pen and papers, and then, calmly contemplating the panorama that his imagination causes to pass before him, writes composedly and with due attention to manner as well as matter.

He has an intimate acquaintance with human nature, and yet he fails to arouse human interest in his characters. The reason of this is that while he recognizes the different traits of character that every individual possesses in real life, he exhibits but *one* of these traits in each of his personages in the "Faerie Queen," and for this reason they fail to interest us as real human beings. In other words, each of his personages is a type of

some one trait of character, rather than an individual possessing various traits. Thus his sympathies seem to be broad rather than deep.

Our interest in the poem is objective. We delight in the descriptions of scenery, in the external appearance of the characters, in the various trials that they undergo, and in numerous trifling incidents; but where do we find that portrayal of human nature, and of the motives that influence men's lives so wonderfully exemplified by Shakespeare, Scott, or by George Eliot?

So far as Spenser appears to us, it is to the passive or, perhaps, the negative side of our nature, *i. e.*, he leads us to avoid the evils, rather than incites us to perform any great and noble deed in defense of right,—and there is a vast difference in result between a life whose purpose is simply to avoid evil and one whose purpose is to do some positive good. Spenser surpasses other poets in the copiousness of his diction, in the swell and continuous sweetness of his rhyme, and in the profusion of his fancies. His style is at once clear and simple; melody and harmony predominate, and there is rare grace in many of his expressions. Yet his very command of musical language, together with the profusion of his fancies, led him to a minuteness of detail that is at times revolting, and nearly always tiresome.

As a narrative the "Faerie Queen" is not wholly successful. There are so many minor characters and side issues introduced that our attention is diverted from the main purpose, and we are often led to question whether

the author himself kept his avowed purpose distinctly in mind. In hastily reading the poem one can easily lose sight of the allegory, yet with a little attention he readily sees that the characters are symbolic.

Spenser possessed a vivid imagination, wonderful power of language, great love of the beautiful, and a mind well stored with knowledge, especially classical and mythological.

One cannot but enjoy the beauty of his style and the rare power of picture-making that brings all his scenes and characters so vividly before the mind.

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MRS. LAURA WOODBURY (HARRIS) ROBINSON.\*

By W. H. J., '80.

MRS. Laura Woodbury (Harris) Robinson, the subject of this sketch, was born in Minot, Androscoggin County, Maine, June 3, 1855. She was fifth in order of birth in a family of seven children, consisting of four sons and three daughters. Her parents were of Scotch descent; their vocation, farming; and upon the home acres their children were nurtured and reared. Her father, Hiram Harris, was a man of few words, quiet, meditative, but affectionate towards his children, and ready to make every sacrifice that would enable them to obtain an education or make a successful start in life. Her mother was distinguished by the same nobility of character and recitude of conduct; and together they

\*The September number of last year would have been the one naturally thought of for the publication of this article, but matters connected with the death of Professor Stanley has deferred its publication.

illustrated in their quiet unobtrusive, and earnest lives those genuine qualities of mind and heart which make a Scotchman or Scotch woman honest and God-fearing, the world over.

Mrs. Robinson attended, first, the district school near her home, but at the age of eleven years she began, now and then a term, to accompany her older brothers and sisters to Hebron Academy. She was then the youngest pupil in the school. About 1872 she began there a more systematic course of study. Yet her work was much broken and interrupted. During the last year only of her preparatory course was she able to attend the three consecutive terms. She was graduated from this institution in the summer of 1876, and entered Bates College in the fall of that year. With her, also from Hebron Academy, came Mrs. Eliza Hackett (Sawyer) Leland, her room-mate, classmate, and intimate friend, during her college course.

From Bates College Mrs. Robinson was graduated, with honor, in the class of '80. After graduation she taught a year in Wilton Academy. Thence she was called to Auburn High School, where, after a brief but successful period of labor, declining health compelled her to abandon teaching and seek rest and recuperation. A severe illness followed from which she probably never fully recovered. In 1885 she was received into the membership of the Episcopal Church of Lewiston. She was married, June 30, 1886, to Lucien Moore Robinson, a native of East Sumner, a graduate of Harvard University in the class of '82, and a

clergyman in the Episcopal Church by profession. Immediately after marriage, Mrs. Robinson accompanied her husband to Germany, where a year was spent by them in study and travel. Upon their return from Europe in June, 1887, after a two months' rest in Minot, they took up their residence in Philadelphia, where Mr. Robinson became engaged in preaching and teaching. To them was born a son, Harris Moore Robinson, March 26, 1888. This date marks the beginning of a permanent decline in Mrs. Robinson's health. Consumption set in, and the fatal termination became only a question of time.

She peacefully passed away at her mother's home in Minot, July 31, 1889, surrounded by her friends, who gave her every ministration of sympathy and affection. The life of Mrs. Robinson, though comparatively short and uneventful, is full of interest, not only to those who shared her friendship and affection, but to that larger circle of sympathetic souls, in whose sight the life and death of a noble woman is always a thing altogether beautiful. She was not one of those who gained the world's applause. She walked the narrow pathway of her life with firm and gentle step, and did the "duty that lay next her hand." Its joys were sweet, and yet she bore its burdens uncomplainingly. And when the summons came that called her home, she went with soul sustained and spirit all at peace.

It is of Mrs. Robinson during her college course that the writer is most competent to speak. In college Mrs.

Robinson maintained a high standing in every department of work. While possibly excelling in the departments of English Literature and Modern Languages, she neither neglected nor slighted any other for which she seemed to have less aptitude or inclination. She was thoroughly conscientious in all that she did. Her education was purchased at many personal sacrifices, and she rose to the full appreciation of its value and importance.

In her relations with her teachers she was always courteous and pleasant. In her intercourse with them, neither the ills nor the illnesses of life disturbed the gentle serenity of her manners, or ruffled the affability of her disposition. She never lost her dignity or made it offensive. In the class-room, she never displayed indifference of temper, but performed her duties unaffectedly and conscientiously.

In her class, she was always popular. Her presence was never a suggestion to her classmates that co-education was a failure. She thoroughly loved her class; and her class thoroughly loved her. And with every reason. She took great pride in all class achievements, and no feeling of jealousy or personal disappointment ever marred her genuine loyalty to all her classmates, or joy in their successes. She had much of what is known as class pride. It was of the right kind, too,—not a sickly sentimentality, but a hearty, loyal sentiment. During the last few weeks of her life, when exhausted by cares, and wasted by disease, she gave many delicate and touching evidences, in both word and

act, that her love for her classmates was sincere and unabated.

In her work after graduation, as a teacher, and in her home, as wife and mother, she was the same true, diligent, conscientious woman. She found in the companionship of her husband that domestic felicity which results from a happy union of kindred souls. The tastes of both were scholarly. Both had received the advantages of a liberal education. Both had enjoyed the delights of foreign travel. A life work had been chosen and begun. To them a son had been born. In the thought of the sundering of such a home, there is a peculiar and unusual sorrow, to which the fact gives added pathos, that, within six months from the death of the mother, the child was laid in the grave beside her.

Intellectually, Mrs. Robinson was a superior woman. Her scholarship was broad and accurate; her thought, clear and chaste; her language, expressive and refined. She was a thorough student. She loved her books; but loved as well the world around her. She loved the sounds of Nature, and heard with keen delight its myriad voices. The rock beneath her feet, the towering forest, the blossom by the wayside, had each for her its lesson. She heard with awe the solemn voices of the deep, and gazed with rapture upon the shining pathway of the stars. To her was not denied, in rich, abundant measure, the joy of loving all things good, and seeing all things beautiful.

Not less pleasant is it to speak of her moral and religious nature. Here, as elsewhere, she manifested that

gentle womanliness—approaching diffidence—which is the charm of true refinement. Her moral character was always above the breath of suspicion. Her religious life was quiet, but earnest, and devoid of all hypocrisy. With her, prayer was not a recitation; nor religion a habit. Her conscience was keen and exacting, and measured all her acts by the rigid rule of duty. Whatever she determined to be right, she did, without thought of applause or hope of reward. She contemplated the past with gratitude, and the future with faith. She bore with Christian fortitude and patience the long and painful struggle for existence, and met her end without murmuring and without fear.

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#### EVENING.

By M. S. M., '91.

I watch from my door the trembling stars,  
That like gems in the azure shine;  
How sweetly over my soul once more  
Falls the peace of the eventime.

I feel around me an unseen power;  
A slight touch, shadowy, fleet,  
Sweeps all the strings of my trembling soul  
With a melody strange and sweet.

In this silent hour does the unseen world  
To our sleeping earth lean near,  
And the hushed soul hears, through the closed  
gate,  
Faint strains of its music clear.

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Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles. It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government.—*George Washington.*

#### LOCALS.

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Hi!

Exams.

Miss K. Merrill, '91, has returned from her school.

Miss S. D. Chipman, '91, has returned to the class.

Professor Angell's classes are rushing to make up for lost time.

The geological collection has been removed to its new place in Hedge Laboratory.

F. J. Chase, '91, has so far recovered as to be able to be removed to his home at Unity.

Mason, '91, has taken the place of Knox, '89, at New Portland, for the remainder of the term.

Nichols, '90, met with a slight accident in the gymnasium. Our wrestlers must be more careful.

The platform in the chapel has been enlarged to make room for an orchestra. This has been a long-felt need.

Prof. S.—“Mr. S., you will do well to read the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.” Mr. S.—“Who is the author, please.”

The College Band, under the direction of Irving, '93, is progressing finely. It will furnish the music for most, if not all, of the Sophomore declamations.

So far, only seven Sophomores have decided to bravely face the dreaded trials of Calculus: Miss Stevens, Miss Wells, Small, Howard, Wilson, Blanchard, and Ferguson. As the difficulties of this study disappear when

bravely confronted, it is hoped that the number of the class will be reinforced.

F. A. Metcalf, O. B., who has been drilling the Seniors and Sophomores, has also been giving private lessons to several. His work is highly appreciated.

The Freshmen celebrated March 10th with a class sleigh ride. They woke the echoes of Bates from Lewiston to Lisbon. After passing a few hours at the latter place, they returned, reporting a general good time.

The students to take part in the Senior exhibition are as follows: Misses Angell, Brackett, Wood, Pratt, Howe, Snow, and Jordan; Messrs. Day, Garcelon, Singer, Piper, and Pierce. A great deal of care has been taken in the preparation, and some excellent parts are expected.

The offer of a fifty dollar prize to the Sophomore debaters, has aroused their lagging zeal. They may be seen at all times of the day carrying encyclopædias, histories, books of travel, etc., from Parker Hall to the library or from the library to Parker Hall. Money makes the—student work.

The lecture delivered at the chapel March 7th, by Mr. Gay, was an instructive one. Nearly two hundred attended; among them were many of the Lewiston teachers. Mr. Gay treated his subject, "The Spirit of Teaching," very justly, exposing fallacies both on the side of "no punishment" and "all punishment." The manner in which his words were received showed general appreciation.

Sturgis, '93, lost his horse and sleigh a few days ago. The animal, recognizing in two Sophs the lovers of his species, lured them into the sleigh and gave them a ride. Of course they got him back as soon as possible, but did not succeed in getting back certain apples Sturgis declared were in the sleigh. These, no doubt, fell out on the journey.

The public exercises, on February 22d, were followed by a sociable in the evening. This was the only sociable there had been for some time, and the zeal with which the entertainment was carried out expressed universal enjoyment. One such informal meeting during a term would contribute to more sociability, and if care were taken need cause but little interruption to regular work.

February 27th was observed as a day of prayer. Three services were held during the day. The sermon in the afternoon, preached by Rev. T. H. Stacy (Bates, '76), was listened to with much interest and profit by all. His text was Romans 12:2, "And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

The most deadly serpents are most beautiful.

The most powerful revelation will be that message which speaks deepest home to all that we have known; and if Christianity has obtained that pre-eminence, it is because pre-eminently it possesses this quality.—*Matheson*.

## PERSONALS.

## ALUMNI.

'70.—Professor L. G. Jordan has been elected a member of the Lewiston School Board.

'72.—On Friday evening, March 7th, G. E. Gay, principal of the Malden (Mass.) High School, delivered an interesting and helpful lecture before the college, on the "Spiritual Attributes of the Teacher."

'74.—Hon. A. M. Spear has been re-elected mayor of Gardiner without opposition.

'76.—On the Day of Prayer for Colleges, the annual sermon was preached by Rev. T. H. Stacy, of Auburn.

'80.—In a late number of the *Morning Star*, I. F. Frisbee replies to Bishop McQuaid's recent article in the *Forum*, upon "Religion in Our Schools." The chief argument of Bishop McQuaid, is that it is unjust for parents who send their children to the parochial schools to be taxed for the support of the state schools. We quote briefly from Professor Frisbee's refutation of this fallacious reasoning: "By this theory the highest individual tax-payer of this city, Lewiston, who sends no children to the schools, might demand that the part of his tax devoted to the school fund should be refunded to him. The Jew, whose religious belief is certainly as venerable as that of Bishop McQuaid, might do the same. And the Methodist, who for conscience's sake sends his children to his denominational school, might make a similar demand. Moreover, the richest wards

in the city might demand that their proportional part of the school fund be kept in their own districts, and the corporations, which pay three-fifths of all taxes of the city, refuse to be taxed for the support of the schools. In fact, according to a similar theory, since the corporations are non-resident, they might refuse to pay for sidewalks and street lights, and nearly every improvement, except that of the fire department."

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout and wife have a daughter; born February 8th.

'81.—W. P. Curtis is completing his course of study in Cobb Divinity School, and also has charge of the church in Sabatis.

'81.—The Republican caucus in Johnston, R. I., has nominated Dr. F. A. Twitchell for State Senator.

'85.—G. A. Goodwin has been admitted to the Androscoggin Bar. Of his examination the *Lewiston Journal* says: "It was very exhaustive and searching, and was personally conducted by Judge Libby himself, who expressed himself as entirely satisfied with it, and complimented Mr. Goodwin by saying the examination was a much more satisfactory one than usual."

'85.—The St. Johnsbury *Republican*, of which C. T. Walter is business manager, has moved into its new quarters. The "Republican Building," for so Mr. Walter has named his fine structure, is four stories high, with a frontage on two streets of seventy-five by fifty-four feet, and is the largest single business building in St. Johnsbury.

'85.—On account of illness, J. M. Nichols has been unable to attend to his duties in the High School at Middletown, Conn., for the past few weeks. He expects, however, to resume his work next term.

'86.—A. E. Blanchard, Esq., of Kansas City, Mo., has offered a first prize of \$50 to the contestants in the Champion Debate, which is to take place next Commencement.

'86.—W. A. Morton, M.D., has entered upon the practice of his profession in Brooklyn, N. Y. His office is at 75 Lawrence Street.

'87.—W. C. Buck has accepted an appointment in the census bureau at Washington, D. C.

'87.—P. R. Howe has just graduated from the Philadelphia Dental College.

'88.—A. E. Thomas, principal of Austin Academy, has been urged to remain another year with an increase of salary.

'89.—H. L. Knox has succeeded Mr. Buck as principal of the High School at Broad Brook, Conn.

#### DIVINITY SCHOOL.

'84.—Rev. J. L. Smith has resigned his pastorate at Lowell, Mass., and accepted a call to a church in Nova Scotia.

'86.—Rev. Samuel Blaisdell was recently installed as pastor of the Pine Street Free Baptist Church in Lewiston. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. T. H. Stacy, of the class of '79. Ten members have been received into this church since Mr. Blaisdell entered upon his work here.

#### MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The *North American Review*, for March, is of exceeding interest. The "Continuation of the Gladstone-Blaine Controversy," by Senator Morrill, is an able paper and adds some new phases to the discussion. Perhaps the other most interesting articles are "Why I Am An Agnostic," by Ingersoll; "Family Life Among the Mormons," by a daughter of Brigham Young; "Looking Backward" Again, by Edward Bellamy, and "The Limitations of the Speakership," by Speaker Reed, and ex-Speaker J. G. Carlisle. Ingersoll attacks the miraculous, supernatural, and dogmatic in religion, with his usual good sense and vigor, but he hardly explains why he is an agnostic. Because much that passes among men for religion has been, and is to-day, merely superstition, and because man has not been able to absolutely know all about God, it is the height of folly to sit down sullenly and content one's-self with the declaration, "There *may* be a God and there *may* be something of truth in religion but *I do not know*." There would be as much sense in treating the whole catalogue of sciences in the same way, but no, Ingersoll will not say that he is an agnostic in regard to science, why then in regard to religion, for in science he does not *absolutely know*, he simply believes upon reasonable evidence, and it is the utmost imbecility to declare that there is no reasonable evidence of God and truth in religion. But of course there will always *seem* to be none to him who diligently prevents himself from seeking it.

The *Century* we find very entertaining. The "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson" is among the most interesting articles. The articles, "Gloucester Cathedral," "Glasgow: A Municipal Study," and "The Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region, by J. W. Powell, director of the United States Geological Survey, are very profitable reading.

The *Atlantic Monthly* discusses again the "Woman Suffrage" question, both *pro* and *con*. There is a short review of Tennyson's new poems, and a great amount of other very readable matter.

*Outing* for March is a number of unusual value and beauty. Among the handsomely illustrated articles are "The Art of Boxing," by A. Austen; "The National Guard at Creedmoore," by Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, a well-known writer on military questions; "The Waterloo Cup," by Hugh Dalziel, richly illustrated by the well-known artist, E. H. Moore; and "By-Ways Near Natchez," a clever sketch of a lady's trip on horseback through a bit of picturesque Southern country. Other articles are: "Hunting and Fishing in the North-west," "The Yachting Outlook," "Our Home Made Trip to Europe," "Silhouettes from Snowland," and "Quail Shooting in California." "Flycatcher," the interesting serial, is concluded in the March number.

The contents of the February number of *Education* is well worthy of attention. We regard this magazine as one of the very best and hope we may be regular recipients of it. We notice especially in this issue, "The Phi-

losophy of Leibnitz," by Charles E. Lowrey; "Doctor Winchell and Geology," by the same, "Among District School Libraries," by Charles Howard Shinn, and "Bibleography of Current Periodical Literature upon Education," being a long list of articles upon Education and other subjects of interest to teachers.

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### EXCHANGES.

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The February number of the *Southern Collegian* publishes a eulogy on Jefferson Davis. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do!" If Jefferson Davis was a hero without spot or blemish, in heaven's name what was Abraham Lincoln? It may be that Jefferson Davis was true to what he believed at the time to be his duty, but for any man to pronounce upon him, to-day, a eulogy in which there is nothing but unmitigated praise without one word as to the principles for which he stood, is, to say the least, an exhibition of imbecility that ought not to disgrace the pages of a college journal. We give the following extract and add the closing paragraph of this most remarkable address:

It is true the Confederacy went down below the horizon of history forever, and its name as a nation is effaced from the page of human annals for all time to come; yet the cheeks of our children will not blush for its fate, but will flush with pride and admiration, as they hear the tale of the patience, constancy, and fortitude, the adventurous daring and heroism, the genius of leadership, and the victories of their noble fathers. Our Confederacy sank in sorrow, but not in shame. Dark and gloomy clouds gathered in heavy folds around its setting, but they did not—they could not—blacken

it! It lit them into effulgence with its own transcendent glory!

. . . . .  
 "Whether on cross uplifted high,  
 Or in the battle's van,  
 The fittest place for man to die  
 Is where he dies for man!"

Virginia! Rockbridge! Lexington! ever keeping guard over the holy dust of Lee and Jackson, turn aside to-day with millions of your countrymen, with mournful reverence and tender hearts, to twine a wreath of martial glory and weave a chaplet of civic fame to rest upon the tomb of Jefferson Davis! In a peculiar sense the fate of our Confederacy is recalled to-day. On its grave—finally closed this hour—will be inscribed in imperishable characters the immortal name of the martial civilian who was its first its only President. We plant flowers about it and water them with our tears, not hoping for, or as emblems of, its anticipated resurrection, but to embalm it in our fragrant memories and in our most precious affections. And then, turning from the ashes of our dead past to the active duty dictated by the example and counsels of our departed leaders—Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, and Jefferson Davis—we will labor with a fidelity wrought by the stern but noble discipline of our past experience for the maintenance of the constitutional liberty they imperiled their lives to save, and for the promotion of the true prosperity, progress, and glory of our common country.

J. RANDOLPH TUCKER.

We are much pleased with the *Brunonian*. Beside its good taste in prose it has a large amount of very good original poetry.

The *Morning Star* desires the following to be noticed:

There is no intelligent and devoted Free Baptist that can fail to feel a pardonable pride in the work done by Bates and Hillsdale Colleges. The alumni associations of these two excellent institutions of learning are becoming large and through their individual membership, influential bodies in the land. We have arranged for the publication of a series of alumni articles during 1890, written by representative members of these associations. Our aim, in part, is to keep the *Star* and the

graduates of our institutions in touch and sympathy. What the latter will have to say in the articles they are to prepare and we are to publish, cannot fail to be of interest and profit to all the readers of the *Star*.

The last number of the *Dartmouth* contains a little love story, "Only a Girl's Love." We doubt not it presents to us what has many times taken place except the closing incident, and the great pity is that every young college upstart who trifles with innocent girlhood in such a manner, does not meet a like fate.

We find *The Owl* an interesting exchange and welcome it among the college papers of our own country. It is finely edited and published in a neat and elegant form. The reading matter is instructive.

## ◆◆◆ COLLEGE NOTES.

On Saturday, February 15th, the University of Toronto was burned. The loss is estimated at \$300,000, about half of which was covered by insurance. The students were to give on that evening a grand entertainment at which two thousand people were expected. The gas failed for some unknown cause and lamps were being brought from the basement by the janitors upon a hand-dray. One man slipped and fell and the lamps went crashing down a flight of stairs. The oil ignited and before anything effectual could be done the fire was beyond control. It is a great loss.

Great "Rush" at Cornell. The Sophomores were going to Auburn for a banquet, whereupon 250 Freshmen

rallied "in war paint," and armed themselves with lamp-black, asafœtida, and other things equally congenial and awaited the Sophomores at the Ithaca railway station. Upon the appearance of the enemy the Freshmen opened fire, and such a gang of smutty and odoriferous men never before went to dinner, but they went and reported a grand time.

The following colleges were founded before the Revolution: Harvard, 1638; College of William and Mary, 1693; Yale, 1701; College of New Jersey, 1748; University of Pennsylvania, 1749; Columbia (formerly Kings), 1754; Brown University, 1765; Dartmouth, 1769; Rutgers, 1770; Hampden-Sidney, 1775.—*University Herald*.

215,000 copies of "Looking Backward" have not yet satisfied the demand. The largest single day's sale thus far, says a writer in the *Critic*, was 4,300 copies.—*Ex*.

Cornell is to have the finest library building in America. It will have an auditorium with seating capacity for 1,000 people; the reading-room is 120 feet long, 72 feet wide, and 38 feet high. There will be room for 409,000 volumes.—*Ex*.

Among the honored sons of Union College stands Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward."

Williams is to have a new recitation building to be known as the Hopkins Memorial. Its cost is estimated at \$109,000.—*Ex*.

The French Government will send a representative to this country to study the workings of the various athletic college associations.—*Dartmouth*.

Michigan University has seventeen graduates in Congress—the largest number of any institution of learning in the country. Harvard has sixteen and Yale eleven.—*Ex*.

English sporting journals suggest that a series of foot-ball games be arranged between picked English and American teams.

The men who are training for the Yale Freshman crew run four miles daily, besides undergoing other disciplinary work.—*Ex*.

The Cornell Foot-Ball Association is in debt upward of \$700. It cost about \$3,000 to run the eleven last season.

—*Ex*.

It is said that Johns Hopkins, the founder of the University which bears his name in Baltimore, entered the same city at the age of nineteen, with sixty-two cents in his pockets, and died worth \$7,000,000. He worked harder to make the first \$1,000 than he did to make all the rest.—*Ex*.

Harvard athletics in all its branches costs each student about twenty-five dollars a year.—*Campus*.

The University of Vermont has been admitted to the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association, which now includes Dartmouth, Amherst, Brown, Trinity, Wesleyan, Williams, Worcester, Polytechnic Institute, and the University of Vermont. The spring meeting will be held at Worcester, Mass., on May 28th.—*Mail and Express*.

The Western man who runs an oration factory is said to have done a \$1,000 business with Cornell alone last year.—*Wesleyan Argus*.

The average age of those who enter college is seventeen years. A century ago it was fourteen.

A number of Sophomores have been expelled from the University of Wisconsin on account of hazing. College duties were suspended while the officers of the law were working up the case.

—*Ex.*

Seven thousand dollars is annually distributed by Vassar, in aid to poor students.—*Dartmouth.*

The proof-sheets of the Amherst *Olio* are subject to the approval of the College Senate. This body has power to suppress any undesirable matter.

—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

There are now eighty-seven professors in different colleges who were students under Dr. James McCosh, the venerable ex-President of Princeton College.—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

## POETS' CORNER.

### THE VESPER BIRD.

The evening shades are falling fast  
And darker grows the night,  
The stars in heaven's expanse so vast  
Give forth their twinkling light.  
The last faint gleams of sunset glow  
Athwart the western sky,  
And evening breezes soft and low  
Whispering pass us by.  
The forest trees loom tall and dark  
And woodland aisles are still.  
Nature has gone to rest; but, hark!  
I hear a low sweet trill.  
Down where the tangled brakes grow rank,  
Deep in the forest glades,  
Where the night air is fowl and dank,  
Where linger deepest shades,  
There in the silence of the night  
The hermit sings his song,  
Tribute of love, so clear and bright,  
Mellow and sweet and strong.

Sing to thy Maker, vesper-bird,  
Thine evening hymn so clear.  
Thy notes are by thy Master heard,  
While angels stoop to hear.

—*Brownian.*

### VICISSITUDE.

Oh the heart is light when winds are fair,  
When fortune's favoring breeze  
Our bark drives on o'er the foaming main,  
And our ventures go to please.

'Tis easy then to bend low in prayer,  
To sing and to laugh in glee;  
Then the weak grow strong, the strong grow  
young;  
All joy in prosperity.

Oh, sad grows the heart when ill winds blow,  
When storms, fierce with lightning's glare,  
Dash our bark on shoals and craggy cliffs,  
And ruin our treasures rare.

'Tis hard then for us to keep our faith,  
To sing and to share in glee;  
For hope now dies, and our hearts grow faint  
At bitter adversity.

—*University Beacon.*

### CANADA IN AUTUMN.

How fair her meadows stretch from sea to sea,  
With fruitful promise; changing robes of green  
Varying ever till the golden sheen  
Of autumn marks a glad maturity.  
How gay 'mid orchard bows the russets be;  
The uplands crowned with crimson maples lean  
Long, cooling arms of shadow, while between,  
In sun or shade, the flocks roam far and free.  
From east to west the harvest is her own;  
On either hand the ocean; at her feet  
Her cool lakes' sweetest waters throb and beat  
Like cool, firm pulses of her temperate zone.  
Gracious and just she calls from sea to sea,  
"No room for malice, none for bigotry!"

—*Queen's College Journal.*

### CLOUD PICTURES.

Slowly they drift adown the upper deep—  
These castles in the air;  
Along the sky how gracefully they sweep;  
How fancifully fair!

Turrets and minarets appear, then fade;  
Low windows open wide,  
Then close again; and curtains filmy shade  
But scarcely hide

A glimmering light within a casement, where  
In fitful bursts it plays,  
Or lingers lucent 'mong the hangings there  
Of fleecy haze.

Again I look. Where are my palaces  
With minarets and tower?  
Gone like the ripple of a summer breeze—  
Gone like a flower?

Not gone, but changed, as ever must all  
things—

A transformation fair!—  
My castle is a form with outstretched wings  
And flowing hair.

And in her hand she holds a torch aloft—  
It is the "Evening Star,"  
Whose light illumines with a radiance soft  
My castle-car. —*Ex.*

## THE PAST.

'Tis not the future, with its weight of wearying  
years,

Which fills the soul with sadd'ning thoughts  
and troubling fears;

'Tis not the present, which but for a moment  
stays,

Then goes swift as a swallow wings his circling  
ways.

The past it is in which we ever live; the past  
Which makes us what we are e'en while our  
lives shall last.

—*Brunonian.*

## TENNYSON'S "CROSSING THE BAR."

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the  
boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and  
Place

The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

—*Clarksburg Collegian.*

## POT-POURRI.

The first cane rush—The killing of  
Abel.—*The Campus.*

The editor's choice, "cut" or "flunk."  
There's nothing new under the sun, they say,  
In fish or in fowl or flesh,  
But he who'll run up to college to-day  
Will find there is much that is fresh.—*Life.*

The young man who makes a favor-  
able impression upon a fair maiden is  
in an anomalous position. That is to  
say, he has made a hit with a miss.—  
*Queen's College Journal.*

Perhaps your subscription to the  
magazine is like the weather—"un-  
settled."—*Ex.*

Said a spider to a housefly,

That was sitting in the sun,

"Will you walk into my parlor,  
For a little quiet fun?"

And there wasn't any housefly  
When that social call was done.

A blackbird saw that spider  
Just coming from its play,  
And said, "My friend, how are you?  
I've come to spend the day."  
And there wasn't any spider  
When the blackbird flew away.

Said a Rambler to a verdant youth,  
"Let's have a game, just one,  
For as to harm in pasteboard,  
There certainly is none."  
And there wasn't such a verdant youth,  
When that harmless game was done.

Then Satan saw that gambler,  
And watched his cunning play,  
And said, "This earth is too cold for you,  
You've such a 'winning way.'"  
And there wasn't any gambler  
When Satan left that day

—*Pacific Faros.*

At a gathering of lawyers, were  
toasted "The Bench and the Bar."  
If it were not for the *bar* there would  
be little use for the *bench*.—*Ex.*

Student (taking his turn at explaining the electric machine)—“This is the plate-glass machine which consists of a circular disk of glass turned as you see by a crank.”

Professor in Chemistry—“If you put in one hundred volumes of alcohol and one hundred volumes of water, what do you get?” Junior—“You get in the gutter.”—*Delaware Col. Review.*

It is related that a member of the Freshman class recently justified his use of a translation on the ground that his Bible was prefaced with the words, “with former translations diligently compared and revised.”—*Amherst Student.*

#### PROGRESS.

In olden times ye courtly squire,  
By etiquette's command,  
All humbly knelt with heart afire,  
And kissed his lady's hand.

Times change. We kneel and kiss no more  
The blushing finger tips.  
The modern lover bends him o'er  
To kiss his sweetheart's lips.

Amazing paradox! some witch  
Is working, North and South;  
For though our country's grown so rich,  
We've lived from hand to mouth.

—*Brunonian.*

A Freshman being asked the name of Xenophon's wife, replied, after some hesitation, that he believed it was Anna Basis.—*Ex.*

#### WHY?

A maiden's crown of glory  
Is her silken, rippling hair;  
We love it—aye, we'd kiss it—  
On the bonny head so fair.

Yet should that lovely maiden,  
In the making of a pie,  
One silken strand bake in it,  
We'd scorn and loath it. Why?

—*St. Louis Life.*

#### A WARNING TO THOSE WHO WOULD CULTIVATE THE MEMORY.

Once I was a happy college man  
No cares oppressed my mind,  
I ran up bills as I went along,  
And left them far behind.

My livery bills I quite forgot,  
My tailor's bills as well,  
When asked how much I owed my chum,  
I never quite could tell.

Alas! Alas! now all is changed,  
Altho' I fume and fret.  
Those wretched bills I once ran up,  
I never can forget.

They're with me while the daylight lasts,  
They haunt me in my sleep,  
Their horrid presence fills my mind,  
Tho' rapt in *slumbers* deep.

I'm now a wretched college-man,  
Thus with my cares beset,  
No longer trifles slip my mind,  
I've taken of *Loisette*.

—*Williams Weekly.*

Tailor—“You promised me faithfully yesterday morning that you would call in and settle for that suit last night, if it rained pitchforks.” Customer—“Yes, I know; but it didn't rain pitchforks.”—*Ex.*

There is a sweet maid at dear Vassar,  
The fellows all stare as they pass 'er.  
She knows each Greek root,  
All slang phrase to boot,  
And at chewing gum none can surpass 'er.  
—*Godall's Sun.*

Lives of poor men often remind us,  
Honest toil don't stand a chance;  
More we work, we have behind us  
Bigger patches on our pants.

—*Dartmouth.*

I think a man should have a little vinegar in his composition—just enuff to keep the flies off.—*Josh Billings.*

Cramming for examinations: The latest thing out.—The college student's night-lamp.—*Voice.*

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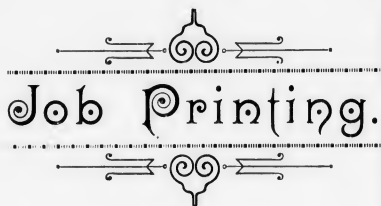
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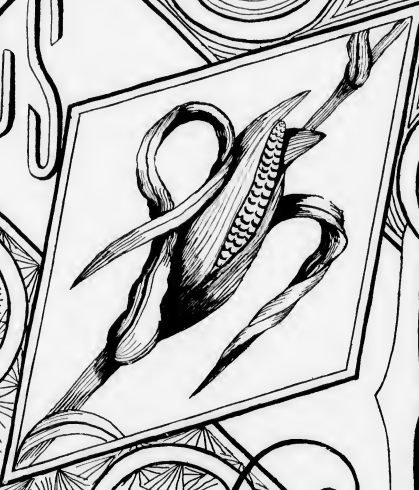
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# THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVIII.

APRIL, 1890.

No. 4.

## THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE  
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '91, BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, ME.

### EDITORS.

W. L. NICKERSON, F. L. PUGSLEY,  
N. G. BRAY, F. J. CHASE,  
A. A. BEAL, N. G. HOWARD.

A. D. PINKHAM, Business Manager.  
F. W. PLUMMER, Assistant Manager.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy  
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should notify the Business Manager.

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## EDITORIAL.

IF it should be proposed to abolish  
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purpose in view. Our time is well filled,  
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ilar shifting process will show us really valuable articles appearing from time to time in various magazines, notably the *North American Review*. Here we may, in a few minutes, make our own the results of weeks of thought and study by the keenest intellects of to-day. A judicious use of odd minutes and a little common sense in selection, might make our reading-room the important factor it should be in our education, keeping us thoroughly informed as to the world's work, and abreast of modern thought.

---

IN some of our sister colleges "Looking Backward" has been studied in the class and criticisms written upon it by the students. Why is this? Simply because the book has set men thinking. But if the fact that a book is influencing men and stimulating thought is sufficient to place it in a college curriculum, then the book that has been most influential in stimulating thought and advancing mankind should be most worthy that place. Such is the Bible. Phelps says: "The debt of literature to the Bible is like that of vegetation to the light." The works directly bearing on the different portions of the Bible would alone form a literature of which any nation might be proud. Some one has had the curiosity to number the existing commentaries on the scripture, and finds them to exceed sixty thousand.

We spend one term each in the study of Chaucer and Homer, that we may be acquainted with these inspirers of English and Greek poetry; but the

grander, more inspiring epics of the Bible are entirely neglected.

College men are often more painfully ignorant of the Bible as a literary work than the unlettered. Either there is a kind of superstitious awe that causes us to shun it as a study or, like the birds and flowers of our own forests, it is so easy of access that we forget to seek for beauty there. Like a child we strive for the flower that lies across the stream, even though far more beautiful ones lie at our feet.

It might be argued against the Bible having any place in our course on the ground that it is easily accessible; but the same might be said of Chaucer. Nine out of ten college students only read the Bible after a hard day's work, perhaps when they are tired, sleepy, and incapable of appreciating any of its literary merits.

If one recitation per week throughout the Junior or Senior year, or even one term of the Senior year, could be spent upon a critical study of the Bible as a piece of literature, much interest might be aroused in its beauty which otherwise would be wholly unappreciated. The college seems the only proper place for this work for the following reasons: (1) The Sabbath schools entirely lose sight of all literary merit; and, even if the Bible should be studied there from this standpoint, on account of irregular attendance, a great variety of teachers, some of whom are entirely unfitted for literary criticism, and the pressure of "regular" outside work, little interest would be aroused. (2) Very few ever attend a theological school, and even there the literary merits of the Bible are

almost wholly lost sight of. (3) It is no more likely that the student will enter into a critical study of Isaiah, David, or Paul, by himself, than that he will, of his own accord, study Homer or Chaucer. One needs to be aroused to its beauties by the pressure of regular class work and the guiding hand of a competent instructor. (4) It could not come before entering college, for, even if one were not employed on the common branches, he is not fully capable of appreciating true literary merit till his Junior or Senior year. It can never come after the course is completed, for then, in the midst of a life work, nearly all have neither time nor inclination to begin the study of this new field of poetry and oratory.

PROBABLY the saddest thing in history is the story of a genius persecuted because he came before the time was ripe for his work; and next to him in misfortune is the man whose opinions belong to a previous age. He is the more to be pitied, as he generally does not realize his own weakness, but holds it up to the world's view. One of these belated beings, who, however, represents a large class, is the one who objects to co-education since it is apt to cause the young women to take surveying, principles of navigation, mechanics, etc. What a pity! Of course the ladies will not survey or make machinery. But how about the gentlemen? Do all that take these studies ever make a life's work of one of them? Do they intend to run ocean steamers or explore Africa? Then why should they know about the principles? The

answer is simple enough. Some of the principles will be convenient to apply some day, and all are important to an understanding of common, practical things; and they are as important to women as to men. The time when all women, educated or not, must disregard all sciences except those absolutely demanded for practical use, has gone by. Co-education is rapidly gaining ground, and such an objection as the one mentioned serves only to show the weakness of its opponents.

THE marking system has become too deeply rooted in our schools to be destroyed without a struggle. Teachers will be reluctant to give up the present method, unless it is conclusively proved that some other plan is better; and only actual experiment can determine this. For this reason we were glad that the University of Michigan, some years since, abolished the marking system, together with all prize competitions, class honors, etc. We have watched with interest the results of this step which, in this case at least, has not proved a failure. We will not enter into a discussion of the *pros* and *cons* as regards our public schools, but it does seem as though such a system ought to be needless in colleges. College men and women are working for something more tangible than rank; and it seems incredible that rank should prove a stronger incentive to doing one's best than the desire to make the most of life and all its opportunities. That this is true in some cases we must own with shame; and yet it may be questioned whether the marking system

is, after all, productive of the greatest good to the greatest number. Rank comes to be looked upon as a goal, and higher motives are lost sight of. The habit of "cramming" for examinations instead of doing faithful, every-day work, is contracted; the temptation to dishonesty is always strong; the tendency to neglect valuable outside reading and literary work, because "it will not count," is inevitably developed. A premium is placed upon the quick memory and glib tongue, to the discouragement of many a faithful student, who may have a far broader foundation of solid knowledge. However, it is far easier to point out defects than remedies; and the abolishment of the present system might, in the absence of some better incentive to industry, result in chaos for a time. It may be too much to expect boys and girls trained up from childhood in the idea that rank is the ultimatum of school life, suddenly to become, on entering college, earnest men and women, actuated by the highest motives. We are willing to wait till the experiment has been thoroughly tried, and abide by the decision of the future.

IT is said that experience is the best of teachers. This is undoubtedly true; but for all that, men seem to be extremely lacking in wisdom, though they have never lacked experience. A glance at history shows us that the record is one of a long and almost unbroken series of stupendous blunders. Men have exhausted themselves, soul and body, and all their worldly possessions, to establish this, that, or another form of government, belief,

faith, doctrine, or practice; and yet, when the object of their ambition has been attained, it has been all the worse for them and mankind in general. This has not been the case once only, but it is continually the case. Men do not seem satisfied with having discovered by experience even things so vital to their happiness as the laws of health; for, though they know the evil effects of breaking such laws, yet there is an unaccountable something which seems almost to compel them to persist in the wrong course.

Surely it does seem that if there is anything that experience demonstrates to be folly, it is the effort to make men live happily together and at the same time to live upon principles of pure selfishness. If a matter goes wrong between man and man, the first remedy ever thought of is the enactment of some law to punish the one who may be guilty of wrong doing. As if law had the power to make wrong right by a penalty! How many laws does one suppose it would take to make an honest man out of a dishonest man? Clearly, laws and forms of government have nothing to do with a man's code of morals. History shows us that no form of government, no code of laws, has ever been able to remedy lying, cheating, stealing, licentiousness, and murder. Yet men go right on making laws and changing governments, as if in the hope that somehow, in some magical way, humanity could be restored to Eden if only the right kind of laws could be enacted. Now while it is necessary for society to be organized under some form of government, experience

has shown that it makes very little difference what that government is. So, then, it is evident that if at least half of the time and money spent to enact laws, repeal and re-enact them, were spent in compelling men to see that the trouble is not with the government or its laws, but with themselves, mankind would be acting more like reasonable beings than they have ever been known to act hitherto. Why not try it?

AS our library grows and the interest of the students in reading is continually increasing, it is well to notice the work our alumni have done on our behalf. Very few notice the name of the donor in the library books. But if they did so the gratitude to the Bates alumni would certainly be oftener expressed. A hundred and twenty-five volumes of the best biographical and statistical works were added by them last year. Such assistance, given as it is yearly, will in a short time increase our library wonderfully; and the more thanks are due when we consider that many who contribute do not know where their money is put, or whether it is used in the most advantageous way. Since this is the case, it is not strange that many lose their interest in the work, especially those living in distant states, and out of the alumni organizations. But the work they have done is appreciated. The amount each has contributed is filling its place in our alcoves, instructing our readers and debaters. And certainly any expression of gratitude we can give to encourage our benefactors is richly deserved. Let none think that their

part is too insignificant to be of any account. Our alumni are doing a noble work, and the contributions of each helps increase the prosperity of our *Alma Mater*.

## LITERARY.

### LINES.

[On the death of Madam Sihida, a Russian lady of refinement, who was recently flogged to death in Siberia.]

By A. C. T., '88.

What cry is this from o'er the sea  
Startling a Christian world at prayer;  
A cry that freezes like a breath  
From bleak Siberia's frosty air?

This is another martyr's cry,  
As in the days we thought were fled,  
When men thought truth would be untrue,  
When those who held the truth were dead.

Yes, in this boasted age of light,  
When men find naught for which to die,  
From Russia's moral polar night,  
Resounds a woman's martyr cry.

Shame to our age, shame to the men,  
So lost to honor, and to right,  
That chivalry for womanhood  
Nerves not the arm of manhood's might!

Think not millennial days are near  
Oh Christian world! It will not be  
Till all the world has learned Him  
Who said "The truth shall make you free."

## THE ORIGIN AND PRACTICAL USE OF CHEMISTRY.

By H. J. P., '90.

SO universal is the application of practical chemistry, we are not surprised that many chemical facts were known to the ancients. They possessed the knowledge of smelting and working many of the metals; they practiced the art of dyeing, tanning,

and glass-making, and the properties of many saline and earthy substances were well known to them. Whether this knowledge was obtained by experiment or mere accident, or whether it was classified in a scientific manner, we have no means of knowing.

That this knowledge should degenerate into magic, is not astonishing, when we consider the universal chaos which reigned during the dark ages. During this period of history we find the astrologer with his horoscope, the alchemist with this bubbling crucible, and the priest, conveniently combined in one person. And in the adyta of the church he could deliver his oracles without danger of molestation. Knowledge was strangely perverted indeed, when men tried to extract a code of morals from the earth and stars.

Yet much of this superstition disappeared, when, in the eleventh century, alchemy was universally studied by all European philosophers. Still a wide gulf extended between alchemy and our modern science. Instead of a classification of useful facts, we find incoherent ideas concerning a mysterious substance called the universal solvent, or wild speculations concerning a still more mysterious mixture that would give perpetual youth. Notwithstanding that men grew poor while searching for the philosopher's stone, and died while compounding the elixir of life, it was not until the eighteenth century that they became fully convinced of their folly. Yet thanks to their persistency, they evolved a knowledge of chemical properties which, through the aid of Priestley, Scheele,

and Lavoisier, made the foundation of our modern science.

The alchemists but dimly comprehended the practical uses to which later chemists would put their utopian dreams. We owe much to chemistry. A bit of charcoal, a nitre crystal, and a few grains of sulphur, produced a compound which has revolutionized the world. Through its influence, civilization has conquered barbaric tribes, mines have been opened, obstructions to travel removed, and the conditions made possible for our modern manufacturing and commercial world.

But chemistry is essential to manufacture in a stricter sense. We are indebted to chemistry for the knowledge by which manufacturers produce the paints with which we embellish our homes, the glass in our windows, the paper on our walls, the carpet under our feet, the color of our clothes, the whiteness of our linen, the shoes on our feet, many articles of diet, and the soap with which we wash our face and hands. Destroy the knowledge of chemistry and two-thirds of our manufactures would cease.

When Priestley and Lavoisier exploded the phlogistic theory of Stahl by the discovery of oxygen, they little comprehended that they had found one of the greatest auxiliaries of modern manufacture. But let us trace this knowledge. In 1800, Davy, lecturing on the nature of flame, stated that, according to the arrangement of our grate, we can produce a flame that will contain free oxygen or unburned carbon. Cort, listening to the lecture, conceived the idea of refining iron by

subjecting it to a free oxygen flame. As a result, nations are banded with iron rails, over which are borne the products of our thrift and our enterprise.

Again, strips of copper and zinc submerged in diluted sulphuric acid was the nucleus of a method by which the electric current has spread intelligence over all our land, and connecting outlying districts, has made us one commercial center.

No less important are the discoveries by which chemistry has increased the knowledge of medicine. While *materia medica* is not in the direct province of pure chemistry, yet it is a well-known fact that many valuable remedies have been supplied by chemical knowledge. Let us take an example for illustration. About sixty years ago, Liebig, while testing the decomposition of alcohol by chlorine, discovered a new substance which he called chloral. Experimenting with chloral, he found that, in the presence of alkalis, it broke up into prusic acid and the substance we now call chloroform. Now Liebig never dreamed of the importance of this knowledge to *materia medica*, but Liebreich turned it to very practical account. Knowing that the blood was an alkaline liquid, Liebreich reasoned that chloral taken into the body ought to undergo the same decomposition. This proved true, and chloral as an anæsthetic was placed on the list of *materia medica*. Many other important remedies and antidotes for poison have been thus supplied.

But the discovery of new remedies is not the only bond of connection between chemistry and medicine. Phy-

sicians are beginning to learn the importance of understanding the environment in which their patients are placed. They therefore apply the chemical test to the air their patient breathes, the water he drinks, and the food he eats. He is a poor physician indeed who does not possess a good knowledge of chemistry, and knows not how to perform a chemical analysis.

To chemistry are we also indebted for the science of mineralogy. Without a knowledge of chemistry, mineral specimens are no more than so many combinations of form, hardness, and color. But, by the application of chemical tests, the composition of minerals is discovered, and mere superficial knowledge develops into a valuable science.

How important also is the knowledge of agricultural chemistry. When nomadic tribes roamed from place to place, it was not so much a matter of device, as one of necessity. They broke one of the vital laws of nature and knew not how to restore the wasted energies of the soil. Since increasing population has rendered migration of races impossible, how valuable is the knowledge that teaches men how to cultivate yearly the same ground with ever constant returns. The wise agriculturalist analyzes the exhausted soil, and, understanding the nature of plant life, knows what fertilizer to apply in order to reap the largest returns. So vital is the relation of agricultural chemistry to mankind that many important changes in the world's history may be traced to the advancement of this knowledge.

Indeed, so numerous are the practi-

cal uses of chemistry that space permits only a superficial glance at them; it would be impossible to mention them all. The circumstances necessary for our existence, our material comforts, the right adjustment of our bodily organism for growth and enjoyment of those comforts, the means of our daily individual life are inseparably connected with the universal laws of chemical science.

♦ ♦ ♦

### RICHARD C. STANLEY.

BY CAROLINE W. D. RICH.

[From *Morning Star*.]

He walked among us with thoughtful mien,  
And kindly heart and voice—a teacher rare,  
Yet ever learner with the youths he taught;  
Because the light of Truth was in his soul,  
Intent he followed it with zealous care.  
Of heavenly spheres, among the stars, his lips  
With reverent speech did demonstrate the laws  
Which hold the circling systems—great or less—  
And bind them as is bound a sheaf of wheat,  
That none may from its complement depart.  
Tho' pain assailed him, onward still he pressed  
With faith that life of half its ills beguiles;  
Strong in the home-love, life for him was bright,—  
He heard the midnight call—faith changed to sight.

♦ ♦ ♦

### THE SLAVE-SHIP OF 1619 AND PILGRIM-SHIP OF 1620.

By D. J., '90.

**I**T is in April, 1619. A Dutch man-of-war ascends the broad James River and casts anchor in the harbor of Jamestown. The banks on either side, gay with luxuriant vegetation, rival each other in extending a welcome to the stranger.

An expectant band of emigrants

stands on the shore. Forth from the hold of the vessel are led twenty Africans, despair or stolidity pictured on every face. They are rapidly disposed of to the highest bidders and disappear with their new masters.

Sixteen months pass and another ship nears the coast of North America. No sunny skies or smiling lands extend their welcome. The winter storms have broken rudder and mast. A rugged shore denies a harbor and jealous eyes watch the approach. The Pilgrims disembark. These faces are furrowed by anxiety and suffering, but every one shows intelligence and religious trust.

"Blessing" and "Curse," History names these two ships; for the one brought religious fervor, personal equality, and keen intelligence; the other, heathen superstition, cringing servitude, and blind ignorance.

Mark how these contrasting principles leavened the whole character of Northern and Southern institutions—governmental, religious, educational, and industrial. In the North the township was the basis of government. Every man had an equal voice and every question was open to free discussion. In the South a scattered population necessitated county governments; liberty of speech was impossible where a slave-power silenced any dissenting voice. In the North any man might rise to the level of his neighbor. In the South the laws of caste were inexorable and government became an oligarchy—a few wealthy planters ruling the slaves and mass of the whites. In New England the church was, from

the first, the center of influence. Its power was felt moulding government, forwarding education, and promoting missionary enterprises. In the Southern states it bowed before the slave-power.

How wide apart grew North and South in educational institutions: in the one the district school system provides for the universal intelligence; high schools, academies, colleges, and scientific schools arise; the printing-press is hailed with joy. In the other, teaching the slaves is a penal offense. The wealthy planters send their sons to Northern or European Universities; the printing-press is viewed with suspicion. In 1862 there are twenty-one public libraries in the free states to one in the slave states.

Industries in the North become varied—manufacturing, mining, commerce, and agriculture. Inventions rapidly follow in the track of intelligent labor. From the North come the spinning-jenny, the steam-engine, the steamboat; thence comes also the cotton-gin, trebling the value of the cotton-raising states.

In the South agriculture is almost the sole industry; not from lack of natural resources, but because of unskilled labor. What likeness of character can we expect between peoples formed in so different moulds?

Granted that the Puritan character had elements of harshness and sternness; granted that the hospitable Southerner had many of the pleasing graces of the cavalier. But find an explanation in the conditions of society. To the Northerner hospitality meant self-

denial, a stopping of the wheels of business. To the Southern planter, with his abundant leisure and houseful of slaves, it meant relief from *ennui* and the gratification of pride in his lordly estates.

There was, however, another side to the Southern character—the brutal, selfish, treacherous side directly fostered by the presence of slavery. In short, to this character, impulse was the key-note; to the Puritan character principle was the key-note.

For two hundred and fifty years slavery grew side by side with the Puritan principle of civil liberty. Its controlling voice was heard in the national congress. Its baleful influence spread farther over the land. But at last the crisis came. That was a desperate conflict—patriotism against rebellion; liberty against unjust oppression; religious conviction against a God-defying avarice. Right contended against wrong, and right conquered. But the conflict was not ended when Lee surrendered at Appomattox; it still goes on. Election frauds and cruelties show that not yet has civil liberty a home at the South. But the spirit that thirty years ago arose in its might is dwelling still in the hearts of the North and its offspring, the great West. It is gradually penetrating the South, and it will grow in might until it shall plant its victorious banner in a land that, for two and a half centuries, was the stronghold of African slavery.

♦ ♦ ♦

A great mind is master of its own enthusiasm.—*Channing*.

## PRAYER.

By W. L. N., '91.

As oft as bashful night retreats before  
 The steady footsteps of encoming day,  
 Still other tidal waves than those which swell  
 The breast of ocean in her daily pride  
 Surge round the earth—the tidal waves of  
 prayer.

As sink those waves in deep humility,  
 A mighty power is thus acquired to rise  
 To grander heights than e'er before had been  
 Attained. The various obstacles of life,  
 The fears, the blasted hopes, the rugged rocks  
 Of sorrow, yawning chasms of despair,  
 All give a beauty to the rolling tide,  
 Whose spray ascending, lit by God's pure love,  
 The rainbow forms that arches his high throne.

♦ ♦ ♦

### WHAT ENGLAND OWES TO CROMWELL.

By A. A. B., '91.

**E**NGLAND'S Civil War opened the last and greatest era in government—the era of democracy. That first experiment of a republic was, as first experiments usually are, a failure. And Cromwell, the experimenter, was as usual, called a fanatic. But as England has gradually adopted his proposed reforms, she has discovered that his failure did not come from mistaken principles. And at last the world begins to realize what a powerful influence Cromwell has had on England's progress.

Only after considering the nation's condition long before and after the protectorate, can the permanent effect be justly estimated. In religion, however, it was first revealed. Before the Commonwealth, the kings had always enforced their own particular creed. And from the reign of Henry VIII. Catholicism and Episcopacy had suc-

cessively triumphed. Each, in its turn, was rigidly enforced. So at the accession of Charles I., the nobles expected to dissemble or recant at every coronation. The masses generally preferring Puritanism to either old creed, had learned through bitter persecution to rebel in secret and conform in public. Some, indeed, maintained their faith to the death, but most learned, from their fate, the hopelessness of opposition. Nothing has ever been more destructive to a nation's welfare than forced compliance to a hateful religion. In England, persecution made each sect the more zealous and bitter, and in 1642 there came with the political a great religious struggle. England emerged from it, thoroughly reformed. Where once the nation was forced to comply with the king's religion, the king was forced to comply with the nation's.

The agent of this enduring transformation was the army of Cromwell. He had made citizens, soldiers, and in doing this had changed listless congregations to zealous preachers. He taught them to regard the establishment of their religion as a paramount purpose, and when Charles II. scattered those thirty thousand veterans, he scattered the seed of destruction, not only to Catholicism but to any absolute church. Kings might overawe nobles and Parliament, but the spirit of Cromwell, living in his disbanded soldiers, ruled the people in every corner of England.

Not only did Cromwell establish Puritanism, but he, first of all, taught general toleration. His words to Par-

liament avow this principle: "If a man venture his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience." He infused this spirit into the people; bound together men of all beliefs; taught them that not all sects but their own were damnable, nor all their own was saintly. In twenty years the powerful influence of this teaching converted all England. It banished forever the torturing fire and the rack.

But political as well as religious reforms rose from the Commonwealth. Previous to 1642, there had been but five restrictions on the royal prerogative. They were powerful in appearance, but how in reality? Every one left not a loop-hole, but an open door. The restrictions and their respective escapes were these: The king could make no new law, but could suspend all; he could raise no tax, but could demand unpayable loans; he could imprison no one without warrant, but that warrant he could make; he was bound to allow a public trial, but could pardon any criminal; he must have a verdict from a jury, but could except all law in the court of Star-chamber. At the Restoration every escape had been closed. Where Charles I. left the constitution a figure of wax, Charles II. found it a living power.

The change then must have come in Cromwell's reign. His laws, indeed, were nullified. But the nullification of those symbols did not destroy the power they represented. Under the Protector, the people had learned the beauty of justice. And not even in the blind enthusiasm of the Restora-

tion would Parliament efface the newly defined boundaries of its ancient charter.

Many other reforms of Cromwell were annulled only to be speedily re-enacted. The agent that maintained Parliament in these innovations was another legacy of Cromwell—the standing army. The evils this institution has brought England, though many, are insignificant in comparison with the benefits it has secured. Parliament alone could furnish military stores, and Parliament would grant them for only one year in advance. Thus an annual session, so long demanded, was obtained. And once secured against a long dissolution, Parliament rapidly gained the real, if not nominal, supremacy. Since the exile of James II. it has been a recognized law that no minister or king could continue to oppose a majority of Commons. The establishment of this principle secured the inheritance Cromwell's victories had won.

But the influence of that stern usurper was not wholly beneficial. When the people hoped for a free Parliament, he dismissed every assembly and stood sole dictator. This assumption of power caused the reaction after his death. The reaction indeed passed quickly, but the memory of his despotism remained. It has caused England to cling with unswerving tenacity to her legal sovereigns, and to look with suspicion on any republican teaching. This evil, however, is more in appearance than reality, for while England has retained her royal sovereigns, she has made their power a phantom.

A nobler effect of the Protectorate was the destruction of old traditions. Innovations in government had brought innovations in learning. Philosopher and scientist turned to new and unexplored fields. Newton, Willis, Hobbes, and Ray rapidly followed this liberation of the intellect, and in 1660 was established the Royal Society.

But Cromwell, unlike Elizabeth, broke the bonds of custom for the people as well as for philosophers. He taught the tradesmen that titles are but human mechanisms; that in the sight of God all men are equals, and never again did they sink to their former condition. Baxter, who taught among the lower classes has left record of this improvement: "The people, encouraged from the land given by Cromwell, have become far more dignified, independent, and comfortable." But the effect did not stop here. It had broadened their views. It destroyed the sectional jealousy that descended from the Dark Ages; Cornwall discovered that Cornwall was not England, and Lancaster ceased to think Lancaster supreme. From this unity has come the nation's power.

Such is England's debt to Cromwell. Many of his reforms, the nation constantly growing wiser, would doubtless have gained without him; yet it is not more essential to a country's welfare that reforms sometime come, than that they come early. And Cromwell has advanced England's progress many years. Though he failed to perpetuate his Commonwealth, he drew aside the curtain that separated the age of monarchy from that of republics. He fell

by the way, but not before the light of liberty poured in upon his people. He sometimes erred, yet who can say that when he comes to the presence of the God he adored, his welcome shall not be "Well done."

#### ART AS AN INDEX OF DEVELOPMENT.

By B. H., '90.

THE names of Phidias and Praxiteles, Raphael and Michael Angelo, Titian and Fra Angelico are enrolled in history side by side with those of Xenophon and Homer, Garibaldi and Dante, Napoleon and Goethe. But what have the first accomplished that their names should be coupled with these potent civilizers of the world? No conquered armies, no inspiring poems, but pictured beauty, and sculptured nobility are the results of their labors. Art is their profession—the expression of the beautiful, or, as Mr. Jarves defines it, the material representation of the ideal in nature. Accordingly, these men have, by universal consent, been enrolled in the world's legion of honor, not because they have successfully wielded either the pen or the sword, but because they have registered in their immortal works the highest attainments of the race in its pursuit of lofty ideals. And not the least of the uses of art, in its narrower sense of painting, sculpture, and architecture, is that it offers an accurate index of the development, both of individuals and nations.

To moral development, indeed, art, though generally friendly, is not always

an index. Yet Mr. Ruskin affirms that a man with an impure soul cannot produce a pure work of art. But look upon a Madonna of Raphael. Note the purity of expression, the divinity of soul, and read there, if you can, the life of the artist. Is his mind pure? Is his life noble? Is the purity pictured upon canvas the reflection of purity in him? No. His life is not above reproach. His soul is not free from taint. Nevertheless there exists within the artist a something that marks his superiority over other men. The æsthetic side of his nature is dominant. Intense love of the beautiful fills his being. He sees, he feels, that which speaks to him alone, and thus he creates. "Not in nature, but in man," says Emerson, "is all the beauty and the worth he sees."

As with the artist, so with the admirer of art. Spiritually he may be dead. Æsthetically he is alive. It is not the peasant toiling at his monotonous task, day by day, who best appreciates works of art. It is rather the student, the thinker, the observer, who sees the hidden beauty, who reads in the picture part of the depth and nobility of his own being, and who, by the subtle workings of his own spirit, draws out the beauties felt and portrayed by the artist. He must be an artist, lacking only the skill of applying his art. The influence acting upon the artist must react upon him, awakening a response in his soul.

Either to produce, or to appreciate art, then, implies that the part of man's nature which we call æsthetic, has attained a certain degree of culti-

vation. And it is evident that any quality which lifts up one part of man's personality, tends also to elevate his whole character, although, as I have said, in respect to man's moral nature this tendency sometimes fails to become actual.

What is true of the individual is equally true of the nation. As the world looks to the poets of a nation as exponents of its progress, so may it also look to the artists. For what is an artist but a poet, and a poet but an artist? Both aim to give outward expression to an ideal. The same richness of thought, the same stirring of genius is found in each; but for the one the medium of expression is language, for the other, canvas or marble. Could the thoughts, the ambitions, the aspirations of a Raphael or an Angelo be uttered by the poet's tongue, we should have other Dantes, other Miltons, for, says Simonides, "Painting is a dumb poetry. Poetry, a speaking painting."

As by its poems, so by its architecture, can the state of a nation be read. No truer monument of the taste, skill, and mental activity of a nation can be found than its architectural designs. The lofty pinnacles, the curved arches, the graceful pillars, and the sculptured porticoes bespeak no degraded mind. Ruskin affirms that there is no instance of fine sculpture produced by a nation either torpid, weak, or in decadence. The Parthenon of Greece, the Pantheon of Rome, St. Peter's and St. Paul's are all tributes to the civilization of their age. Indeed, the only monuments left us by which we can

judge of some nations, are their architectural remains. The literature lost, the language forgotten, these alone can reveal the history of their founders. And what do they reveal? Material prosperity, energy of body and mind, and a soul kindled, aspiring and appreciative of the beautiful. Obviously, such works were not from the hands of barbarians. Ages of civilization alone can bring the soul to a full realization of the beautiful, and inspire it with the ardor of creative genius. It is at the time of the greatest material and intellectual prosperity of Greece that her masters in painting and sculpture appear. It is then that elegance and refinement are at their zenith.

It has been said that "we have only to conceive the common things stripped of whatever gives them lightness, delicacy, symmetry, brilliancy, of all that which, besides use, renders them pleasing to the eye and suggestive to thought, and we can imagine how much art does, in the humblest way, to promote our happiness." Yet the most abject stupidity exists in the very face of all that is beautiful in art. Deprive even this stupidity, however, of all that it now unconsciously draws from art and how much more degraded it would become.

"The ideas and emotions once received into the soul are a constituent part of it forever." "If you wish to alter the destiny of a people, said a great French preacher, you have only to alter its ideas." Let these ideas, therefore, come from the highest and noblest things. The low, the base, the ignoble must be eradicated from the

mind of the world and the beautiful and the refining take their place. It has been said the "The productions of art are the most universally instructive of all creations. Nothing acts so powerfully upon individual and national character. Nothing so beneficially. Hence true art is capable of yielding more absolute satisfaction, both to the artist and the spectator, than are all other intellectual creations."

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### LOCALS.

Base-ball again.

The Polymnians have just been making a considerable addition to their library.

One of the long blackboards in Professor Rand's room has been made entirely new.

The Sophomore's gun once more rouses the morning slumberer. Extremely fortunate that a bird does not fall at every shot.

In order to have Professor Jordan teach Zoölogy, the Juniors are this term taking Geology with Professor Hartshorn.

Prof.—"Now, Mr. W., are the Andes more or less steep than the Rocky Mountains?" Mr. W. (thoughtfully)—"Yes, sir, I think so."

The Bates base-ball team has won the pennant eight times since 1873, viz.: in 1873, '75, '76, '77, '78, '79, '80, and '89. Colby has won it five times, Bowdoin three times, and Maine State once in the same period. Thus it will be seen that the other three colleges combined have won only one more

championship than Bates. Lewiston always was a great base-ball town.—*Lewiston Journal*.

The Sophomore prize declamations occurred March 24th. The programme was as follows:

- MUSIC.  
"Austria March."—Neumann.
- PRAYER.—MUSIC.  
"Prayer."—Kela Bela.
- Tribute to Lincoln.—Castellar. V. E. Sawyer.  
The Memory of Washington.—Everett.  
C. N. Blanchard.
- Virginia.—Macanlay. E. L. Baker.  
The Unknown Speaker.—Anon. J. R. Little.
- MUSIC.  
Reverie—"The Wayside Chapel."—Wilson.  
The Influence of Poetry.—Robertson.  
Miss Sarah E. Wells.
- Justice to Frontiersmen.—Peyton.  
N. W. Howard.
- Ben-Hur and Iras.—Wallace. E. E. Osgood.  
Extract.—Grady. Scott Wilson.
- MUSIC.  
Overture—"Brunswick."—Rollinson.  
Captivations of the Irish.—Froude.  
E. E. Wheeler.
- March of Dundee.—Aytoun.  
Miss V. E. Meserve.
- Battle of Mission Ridge.—Taylor.  
W. H. Putnam.
- The March of Mind.—Loffland. A. P. Davis.
- MUSIC.  
"American Students' Waltzes."—Missud.  
Decision of Committee.

The prize was awarded to J. R. Little.

Special inducements in the way of prizes were offered the Freshmen for essays. The following were the first five recipients: Miss Bean, Mr. Chase, Miss Conant, Winslow, Miss Hutchinson.

Cutts, Howard, and Miss M. E. Merrill, '91, are to be absent teaching the greater part of the term. Miss Merrill goes to South Paris, Howard to Gardiner, and Cutts to Camden. Mason, '91, has returned to the class.

Thursday, April 10th, the laboratory was dedicated by the Seniors. The exercises were held in the chapel. The programme was as follows:

- MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.  
Origin and Practical Use of Chemistry.  
H. J. Piper.  
Distinguished Chemists. Dora Jordan.
- MUSIC.  
Modern Chemistry and Its Place in Education.  
H. V. Neal.
- Religion of Chemistry. A. N. Peaslee.
- MUSIC.  
Address to Undergraduates—Earnestness.  
F. L. Day.
- Hedge Laboratory—Its Founder and  
Adaptation of the Building to  
Its Purpose. Wm. F. Garelon.
- MUSIC.

The parts were all excellent and were given to a crowded audience. After the exercises the audience were invited to inspect the laboratory. The convenience and beauty of the building were admired by all. All the students and friends of the college feel that they owe a debt of gratitude to the kind benefactor who has made its erection possible. Dr. Hedge was born at Woolwich, Me., in 1812. Removing to Waukon, Iowa, in 1855, he engaged in the practice of medicine until failing health compelled him to abandon his professional labors. In 1888 Dr. Hedge made a donation to Bates College of three thousand dollars, and gave his note for two thousand more. He was an old and warm friend of President Cheney. It was Dr. Hedge's intention to be present at the dedication, but he died suddenly (Aug. 1, 1888.) before the building was erected.

All the members of the Sophomore class have presented long lists of the different species of winter birds

observed by them. Blanchard receives the prize for the longest list. His number is twenty-three. Ferguson, Howard, Sanborn, Sawyer, Small, and Walter report three very rare birds for this locality: the Hudsonian Chickadee, the Canada Jay, and the Evening Grosbeak. As far as known, the Evening Grosbeak has not been seen in New England by any naturalist before this winter. Miss King and Walter receive prizes for essays on their winter observations.

The new recitation room is now completed. The partition between the "bird room" and the cabinet has been removed and the two made into a new recitation room. It being situated in one of the wings that make out from the sides of Hathorn Hall, is one of the largest and most pleasant rooms here. From its windows one has a good view in three directions. In the direction of the city five church steeples, three of the city school buildings, and much of College and Frye Streets can be seen. In the direction of Turner and Greene the beautiful landscape offers a great temptation to the student who is more interested in the beauties of nature than in the beauties of Latin and Greek.

The following is clipped from the *Morning Star* of April 17th: "By the decision of the court the sum bequeathed to Bates College may be cut down to \$30,000; though it may be that after the executor of Mrs. Wood's will—Mr. Bullard of Cambridge—shall have paid the children of Mrs. Smith the sum decreed to them, the residue of the estate will be sufficient to pay

the college the whole amount willed it—\$35,000. By the conditions of Mrs. Wood's will, her bequest must be added to the permanent fund of the college. It is also known that this fund is before long to be increased by the Easterbrooks bequest, estimated at \$12,000."

## PERSONALS.

### ALUMNI.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss, of Hallowell, gave a very interesting lecture to an appreciative audience at Hammond Street Methodist Church, Monday evening, March 17th.

'81.—H. B. Nevens, formerly superintendent of schools in Rockland, is principal of the High School at North Attleboro, Mass.

'82.—On March 5th a second son was born to C. E. Mason of Bangor.

'82.—W. G. Clark, Esq., formerly of the law firm of Hubbard, Clark & Dawley, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has removed to Kansas City, Mo. We see by the *Kansas City Journal* that he has recently won a very important case in the United States Circuit Court.

'84.—S. Hackett, Esq., of San Diego, Cal., is visiting his friends in this vicinity. Mr. Hackett went to California soon after his graduation on account of his health. He was admitted to the bar about six months ago.

'85.—B. G. W. Cushman, of the Bowdoin Medical School, has been engaged as instructor in chemistry this term in Bates College.

'87.—Miss A. S. Rhodes has been elected assistant in the High School at North Attleboro, Mass.

'87.—Miss Nora E. Russell was married, at Wilton, to Mr. Walter W. Collar, of Norfolk, Conn., on Tuesday, March 4th.

'88.—H. Hatter has been teaching since his graduation in Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

'88.—Miss M. G. Pinkham is first assistant in the High School at Newburyport, Mass.

'89.—F. W. Newell has been elected principal of the High School at Pittsfield, N. H.

'89.—Miss Della Wood was married to E. H. Thayer, January 26th.

#### BATES ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The "Bates College Alumni Association of Maine," recently organized in Lewiston, has elected the following officers:

President, G. B. Files, '69; Vice-President, H. W. Oakes, '77; Secretary and Treasurer, J. L. Reade, '83; Directors, J. A. Jones, '72; L. M. Webb, '70; A. M. Spear, '75. The president and secretary are also *ex officio* members of the board of directors.

The constitution adopted states that the object of this association is social and fraternal, a means of furthering the interests of the college, and bringing into closer relationship all alumni residing in this State. All graduates and persons holding honorary degrees from the college comprise the membership. The first Saturday in June is the time appointed for the annual meeting, hour and place to be selected by the officers.

#### EXCHANGES.

We clip the following from an article on pugilism in the *College Rambler* and commend the spirit in which it was written, and would add that if horse thieves ought to be lynched, then some of the most horrible instruments of torture ever invented by the inquisition ought to be reconstructed to deal out justice to the professional prize fighter, and all his associates.

After that star battle between Sullivan and Kilrain in Mississippi, Governor Lowry of that state was having all participants therein extradited and brought there for trial. For this purpose considerable money must necessarily be raised to defray transportation and other expenses. Aware of the unflagging energy of the Governor and of his firm determination to prosecute such an offense to the full extent of the law, the House of that state passed a resolution that "no further expense be incurred in apprehending and bringing into the state persons concerned in the recent prize fight in Marion County, except the two principals in said fight, and the Governor is hereby expected to act in accordance with this opinion." Such is the resolution of a law-making assembly, a resolution diametrically opposed to the enforcement of that assembly's own enactments. This is a creditable act in the proceedings of a legislative body. Is it needful to ask why pugilism still disgraces this country when such honorable men prostitute their dignity and forget their loyalty to subserve and foster its very existence? Pugilism has become an indelible blot upon the annals of this republic. It is a menace to any standard of morality. Its tendency is to drag the weak individual down to the lowest depths of vulgarity and wickedness. It dwarfs the intellect and damns the soul. It never elevates, enlightens, or refines, but always lowers, hardens, and degrades.

While the gambling fraternities flourish, while the press gives to "ignoble themes mistaken praise," while legislative bodies audibly declare their own instruments to be a mockery and a failure, while the strength of law is powerless against this vilest remnant of viler ages and while the standard of morality

lies low in the mire, pugilism will still constitute an imperfection of the rising race and be a constant reproach to the boasted enlightenment of the present age.

The following is a condensed statement from "Association Notes," of what has been done during the past year by the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City. It is evidence to us that not all the young men who find themselves homeless in the great metropolis need go to the bad for lack of Christian philanthropy. The Association is sufficiently large to be divided into several branches, including one for the French and one for the German speaking population, which are located in different parts of the city:

The total membership in all Branches on December 31, 1889, was 7,335, of which 762 served on Committees, and the total attendance at the Rooms during 1889 was 1,155,525, of which 149,597 were attracted by the gymnasiums.

In the Gymnasiums 1,468 young men received physical examination and careful recommendations as to best kind of exercise, from the physicians in charge. The 4,042 Health Talks, Lectures, and other kindred gatherings had an attendance of 134,600, and the 4,807 Religious Meetings and Bible Classes, 143,451, with 1,945 Inquirers. Of the 4,543 young men seeking employment we secured situations for 1,689, about 400 more than last year.

In the fifty-nine Educational Classes, in twenty-one different lines of study, 3,329 sessions were held, with an aggregate attendance of 51,504, the enrollment of 2,950 representing 2,001 different young men, an increase of 169 over the previous year.

There were 1,633 volumes added to the various Libraries during the year, making the total 51,611, of which 67,190 were drawn or consulted at the Rooms.

At the Reading-Rooms 1,099 newspapers and magazines were on file, and 44,006 were mailed to thirty-five Army Posts and Naval Stations.

The White Cross Society numbers 2,420 and the two Savings Fund Societies have cared

for the deposit of \$2,818.20 by 192 members. There are forty members in the one Medical Benefit Club.

The Students' Movement has conducted public meetings for students in the Concert Hall of the Metropolitan Opera House, and smaller meetings for prayer and Bible study at various colleges.

The work for Boys, and on board the training ship *St. Mary's*, the separate Clubs for singing, bowling, chess and checkers, the Literary Societies and many other similar interests, have been maintained and are in a flourishing condition generally.

The *Central Pennsylvania Collegian*, after two years of rest, again turns up. It is a bright little paper, and when we learn that it is printed at its own office and upon its own press we read it with special interest. So far as we know this is somewhat in advance of the times for a college paper. But the *Collegian* had to resort to this in order to live, and since it has now got upon its feet and is itself from the ground up we doubt not it has come to stay. Such enterprise and determination is highly commendable.

The *University Cynic* from Vermont gives us some good New England common sense in regard to college prizes. It says:

Let us use an illustration: Suppose that two students enter college together. One is rich, quick to learn, and carefully prepared for college under the instruction of experienced educators—capable with very little exertion of leading his class, with inclination and leisure for playing the "fast" man, in company with others of like propensities. Suppose that the other is poor, with few previous advantages, lacking the mental training of his wealthy classmate; obliged to spend several hours of each day in outside work to help "pay his way"—but thoroughly studious as he has opportunity; shunning the fast set; respectful in the class-room—still, in spite of all his sterling qualities, absolutely unable to make the brilliant recitations of his fellow-student; yet

with a mind equally well, if not better, balanced. Which of the two wins the prizes? Of course it is the brilliant scholar, and so long as prizes are awarded it could not in justice be otherwise. But it should not take long to convince the candid thinker that the less fortunate student is by far the more deserving of the two.

Of course the case cited is an extreme one, yet the principle is the same in all cases. It is true that we are too apt to worship genius rather than true worth. Perhaps for some time to come our colleges will continue so to do; but for the sake of the hard-working, earnest student who means business, we should not *openly* confess our weakness in this respect by the bestowal of college prizes.



## MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The *Sunday School Times* has begun the publication of a series of articles on the "Bible," by Wm. E. Gladstone. The first article appears in the edition of March 29th. The mere fact that Mr. Gladstone is to write upon this subject is sufficient to arouse universal interest, and the *Times* will undoubtedly, by its publication, gain great popularity.

The *Century* for April is remarkable for the variety of its contents. Two of Mr. Cole's charming artistic engravings accompany a paper on "Giovanni Bellini," by Mr. W. J. Stillman, in the series on "Italian Old Masters." Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography reaches the Rip Van Winkle stage of his career, and tells the reader exactly what he wishes to know—how Mr. Jefferson came to play the character. Three striking engravings of Jefferson as "Rip" accompany the paper, which also contains a disquisition on guying by actors, with humorous inci-

dents. Three timely articles are "The Latest Siberian Tragedy," by George Kennan, in which is given a new account of the outrage at Yakutsk; "Suggestions for the Next World's Fair," a practical and helpful paper, by Georges Berger, Director of the French Exposition; and "The Slave-Trade in the Congo Basin," by E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers, with text and pictures from life during Mr. Glave's residence of twenty months among the natives.

The sixteenth volume of *Outing* opens with the April number. The fancy turns to thoughts of hearty outdoor pastimes with the spring days of April. *Outing* has therefore been most carefully compiled with a view to catering to these reviving tastes. In many breezy, clever articles *Outing* tells just where the pleasantest fields for outdoor enjoyment may be found. Certain yet unfrequented nooks, plentifully supplied with game, are revealed to the hunter and angler. The sailor and his interests are not neglected, while for ladies a new and favorite pastime is discussed by one of their number well versed in its history and practice.

The contents of the *Atlantic Monthly* for April is as follows: "Some Popular Objections to Civil Service Reform." In two parts. Part one. Oliver T. Morton. "The Tragic Muse." XLVI. (continued)—XLVIII. Henry James. "Trial by Jury of Things Supernatural," James B. Thayer. "Belgium and the Belgians," Albert Shaw. "At Sea," James Jeffrey Roche. "Sidney." X.—XIII.

Margaret Deland. "Road Horses," H. C. Merwin. "The Begum's Daughter." XXXV.-XXXVIII. Edwin Lassetter Bynner. "In Westminster Abbey," Thomas Bailey Aldrich. "Over the Teacups." V. Oliver Wendell Holmes. "The North Shore Watch," "New York in Recent Fiction." Civil Service Reform has a champion in Mr. Oliver T. Morton. He is not afraid to say that the spoils system is at war with equality, freedom, justice, and a wise economy, and is already a doomed thing fighting extinction. Its establishment was in no sense a popular revolution, but was the work of a self-willed man of stubborn and tyrannical nature, who had enemies to punish and debts to pay." This certainly strikes no uncertain note. The article is divided into sections, each one of which is headed by a paragraph which embodies some objection to the movement.

The *North American Review* for April is full of interest. Among its contents are "Discipline in the Navy," Admiral Porter; "Needs of the South," ex-Governor Lowry of Mississippi; "Flaws in Ingersollism," Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.; "Socialism in Germany," Oswald Ottendorfer. The plain common sense of Dr. Abbott in this article, as also in his article on "The No Theology and the New Theology," published in the last number of the *Forum*, is what has been sadly lacking among his brother clergymen in this great pow-wow over Ingersollism. It is utterly in vain to attack Ingersoll with formulated creeds and dogmatic theology. The two-edged

sword of plain common sense is the only efficient weapon, and Dr. Abbott seems fully aware of this fact and shows remarkable ability in making use of it.

The *Literary Digest*, a new weekly magazine published by Funk & Wagnalls, supplies a long felt need. It is truly "a weekly summary of the current literature of the world." Very much of the best thought, investigation, and discovery, appearing in the current periodical literature of Europe and America, is lost to the man who would keep abreast of the times on account of the cost of so many magazines. The object of the *Literary Digest* is to present the leading articles in the various reviews and magazines of all countries, leaving no important article unnoticed, and at the same time keeping the cost of the magazine low by rejecting all that is merely ephemeral.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

The *Boston Herald* has founded two scholarships of \$600 and \$400 respectively. They are to be given to the graduates of high schools and academies who have shown especial ability in English composition, and who wish to take a four years' college course. One-fourth of each scholarship will be payable yearly on presentation by the candidates of certificates showing that they have passed their examination for that year.—*Daily Crimson*

Among the impedimenta with which the Queen started on her continental

tour on Monday may be mentioned 3 coachmen, 9 grooms, 8 horses, 1 donkey, 3 carriages, 72 trunks, 3 special beds, a special cooking stove, wine, 2 doctors, 1 surgeon, 1 surgeon *decoucheur* for Princess Beatrice, 3 ladies-in-waiting, 9 women servants, 1 lord, 2 equerries, and 7 dogs. Do you see the resemblance between Queen Vic. and a typical co-ed?—*Chronicle*.

The two foot-balls which Princeton used in the game with Harvard and Yale last autumn are being handsomely ornamented by the Princeton Foot-Ball Association, and will be kept as trophies. The ball used in the Yale game will be painted blue, with "1889, Yale, 10-0," painted upon it. The one used in the Harvard game will be painted crimson, with "1889, Harvard, 41-15," painted upon it.—*Ex.*

In England they seem to have statistics of everything. Some records about foot-ball casualties have just appeared. They cover five months. During that time there were 13 deaths from foot-ball, 30 fractures of arms or legs, and 7 injuries of which three were spinal and serious.—*New York Saturday Review*.

We are informed, though not directly, that the *North American Review* paid Blaine and Gladstone each \$1,200 for their discussion of the tariff question. This is at the rate of about \$120 per page.

The total land grants made by the United States for educational purposes during the first century of its existence amount to over 80,000,000 acres, or 125,000 square miles, a territory greater than the area of Great Britain and

Ireland, and equal to one-half the area of France.—*Mail and Express*.

The University of Pennsylvania is about to inaugurate a new system of instruction in this country by extending its courses of lectures into neighboring Pennsylvania towns. The scheme now under consideration is essentially as follows: Professors and lecturers of the university staff will be sent to establish courses of lectures on popular and advanced topics in all the larger towns and cities within one hundred or two hundred miles of the city. The residents of these localities will be encouraged in every way to attend; instructions will be given at a convenient time, and the effect of the plan will be to establish a number of branches of the university in all the country around.

—*Ex.*

A new weekly paper is about to be issued at Harvard, containing a report of all the university lectures and all work done in the scientific departments.

Professor Cooper, of Lehigh University, affirms that America did not derive its name from Amerigo Vespucci, as is popularly believed, but from a region in Nicaragua called *Amerique*, and that Vespucci's real name was *Albericus*.

There are 251 medical colleges, good, bad, and indifferent in existence in this country at the present time, which turn out annually over 3,000 M.D.'s.—*Portfolio*.

A new song book is soon to be issued by the students of Brown University. It will contain compositions not only by undergraduates, but by professors and alumni as well.

## POETS' CORNER.

## MODERN SODOM.

## A SATIRE.

By F. L. PUGSLEY, '91.

If mercy still there be, let mercy fall;  
 Let Heaven's benignity o'erflow for all!  
 Yet if to high Omniscience be known  
 One single human heart not turned to stone,  
 Yea if there can be found beneath the sun,  
 In modern Sodom still a righteous one,  
 How will he dare to hope that mercy waits,  
 Though it be infinite, without the gates?  
 How hardly shall he dare his knees to bend  
 And pray a benediction to descend?  
 But this he must, no other hope can be,  
 For modern Sodom covers land and sea.  
 So let him flee to mountains if he will,  
 Alas! alas! he is in Sodom still.  
 If fire and brimstone sweep the fated vale,  
 No mountain for a refuge can avail.  
 'Tis therefore left to hope against all hope,  
 While error reigns supreme beneath the cope.

"But where is error, what is wrong, and why  
 Berate all living creatures 'neath the sky?"  
 So will the irate man of folly rise,  
 And thunder forth with fury flaming eyes;  
 And swear by Heaven that since poor Adam fell  
 The world has ne'er before gone half so well.  
 The irate man of folly, who is he?—  
 No wonder all will ask and none can see,  
 Since equal blindness is the fate of all,  
 And fools, for knowledge, upon fools must call.  
 Fools who assume their wisdom fully ripe,—  
 No doubt it is, since of the idiot type.  
 For idiot without doubt that one must be,  
 Who having eyes and light, can never see.  
 But if it be denied that all are blind,  
 Then I despair and am to fate resigned;  
 For they who see but see all things perverse,  
 Are, than a horde of idiots, surely worse.  
 Oh, what so hopeless in this world below  
 As having had experience not to know!  
 That man whom stern experience cannot teach,  
 No power in heaven or earth can ever reach.  
 This is the case, precisely this the case,  
 Yet none will look it squarely in the face.  
 All cry out with one voice and say, "Indeed,  
 Sodom of old was measured her just meed,"  
 Then each will whistle, turn upon his heel,  
 Trade with his brother, cheat and lie and steal.

None but have heard the tale of Abel slain,  
 And none but know the mark set upon Cain;  
 Yet is the dagger driven to the hilt,  
 And blood for lust or gold is freely spilt.  
 Or, if not thus, more cowardly the deed,  
 The victim by degrees is doomed to bleed,  
 The very morsel from his mouth is snatched,  
 By some new scheme a syndicate has hatched.  
 To trusts and corners he must need succumb,  
 No prayers are heard, he may as well be dumb.

The farmer toils, the fruitful earth will yield,  
 Abundant harvest in the cultured field,  
 And all is plenty round the smiling land,  
 Yet famine walks with plenty, hand in hand.  
 Grim speculation, with its dragon claw,  
 Grasps all the plenty, empts it in its maw,  
 Retains it there for false returns to sell,  
 For cash is more than life or heaven or hell.  
 And he whose sturdy industry has made  
 The bread of life to ripen in the glade,  
 Soon skinned of profits from his hard earned  
 store,  
 If possible, is poorer than before.

The worker in the dusty shop complains;  
 He toils on day and night but nothing gains.  
 At best a hut of squalor, crumbs and rags,  
 And grim starvation if his labor flags.  
 For him no hours of joy or pleasure wait,  
 He can but struggle on in sweat and hate;  
 While at his elbow struts with haughty air  
 The dnd in polished boots and greasy hair,  
 Whose father cheated his by stealth and lies,  
 And robbed him legally before his eyes,  
 And piled a heap of debts above his clay  
 That forty generations cannot pay.

The factory toiler, in the ceaseless hum,  
 Drags on till every higher sense is numb.  
 His life he holds by most precarious lease,  
 It hangs on threads of corporate caprice.  
 His hours are stated, whether sick or well,  
 A boss, a hireling, chides him on, pell-mell.  
 His wages, whittled to starvation rates,  
 Are clipped again, if but to breathe he waits.  
 And though to clothe he gives his strength  
 away,  
 And weaves it by the acre every day,  
 His threadbare garments, foul with sweat and  
 dirt,  
 Are rotting from him from surtout to shirt.  
 If fevers take him, not a day of grace,  
 He must be there or he must lose his place;  
 Condition fatal to his last resort,

Since, not fulfilled, his life must be cut short.  
For, out of all the kinds of labor done,  
Alas! poor simple wretch, he knows but one.  
If that but fail, ah! hopeless man forlorn,  
'Twere better for him had he ne'er been born.

The miner, smirched with smut and soot and grime,  
Digs gold of which he cannot have a dime.  
The precious worth of his exhausting toil,  
Gives him no title to an inch of soil.  
His wretched hut which scanty shelter gives,  
In which with filthy hens and pigs he lives,  
Where crouch his wife and bairns whose daily fare,

A hungry savage would disclaim to share,  
Whose raiment covers only with disgrace,  
Whose looks are human only in the face,  
Even this he cannot claim to be his own,  
His soul, his body, these are his alone.

But pause we here and specify no more,  
The sense is shocked, the heart is sick and sore.  
For farm and shop and factory and mine  
Do but with every craft and trade combine  
To swell the ranks of woe and misery,  
And multiply them to infinity.  
Turn then from these, this hopeless hating horde

Of human beasts whose lot cannot be lowered,  
To where the gilded halls of Mammon rise,  
With all that wealth can give or art devise,  
Behold, in jewels decked and fabrics gay,  
Fiends who to Mammon give their souls away;  
Souls so distorted, shrivelled up and dried,  
So shrunk and withered, so lapidified,  
That though in Hades, roasted to the core,  
In ovens tenfold hotter than before,  
Not one poor drop of mercy would be there,  
To sizzle forth its incense on the air.  
Dead to all sense of honor, these remain  
Alive to one thing only, greed for gain.  
Their fortunes won by tricks of "bulls and bears"

Permit them instantly to "put on airs,"  
And vanquish themselves the nobles of the race,—  
Nobility needs but a brazen face:  
With this and cash, the blood of ancestry,  
The noble claims of honest heraldry,  
Are laughed to scorn, while blatant boodlers brag,  
And silence justice with the latest gag,  
And he is landed most whose serpent ken  
Can cheat the most out of his fellow-men.  
What wonder, then, that he whose hardy hand

Has wrought till wealth and plenty fills the land,  
And then beholds that out of all the store  
The very crumbs are his but nothing more,  
Should curse his luck, despise his little share  
And seek in vice and crime to drown despair?

Thus has it ever been, from age to age,  
Despite the voice of prophet, saint, or sage,  
And thus will men to-day each other fleece,  
Yet swear their purpose is to live in peace,  
Nor cease to cry "The world is going well,"  
Though Candor sees it going straight to Hell.  
If then there can be found beneath the sun,  
In modern Sodom still a righteous one,  
Oh! let him prostrate struggle in the dust,  
And pray with all his soul, since pray he must,  
"If mercy still there be let mercy fall,  
Let Heaven's benignity o'erflow for all."

## POT-POURRI.

"Saw dust—The distanced horse."

"Popular diet for gymnastics—Turn-overs."

### JUST FOR PRACTICE.

Eschew tergiversation  
And avoid concatenation  
Of atrabilious, incolate interminate discords,  
Balbucinating corbels,  
Like tinkling, thinnient door bells.  
Imply crustacean nyctaloptic vacancies and void.

Trichorism, trammatic,  
Spasmodic, acrobatic,  
Never sibilates resilient when occult megrims come.  
Thaumaturgical negation  
And anamorphous oblectation  
Only unto supramundane sinuosities succumb.

Cynophanous depilation,  
Delectory cogitation,  
Together lincinate and thrill like sonants cleaving surds.  
So abstain from imperception,  
Coarctation and deception,  
And, no matter what you have to say, don't use big words.

—*Ex.*

Professor (to hesitating Sophomore)

—"Sir, you seem to be evolving that

translation from your inner consciousness." Sophomore—"No, professor; last night in my devotions I read that 'by faith Enoch was translated,' and I thought I would try it on Horace."—*Mail and Express.*

## MARCH.

A link between winter and spring-time  
Was the blast'ring old month of the Ram;  
He used to come in like a lion,  
And used to go out like a lamb.

But the teachings of Scripture are proven  
In the case of this lachrymose dunce,  
For the lambkin now dwells with the lion,  
And we've all sorts of weather at once.

—*Egis.*

The following story is told of Yale's celebrated Professor in Chemistry: Professor Silliman was going to experiment with laughing gas, when he overheard a student say that under its influence no one was responsible for what he said, and he would take advantage of this and tell Silliman what he thought of him. When the class met, Silliman quietly said he would like, for the purpose of illustration, to administer the gas to some member, and this student volunteered. When the leather bag was connected with his mouth he pretended to be very much excited and began to abuse and swear at the professor. Silliman let him go on awhile, and then said he needn't be so irresponsible, as the gas hadn't been turned on yet. The applause which followed may be left to the imagination.—*Ex.*

## A THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

Way back in those archaic days when time  
for man got ripe,  
A tailless ape sat on a tree and smoked a penny  
pipe.  
And as he smoked, lo, thought began. He  
knew that he enjoyed.

(Be not surprised at this. You see that ape  
was anthropoid.)  
Thus thought began, and thought is all that  
makes a man a man.  
So be it known that thus in smoke the human  
race began.  
But mark how in a circle move all sublunary  
things.  
Events, like smoke, resolve themselves into  
expanding rings;  
And as the monkey's pipe made thought, and  
thought created man,  
The cigarette shall take him back to just  
where he began.—*Pulse.*

## OWED TO A THEOLOG.

The Theolog came like a wolf on the fold,  
With a fresh-laundried collar and countenance  
bold,  
And the glance in his eye was as keen and as  
light  
As the brightest of stars on a clear summer  
night.

In his grip was a sermon, a half hour long,  
With "Firstly" and "Lastly," where each  
should belong.  
And his necktie was tied with that infinite  
grace  
Which fits so exactly a Theolog's face.

Like a poet who wanders in thought, 'mid the  
stars,  
Was that Theolog brave, when he boarded the  
cars:  
Like that poet when kicked by the editor's  
boot  
That Theolog felt when retracing his route,

For, while musing in ecstasy over his call,  
With a parsonage, salary, extras and all,  
Which surely must be the result of his trip,  
He got off from the train and forgot his grip.

How that Theolog managed to get through the  
day,  
How it weakened his mind, and turned his  
hair gray,  
Let nothing be said; but in old Council Hall  
He is weeping and pining, still waiting his call.

—*Moz.*

She (as they stepped upon the newly  
painted porch)—"You had better walk  
on this board, Professor." He—"Oh,  
ze paint won't hurt my shoes."—*Ex.*

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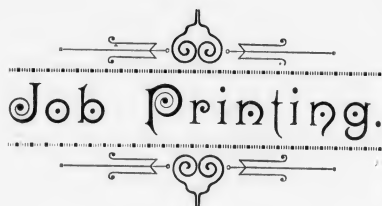
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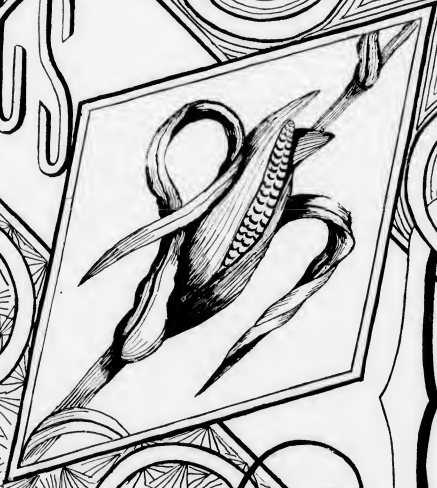
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VOL. XVIII.

MAY, 1890.

No. 5.

## THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE  
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '91, BATES COLLEGE,  
LEWISTON, ME.

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W. L. NICKERSON,    F. L. PUGSLEY,  
N. G. BRAY,        F. S. LIBBY,  
A. A. BEAL,        N. G. HOWARD.

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## EDITORIAL.

THE base-ball season is here, and with it comes the excitement attendant upon our hopes and fears. In the midst of the excitement both members of the nine and its supporters should recollect that a duty devolves upon each individually.

In the first place, those on the nine should remember that they are chosen by a board of directors, elected by the Athletic Association of the college, that they are chosen to represent the college on the ball-field, and not for individual gratification; that, having accepted a position on the nine, it is their duty to cast aside all personal feeling and every personal desire, and work for the interest of the nine and for the reputation of the college, which they are chosen to represent. It is their duty to be punctual at the hours appointed for practice, and to obey orders from the captain in practice as well as in a game. The captain of the nine is the representative authority of the Association, and as such should be implicitly obeyed irrespective of individual desire or opinion. He should be obeyed because his words are supposed to represent not the desire of one man, but of the whole college. If the captain's orders prove wrong, he alone is

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THE base-ball season is here, and with it comes the excitement attendant upon our hopes and fears. In the midst of the excitement both members of the nine and its supporters should recollect that a duty devolves upon each individually.

In the first place, those on the nine should remember that they are chosen by a board of directors, elected by the Athletic Association of the college, that they are chosen to represent the college on the ball-field, and not for individual gratification; that, having accepted a position on the nine, it is their duty to cast aside all personal feeling and every personal desire, and work for the interest of the nine and for the reputation of the college, which they are chosen to represent. It is their duty to be punctual at the hours appointed for practice, and to obey orders from the captain in practice as well as in a game. The captain of the nine is the representative authority of the Association, and as such should be implicitly obeyed irrespective of individual desire or opinion. He should be obeyed because his words are supposed to represent not the desire of one man, but of the whole college. If the captain's orders prove wrong, he alone is

responsible to the supporters of the nine; if his orders are disobeyed, the one disobeying is held responsible for all error, and beside lowers himself in the estimation of every fair-minded person in college.

Harmony and co-operation among the members of a ball team are necessary to its success, and the STUDENT believes that if its opinion expressed in this article were accepted and acted upon by the players, it would go far toward securing both.

It is the duty of the supporters of the nine to demonstrate to the players that they have confidence in the officers appointed to control it, and that they expect their decisions to be obeyed. While the Association as a body has a right to require from its officers explanations of their acts, as individuals of that Association it is neither just nor is it policy to spread a dissenting opinion, because harmony is needed among the supporters of a team as well as in the team itself. It is the duty of the supporters to encourage the nine in every possible way, to manifest interest in its practicing, to try to show that you have confidence in its ability to win even though it meet with defeat often. Be enthusiastic in your support. Enthusiasm will do much to inspire a ball player. In short, be loyal to the interests of Bates College.

IT is one's privilege to employ every means for self-improvement that lies in his power, but when the means employed cast a reflection upon himself or are an injury to others, one

should pause before taking the step. In a small and young college this question sometimes confronts the student, Shall I remain during the course or go to some older and larger institution? One of the chief reasons given for leaving is the advantage of a diploma from some large and well known institution. We will admit that a diploma from such an institution has its advantages, but are the advantages sufficient to warrant such a step, or is the obtaining of a diploma the sole object of a college course?

For the student to leave his college and his class at the end of the Sophomore or Junior year casts a serious reflection upon himself. It seems a confession of weakness—almost of fear. He gives others the opinion that he is unwilling to stand on his own merits, and wishes to supplement his own weakness by a diploma from some noted institution. As if the diploma made the man! It also conveys the idea that his sole object in pursuing the course is the obtaining of his diploma. In time the man passes for just what he really is; if he is worthy, the world in time will recognize his worth; but if not, no college diploma can supply the lack of true merit. The advantage of his diploma, then, must be only a temporary one.

But does one owe nothing to the institution in which he has spent two or three years? From the very nature of the case in an institution like Bates, founded for the purpose of helping those of slender means who desire to help themselves, the tuition is as nothing to what is received in return.

To one who must work his way the first three years of the course are the hardest, both on account of the student's inability for lack of education and experience to fill the most remunerative positions, and the difficulty in obtaining such positions. Therefore the student owes something to the institution that has made the first three years possible. The leaving of such an institution seems to imply that one holds his own selfish interests first, and does not hesitate to inflict an injury on the institution that has placed him on his feet. He whose sole object is the aggrandizement of self and the acquiring of wealth or fame, has missed the noblest purpose in life. When one takes three or three and a half years at an institution like Bates, because it is possible for him there to work his own way, and then graduates at some older institution where it would have been impossible to have paid his way through the entire course, he is taking undue advantage of the liberality of the younger college.

Besides all this, the student who changes his class and college unavoidably meets with losses; but of the breaking of those ties that bind one to his class, and of other losses as irreparable, I will not speak. It may be well to say that there may be motives truly noble which would cause one to change his college; let each one judge for himself; but, if the purpose be one's own selfish aggrandizement, or the fear that the world will not recognize his merits immediately, consider well before making the change.

“**N**OTHING in nature happens by chance.” This is a wise rule of the universe, and men, in giving up most of the penny-flipping habits are more and more inclined to use reason and discretion in their arrangements. In some of the preparations for declamations, debates, and tests, the process of drawing lots is still resorted to, not, indeed, without reason in the majority of cases, for it is certainly right to use this method in deciding who shall write the Greek test and who the Latin, or in deciding the order of speaking or debating. A decision made by teachers might cause some feeling on the part of those that considered themselves unfortunate, and it is as fair for one to have the first or last place on the programme as for another. But in one case, that of making the divisions for the prize declamations, a different method might be used with benefit. With the divisions made by lot, as at present, there is liability of the best speakers and debaters coming in one division, and the poorer ones in another. The result is that, as a certain number must be chosen in each division for the prize declamations, a few good ones go from one division, and as many poorer ones from another. Thus, many of the better speakers in one division must fall behind, while if the good speakers were distributed among the poorer ones, a fairer selection would be made for final trial. The divisions could be appointed by the instructor without creating jealousy, for none but he need know who

were the better speakers. True, the best speaker will be put over anyway, but when so much account is made of the final division, and credit as well as rank are influenced, it would certainly be better to take some precaution against having the majority of more practiced orators in the same division.

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**W**E would call the attention of our readers to a change in the editorial staff. On account of ill health Mr. Chase was unable to attend to his labors. Mr. F. S. Libby has been appointed in his stead.

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**W**E were much interested in a late suggestion of Dr. G. Stanley Hall, before the club of Boston school-masters. He believes that libraries of education should be established in all our cities. These libraries, common in Europe, are intended to contain all educational literature, including textbooks in all languages. The American student of pedagogy would thus be enabled to compare different methods employed by teachers in this and other countries, secure the advantage of familiarity with the experience of others, thus saving many fruitless experiments,—in short, learn all that can be learned, without actual personal observation. Such a library would be invaluable to every teacher, as well as to all interested in the history, growth, and results of education. We hope to see Dr. Hall's suggestion carried out.

**W**E are doubtless all of us liable to make mistakes, but we sincerely hope that no students of this institution will ever make such a blunder as to accuse falsely the students of another college of such misdemeanors as are charged against us by Bowdoin. The following from the last number of the *Orient* is very surprising to us and an utter misrepresentation of the facts of the case :

Those students who took part in the exhibition by the Glee Club and Athletes, at Lewiston, last week, and those who accompanied them, were surprised and astonished to find that some members of Bates College carried their unfriendliness to Bowdoin so far as to openly insult the performers on the stage, by sneering laughs and other ungentlemanly demonstrations. If the Bates students think they are placing themselves in a favorable position by such actions, they are much mistaken. Common courtesy would give performers in a public exhibition a fair show and a decent reception.

But this is not all. The *Bath Enterprise*, of May 3d, is responsible for making the matter even worse. Here is what it has said :

The Bowdoin Athletic Association went to Lewiston last Wednesday evening to give an exhibition in Music Hall. A small audience greeted them, mostly students from Bates College. The entertainment was of a first-class order. The boys worked well to please what few people were there, but the majority could not be pleased and they were greeted at different intervals by hisses and yells from the gentlemen (?) present. The Bates College boys are sore on Bowdoin and take every available means to show it. The Bates have never been ill treated in Brunswick either at foot-ball, base-ball, or rope-pulling, and why they should take this means, in a public place, with ladies and their escorts present, to insult Bowdoin boys is a thing explainable only by one thing—jealously. The Bates have always

been used like gentlemen here, but if they don't get a roasting to-day it will be because rumors from the campus are not true. Go in Bowdoin and win if you can, and if you do, look out some of the Bates men do not steal the ball.

Now the facts of the case are that in the first place the exhibition was on Tuesday evening and not Wednesday; and second, the audience must indeed have been *small* if it was mostly students from Bates College, for there were not over ten of our boys present, indeed we can count up but eight. And furthermore there was but a small minority of these in the gallery from whence all the disturbance came. Those who were in the gallery were accompanied by ladies and sat in the front row, but the disturbance came from the rear of the gallery, and from parties with whom the college has nothing to do. Finally, those who attended reported a good entertainment, and had no reason to report otherwise. The accusation that one of our men stole the ball when we played with the Brunswicks is as false as any of the other statements.

Now if the *Bath Enterprise* has any regard for truth, and if its editor has common honesty to the amount of a grain of mustard seed, and if the *Bowdoin Orient* is willing to correct a gross blunder, then we are certain that these two publications will, at their earliest opportunity, give ample space in their columns for a full and complete acknowledgment of the injury done us by their false reports, and promise us and the public that they will try in the future to know what they are talking about before they appear in print.

The statements that we have here

made in our own defense do not rest upon hearsay. They are from eye witnesses, and we could furnish sworn testimony to the truth of any or all of them if it were required.

## LITERARY.

### THE ROBIN.

By G. H. H., '90.

Cheerily carols the robin,  
Out in the midst of the rain;  
Singing a song of thanksgiving  
That has a prophetic refrain.

Little reck's he of the weather;  
The skies may be fickle or fair;  
The winds may blow fierce or breathe  
lightly,  
But never a whit will he care.

Up in the slow-budding tree-top  
Loudly and clearly he sings,  
Calling the grasses and flowers  
To list to the tidings he brings.

"Wake! Wake! Down there in the  
darkness!

Hark to the pattering rain,  
Bidding you hasten your coming  
Out in the sunshine again!

"Didn't you know that the winter  
Left us a long time ago?  
And here I've been waiting and  
waiting!

Why don't you hurry and grow?

"Ah! I can hear you awaking  
And stirring down under the  
ground,  
Pushing aside the thin mantle  
That wraps you so closely around.

"Soon you'll be out in the daylight,  
Kissed by the frolicsome breeze;  
And soon, with a nest full of bird-  
lings,  
I'll play hide and seek in the trees."

There, he is gone! But his music  
Lingers, a memory sweet.  
Sure, if the robin were lacking,  
Spring-time would not be complete.

Singing at morning and evening;  
 Singing in rain and in shine;  
 Soul of mine, learn thou his secret,  
 And joy shall be evermore thine.

### A VILLAGE CHURCH.

By N. G. B., '91.

**I**N the southeast part of Maine lies a little village, hardly surpassed in beauty of location by any place in the State. Sheltered from east winds by the steep hill from whose summit may be plainly seen the White Mountains, and in a clear day even the shipping in Portland harbor, it is bordered on the west and north by two lovely lakes. These natural attractions have lately fallen under the eye of the ubiquitous summer tourist, and for two or three months in each year, the quiet little village is overrun with pleasure seekers.

Imagine yourself for a moment to be passing, in this place, some bright June Sabbath. You will attend church, of course, not being, I trust, one of that curiously constituted class of individuals who, when they travel, always make a point of leaving their religion, or at least all outward manifestation of it, at home. On the main street, not far from the foot of the eastern hill, stands the church we will attend to-day. It is, as you observe, of quite a modern style of architecture, and though it sadly needs painting is not devoid of attractiveness. Its dimensions are perhaps fifty feet in length by forty in breadth, and twenty in height. At the northwest corner rises a spire forty feet above the roof, tipped with a gilded weather-vane, and sheltering the clear-toned bell which is

even now pealing forth its summons. The tower at the opposite corner, some ten feet high, is designed merely for ornament.

Entering the vestibule, we see at our right a flight of stairs leading into a pleasant and convenient vestry below. But here is an usher, deeply impressed with the dignity of his office, waiting to conduct us to a seat. It is still early, but let us sit down near the door, and, while the people are gathering, note our surroundings.

The audience room has a seating capacity of about three hundred. The pews are a combination of ash and black walnut, all the upholstery, as well as the carpet, being a dark green. The ceiling is frescoed in blue and gilt; the walls are of a cool gray tint, with shaded border. Narrow, oval-topped windows of stained glass, on each of which is depicted some religious emblem, diffuse through the room Milton's "dim, religious light."

Opposite us is the chancel, a semi-circular alcove, in diameter about one-third the width of the church, and elevated three or four steps above the level of the room. It is furnished with a reading-desk of walnut and ash, a small black walnut stand, and three large chairs, upholstered, like the pews, in green. At the right and left are ante-rooms, from one of which opens an outer door for the private use of the minister. Directly in front of the platform stands the communion table. On either side of the chancel, the plainness of the wall is relieved by painted tablets, on which are inscribed in gilt letters the two

great commandments, and the invitation of the Spirit and the Bride; while on the small, round window in its rear, is a pure white dove, encircled by the angels' message, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Behind us is the choir, which, like the chancel, is a semi-circular alcove, built out into vestibule, between the two inner doors. In the rear is a cabinet organ, while the seats are occupied by a quartette, of whose musical talent you will soon have an opportunity to judge.

How rapidly the empty pews are filling up! Sunburned farmers with their hard-working wives, to whom the Sabbath is the only time of rest, and who will live for the next six days on to-day's sermon; the village merchant, who proudly listens for his daughter's voice in the choir; the dentist's row of small boys, seven of them all of a size; the Jay Gould of the community, with his complacent air of proprietorship; tired-looking mothers, with roguish urchins who won't sit still, and sedate misses, extremely conscious of their Sunday clothes; a goodly sprinkling, too, of strangers—some quietly refined in manner and attire, others arrayed in garments fearfully and wonderfully made, well calculated to fulfill the wearers' chief aim in life, to create a sensation.

Nearly all classes and conditions of men, indeed, are represented in this little congregation; but do you notice that there is hardly a young man among them? The city has reached out beckoning hands, and drawn away from farm and fireside the strong sons,

on whose broad shoulders parents had fondly hoped life's heavier burdens might some time be laid. In some of these rough frames, grown prematurely old, dwell patient, heroic souls, who, having uncomplainingly buried their dearest hopes, and given their sons to school and church and state, toil on in loneliness.

A good place to study human nature, this little church. But listen! The bell has stopped tolling, and the service begins. The opening notes of the organ voluntary we scarcely heed, but soon we find ourselves listening unawares. We forget that this is a common village church, with no salaried musicians, for the player's very soul is poured out in these strains, telling of weariness and despair, of new-born hope, and faith grown strong, until a glad triumphant strain fills all the room, then falls into a silence through which seems to throb the heart of God.

The voice of prayer falls softly through the stillness, as the gray-haired pastor puts into earnest, pleading words, the burden of the music. On the painted window above his head, we see the symbolic dove, with outspread wings, hovering in benediction over him; while on his bowed head, through the stained glass, fall the rainbow hues of hope and peace.

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#### SHAKESPEARE'S "HAMLET."

By J. L. P., '90.

**H**E may be as near the truth as any who believes with Goethe that Shakespeare's intention in this drama, "Hamlet," was "to represent the

effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it."

From the outset, our attention is centered on Hamlet, the hero of the play. A strange hero, it is true, but there is not another personage in the play who could so honestly claim the title. At least, he meets Carlyle's requisites for a hero; he is genuine; and he is "an original man."

Imagine this refined, sensitive prince pursuing the quiet studies of philosophy at the university. The wars and turmoil of a kingdom are matters wholly foreign to him; with malice, treachery, and murder he is unacquainted. Then imagine him when the news of his father's mysterious death comes upon him like a thunderbolt; and when, hurrying home, he finds his mother, whom he has always loved and believed to be a loyal wife, married to his uncle. It was as if he had been put into a new world where his environments were so strange and unfamiliar that he could not adapt himself to them. Was it so very strange that he should have felt it impossible to act?

Soon after this comes his interview with his father's ghost, who reveals the treachery of Claudius, and adjures Hamlet to avenge his father's death.

This startling scene would have moved an ordinary prince, full of the fiery passion of youth, to commit some sudden violence on the king. But this was an absolute impossibility for Hamlet. His whole nature, instead of being fired with revenge, was grieved through and through. Not even the great love he bore his father could, *at that time* have moved him to shed

blood. At times he was tormented by the thought of the injustice that was being done to himself, his father, and the people, by allowing the king to remain alive. Thus was his soul tortured; but being divided in spirit, and irresolute, he still delayed action.

Then the dumb-show fully "unkenned the occulted guilt" of the king. This seems to spur Hamlet on, and, later, during a heated interview with the queen, he makes a thrust at the tapestry and kills,—not the king, as he had hoped,—but Polonius, the Lord Chamberlain. This was a most unfortunate thrust, for the grief that it brought to Ophelia, together with her blighted love, quite unbalanced her mind.

Ophelia was a most lovable character—so pure, lovely, and innocent. Yet there was nothing strikingly individual about her; nor was she particularly strong-minded. But her emotions were very intense. Perhaps, after all, it is her weakness that appeals most strongly to us. There was something very pathetic in her insanity, for through it all she retained the gentleness and quiet dignity which were characteristic of her.

In contrast to the insanity of Ophelia we may place the feigned madness of Hamlet. It is quite obvious that it *was* feigned. Some particular passages, but more especially the whole view of his conduct, confirm us in the opinion that his madness was not genuine. If Hamlet was afflicted with madness, it certainly was a most extraordinary and convenient kind to have, for it could be assumed, or laid aside at will. Some arguments to prove his sanity may be

mentioned. He never appeared mad when alone, or when in the presence of friends. Nor does there ever appear to have been a time when he seemed irresponsible for his acts, except, perhaps, during certain attacks of passion, such as naturally might come to any one under like circumstances.

Moreover, a madman could not have been so shrewd as Hamlet was under the continual soundings of those two smooth-tongued courtiers, Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern. Again, if Hamlet had been really mad, there would have been times during his lucid intervals (for every one must admit that he had such) when his words doubtless would have contradicted others spoken in his mad moments. But on the contrary, we find that all his statements harmonize.

From the moment when Hamlet returned from Wittenburg, and found all things so changed, he felt that henceforth he was destined to be misunderstood. But his mind was too strong to be entirely overwhelmed by these circumstances. He felt his reserve strength, and he gloried in the fact that he still could control his words, and conceal in a measure, his thoughts; and so, we find him frequently toying with words, and we can see that he often makes his cynicism the outlet of his deeper feelings. The key to Hamlet's strength of character is in these words: "Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me." Do these words sound like those of a madman?

In contrast to the true-heartedness of

Ophelia we may place the shallow nature of the queen. Extremely weak, she was, in character, but her guilt was of a thoughtless rather than a malicious kind. One redeeming quality in the queen was her constant loyalty to her son. With her last breath she spoke the name of Hamlet. We can hardly imagine how she could, so soon after the death of her most worthy husband, have given herself to Claudius, that villain and murderer. Once only, and that during her interview with Hamlet, there seemed to be the shadow of a regret for her conduct; but that soon passed away. It was so much easier and more convenient to believe Hamlet mad, than to trouble herself with the accusations of an awakened conscience.

It is quite natural that the king, with his double nature, should be able to deceive his not over-keen wife. No doubt he always appeared at his best when in her presence. But, when out of the queen's hearing, when his cruel plots were occupying him; then the full villainy of his nature is revealed.

Of Polonius we have said little, chiefly because there is not much to say. Any one who had merely a speaking acquaintance with him doubtless would have considered him a philosopher. He was certainly an excellent propounder of other men's ideas.

Horatio, Hamlet's friend, was a pleasant character. He was an ordinary man, quiet, sympathetic, but without action.

Laertes was quite the opposite, rash, versatile, and active; ready in the

morning to plot with the king against Hamlet, and equally willing before night to ask Hamlet's pardon.

We could wish that more prominence had been given to Fortinbras, but perhaps all was said that was necessary to the play. Taken apart, in another drama, Fortinbras would have made an excellent hero. He was the most well-balanced character in the play.

The whole drama is very pleasant and easy to read,—chiefly because all rush is avoided. Yet, monotony, which one might expect, is prevented by the introduction of a goodly number of interesting events. There is, of course, suspense in the play, but Shakespeare (it seems, out of sympathy for Hamlet,) brings in quieting scenes,—such as that prolonged interview of Hamlet with the players, and, also, the scene in the church-yard.

Hamlet, after his return from the university, seems like a shipwrecked man cast upon a sea of difficulties, and so overwhelmed by the greatness of his surroundings that he has no courage to make for the shore. True, he does attempt a few feeble strokes, but, for the most part, he is merely carried along by the tide, and the whole great ocean of events rushes him on to the final accomplishment of his purpose.

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The Faculty of Amherst have suspended the entire Freshman class. The class refused to attend any hours until three of their number, who were suspended for trouble in the cane rush, were reinstated.—*Ex.*

### THE FAIRY MESSENGER.

In the elfin halls how the bright lamps glisten!  
Are ye weary of dancing, Fairies, say?  
Then gather around me here and listen:  
My brothers, I visited earth to-day.

For our king, yestreen, thought the winter broken,  
He heard in his sleep the feet of Spring  
On the far hill-tops, and desired some token,  
That I, perchance, from the earth might bring.

So I journeyed far through the dim recesses,  
Till I came to the upper world at last;—  
To a hill-side the sun's last ray caresses,  
The spot where his farewell gleam is cast.

I stood and gazed; 'twas the time enchanted  
That mortals have named the sunset hour;  
I looked to the west whence the gold rays slanted;  
It blossomed and glowed like a living flower.

The pool, that lay in a mossy hollow,  
Was rippled all over with waves of light,  
And a spring-brook flowed far as eye could follow,  
Like a river of Elfland, golden bright.

Then I thought of my quest and turned me quickly  
To look for some signs of the coming spring;  
But the dead brown leaves in the clefts lay thickly;  
In the woods below was no bird to sing.

But, shading my eyes from the bright pool's shimmer,  
I looked across to the other side,  
And caught, 'mid the brownness there, a glimmer  
Of green, that the dead leaves could not hide.

So I launched a curled up leaf on the water,  
And found a needle of pine for an oar;  
On the rosy waves I did not loiter,  
But quickly sculled to the other shore.

And lo! 'mid the tangle, a pale sweet flower,  
That bloomed 'neath the careless glance of Spring  
As she passed that way in an idle hour;—  
Behold the token to you I bring.

We must pour the rains from our urns of silver,  
 And waken the sleeping souls of the  
 flowers,  
 Till the blooms on the hill-sides start and  
 quiver,  
 And the sunlight streams through blossom-  
 ing bowers.

Till the violets bloom in the wayside places,  
 And the banks are white with anemones,  
 And the fairy bluits bow their faces,  
 Beneath the feet of the passing breeze.

Then hasten, elves, to the work before us;  
 To the breeze our banners of green we'll  
 fling,  
 And the birds shall tell in a joyful chorus,  
 To mortals the tidings, "'Tis spring, 'tis  
 spring!"

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### CAVOUR.

By W. B. S., '92.

HE alone immortalizes his name who  
 rears his own monument. He  
 makes that immortality a noble one,  
 who chisels his monument out of a block  
 of pure, unselfish character; who carves  
 the corner-stone of love and the cap-  
 ital of the same material. Alexander,  
 Cæsar, and Napoleon made self their  
 aim, ambition their motive, and who  
 really honors one of them? Their brill-  
 iancy may command admiration; their  
 motive, never applause.

Rarely are nobility of conception and  
 brilliancy in execution so well blended  
 as in the person of Camillo Benso di  
 Cavour—a nobility that could suffer no  
 trespassing upon the people's rights,  
 that was engaged only in contriving  
 plans for their betterment—a brilliancy  
 that enabled him to accomplish the  
 most difficult, the most complicated  
 task of the nineteenth century, under  
 the most trying circumstances with  
 which any man has been surrounded—  
 qualities that placed him, not in that

proud galaxy of modern European  
 statesmen, Bismarck, Gladstone, and  
 Metternich, but above them all. He  
 excels Gladstone in executive power,  
 Bismarck in liberalism, and Metternich  
 in both.

Entering the arena in 1847 he found  
 Italy, the victim of her own beauty and  
 historic interest, the possession of Aus-  
 tria, France, and, worst of all, the  
 Church—worst because it was the power  
 of the clergy that made the domina-  
 tion of other despots possible. Charles  
 Albert sat on the throne of Sardinia;  
 but between the claims of Louis Napo-  
 leon, the Austrian Emperor, and the  
 Pope, he did scarcely more. Already  
 conscious of his country's need and  
 determined to answer it, he had spent  
 considerable time in France and En-  
 gland acquainting himself with modern  
 politics in general. Resolved not to  
 barter the liberty of his countrymen for  
 the freedom of his country, and per-  
 suaded that the elevation of a govern-  
 ment depended on the elevation of the  
 governed, his first task was the internal  
 improvement of Italy. This was accom-  
 plished by the building of railways and  
 other means of communication, the en-  
 couragement of agriculture, and the  
 repeal of obnoxious laws.

He next turned his attention to poli-  
 tics. Eleven years in the ministry, nine  
 at its head, practically mark the whole  
 of his political career. Yet this was  
 ample time wherein to create a nation.  
 After setting papal power at defiance  
 at the cost of excommunication, Cavour  
 began to contrive means to place Sar-  
 dinia among the recognized powers of  
 Europe. More sagacious than his asso-

ciates, he saw in the Crimean war his opportunity. Tchernaya tells the tale. Like Phillip of Macedon, the Italian statesman determined to complete his work by demanding for himself, as Sardinia's representative, a seat at the great peace congress. He became a member of the Amphictyonic Council and Sardinia became a state of Europe. Then, eager for the union of all Italy and aware that Sardinia could not achieve it alone, he conciliated French aid. The result was Solferino and Italian regeneration, and subsequent unity. Such is the brilliant history of his brief career.

We can appreciate the greatness of his work only when we count the difficulties that attended it. The land he was to unify was divided into a score of petty states, each under a jealous ruler of its own. The great conservative statesman, Metternich, was bending every energy to defeat him. The extreme democratic faction in Italy itself, under Mazzini, lent the bitterest opposition; Garibaldi, the people's idol, intoxicated with his miraculous success, momentarily threatened to destroy everything by his honest zeal; and, worst of all, the crafty priesthood was madly opposed to him and his purpose. The magnitude of its opposition is best illustrated in the words of Victor Emmanuel to Lamarmora, then departing for the East with the army: "Ah, general, happy you! You go to fight soldiers; I remain to fight monks and nuns." Yet, despite all this opposition, he never lost sight of his one great, all-absorbing purpose. Though his power was so great that the Turinese described

it by saying, "We have a government, a chamber, a constitution; the name for all of it is Cavour"—though such was his power, he possessed a patriotism that would under no circumstances harbor a thought of self-aggrandizement. He could fire the people with revolutionary energy without inspiring the revolutionary contempt for law. Without impeding the dread engine of reform he kept it on the rails. The wonder is that, endowed with so much power, he contrived to show so little of it. A king in reality, he conducted himself as every man's equal. Of such a character, it is hardly surprising that his early death should not materially influence the course of his work. Metternich and Bonaparte lived to see the fabrics they had wrought begin to crumble, while Cavour's death chamber was penetrated with the gleaming rays of unqualified success. The reason is plain. He lived in the nineteenth century; they existed in the nineteenth and acted in the eighteenth. He worked *with* the tendencies of the age, they *against* them. The countryman of Dante, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, they outshine him not. They created noble works of art, he a country; they pleased the people, he made them capable of pleasure. No, his glory can never fade. The record of a happier people, a nobler government, a benefited Europe, will stand a constellation assuring his immortality, long after all the flashing meteors of the nineteenth century have been forgotten.

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A law school for women has been established in New York City.—*Ex.*

## THE VALUE OF COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

By E. F. S., '90.

AS soon as the timid Freshman arrives at Parker Hall, this is the first sound that greets his ears: "How do you do, Smith? Glad to see you! Made up your mind yet which society you'll join?" If Smith looks dazed at the mention of the word "society," he is a good subject, for he is not prejudiced either way, and so every one sets to work showing off his society to the best advantage in the hope of gaining this promising specimen for *his* collection. But it is not my purpose here to discuss the merits of any particular society, but to speak of the value of college literary societies in general. The full programme and full meetings of these societies, the fact that they have been well supported for almost twenty years, the interest shown in them, both by their members at the present time and by the alumni who have been members in the past—all these make clear to us the fact that there is value here in some form. Now what is this value?

On the twenty-fourth page of our catalogue we learn that these societies are "for improvement in writing and speaking." Now, if this is the object, the value of the society will be the attainment of this object, and just so far as improvement in writing and speaking is gained, so far will a society be valuable to its members and the community. Now let us see how our societies, by their meetings and by their influence, promote this improvement. Improvement in writing and

speaking is gained by *practice*. The programmes of our meetings are wisely arranged to give each member some important part at least once a term. Beside this each member can take part in the discussions, thus gaining excellent drill in extemporaneous speaking. And if this does not satisfy his thirst for practice, let him go stormy evenings, and he will often be allowed to take the place of some one who is absent, and might perhaps even be made one of the "principal disputants." There is one important thing to be considered when speaking of this matter of practice, and that is the audience. The persons before whom the young orator or poet is obliged to appear are all acquaintances,—the members of the society. This does not generally lessen the need of calmness and self-possession—two valuable qualities which can only be gained by practice before an audience. It is a good test of one's ability as a speaker if he can speak well before his friends.

Again, in a college literary society all its members are engaged in literary work the greater part of the time, or are *supposed* to be, therefore the speaker has an appreciative audience, an audience that knows when he does well and when he doesn't. But even in the latter case, no one will criticise too severely for it may be *his* turn next week, and then he will "get paid in his own coin." Moreover, be assured that the benefits gained by practice in the miniature world, known as the College Literary Society, will by no means be left behind when the student, *non senior sed alumnus*, goes

down the familiar street for the last time on his way to the railroad station. No, rather, they will go with him through all his after life, and some time when people are listening breathless (?) to the bursts of eloquence and flowing cadences of a Decoration-Day orator, with an impressive gesture he may point them Batesward and declare to them: "There got I this knowledge, there, as a society man, laid I the foundation of this eloquence."

In the literary society, as in many other places in the world, much can be learned by profiting by another's experience. If a man sees a weak place in another's argument, he can take pains that the same fault does not occur in his own. The discussions on questions of vital importance are a great source of information (?) to those eager for improvement. By "reading up," a person can get a thorough understanding of a question and form his opinions, then by hearing the subject discussed, he can correct these opinions if necessary, and add more knowledge to that which he had in the beginning! This getting of information, together with the expression of one's own ideas on the subject, should form the central and most important feature of the meetings of literary societies.

So we see that the cable of a literary society's strength and value is made up of these three strands: practice, profit gained from another's experience, and general information. But in addition to these three large strands, there are several little threads, weak in themselves, yet useful in giving a

round finished appearance to the whole fabric. One of these smaller strands is the promotion of sociability and good feeling. A literary society, drawing its members from all the classes, gives to them a common bond of sympathy—a common interest in something that concerns them all alike. In the secret societies of other colleges, this small strand is probably one of the strongest in their whole cable. With them it is society first and class second.

There yet remains two more strands which are needed to complete the value of our literary societies. The first is closely entwined about practice and teaches the proper transaction of business. Everything in the model literary society is done "decently and in order."

Now comes the last strand. At the beginning of the fall term everything relating to society work is booming. No one is considered at all patriotic if he does not put in his oar for his own society both "in season and out of season." The reason for this is very easily stated,—this is the time when "they take the Freshmen in, sir." Does not this give valuable training in politics? Perhaps this last strand would be best described as wiry!

So we see that the college literary society in all its departments is a great training school where every Friday evening the student takes the object lessons which are to fit him for work in years to come. And their value is, primarily, that they "give improvement in writing and speaking," but

secondarily, they are useful in promoting good feeling among the students, and in giving training in the transactions of business and in politics.

## COMMUNICATION.

*To My College Friends:*

**I** WOULD state by way of introduction that as no one is in the room with me the pronoun I will be used in the following communication.

January 1, 1890, I was installed as pastor of the Great Falls Free Baptist Church—you may readily see how it might convey a false impression, if I were to write "we were installed," etc. Well, at the installation services a certain clergyman alluded to Herbert Spencer's definition of life, "the continuous adjustment of the internal relations with the external relations." Another clergyman in welcoming me to the city declared this to be a "perfect definition of a boiling tea-kettle," and added, "Now we do not want any tea-kettle religion." Some weeks later at a union temperance meeting I stated that there were three kinds of tea-kettle religion and three corresponding kinds of temperance work. First, there is the church that has no fire under it whatever and never boils. Second, the church that has a quick wood fire and boils over but as quickly collapses; and third, the church that has a coal fire burning steadily and is always boiling, and added "May God help us to have perfect internal relations, perfect external relations, and a perfect adjustment of the two that we may have a religion that shall boil all the time."

Now what is true in religion is true in every department of life. A certain class cry down enthusiasm simply because they possess none themselves. Another class cry it down because the word is so often associated with those who boil up to-day and freeze down to-morrow. But there is a state in which the motive power and the working power are perfectly adjusted and success becomes as certain as the motive power itself. Those in this class boil not necessarily "over" nor "under," but they boil, and they boil continuously.

The great question then arises, Have I the right motive power within me? Well, what is your aim? Have you any definite object in life? or are you aimlessly wandering down the years waiting for something to turn up? If so, you need never to expect a general conflagration as a result of your enthusiasm. You are an object lesson, a cold kettle on a very cold stove. But suppose you have a definite aim in life. I care not what it may be. The question is this, Is it selfish or unselfish? Are you seeking simply your *own* success, your *own* popularity, your *own* fame? If so you become an object lesson to the inhabitants of the world above. As they watch they will see you boil over with enthusiasm when you succeed and collapse with discouragement and chagrin when you fail. Your internal relations are not properly adjusted to Him who controls the universe. Your motive power is not what it should be. Your life will be fitful, uncertain, and unsatisfactory. You boil over to-day because you succeed;

to-morrow success ceases and the fire dies out. Success instead of principle was the fuel, the motive power; and success is uncertain.

But now adjust your relations properly. First ask God to arrange your internal relations so that it shall be God working in you first to *will* and then to *do* of his good pleasure, then perfectly adjust these relations to God's will in the world. Seek simply to be at the disposal of Him who sees the end from the beginning. Have one purpose, and that to find your place and God's mind; one ambition, and that perfectly to fill it.

God is the very center of this universe. He understands his own purposes. Time and Eternity will reveal one stupendous plan. He who has infinite wisdom knows what is best; He who has infinite love always does what is best; He who has infinite power will eventually have His own will done, because He will have the best done. Every true life will, therefore, find its motive power in God's will simply because His will is the best, and every true man desires always and ever to do the best and be the best. And by this term is meant not the best in comparison with others, but the best within one's own possibilities.

When a man lives near enough to God to know God's will he has a motive power that will never fail until God fails. When a man is fully surrendering his will to God's will then is seen the picture of perfect internal relations, perfect external relations, and a perfect adjustment of the two. The result is life; life that lives; life that means

more than simple existence; life that squares and cubes itself like the life of Christ; life which in its length and breadth and depth is eternal because it is filled eternally with all the fullness of God. Then the farmer, the mechanic, the philanthropist, the statesman, the teacher, the pupil, the poet, the housewife, any person in any employment or state that accords with God's will becomes a workman for God. And the most menial duties are touched with sublimity because they are a part of the King's work, and that part which has been intrusted to you. Such a motive power never fails for the man who knows he has found his place knows he is certain of success, he is doing the best thing and has God's approval.

And now a word as to adjusting these relations of life to God's will. The great trouble with men in this respect is they are lazy. On the diamond the great fault of the boys is they won't practice. And in the class-room the great fault is they have not practiced. And when they put up their sign over the law office the same tendency follows them and they still want practice. We must look ahead and prepare for the future. We must practice vigorously during the fall and winter if we are to win the championship in the spring. So we need to practice vigorously the Lord's prayer, "Thy will be done in my heart this moment as it is done in heaven," this moment if we would be a success in eternity. And when the prophet cries out in warning tones "Prepare to meet thy God" he means more than conver-

sion, he means just what the base-ball captain means when he says, "Boys, we must practice every day and win the pennant in the spring."

Every day we live we are winning or losing the pennant, boys, whether it be on the ball field or in our chosen profession, or in the "great day of the battle of God Almighty." Victory is but the crowning of past effort. Victory on the ball field or at the day of graduation, or in our chosen profession, or at the great white throne, or victory a million years hence in eternity, one and all can be but the accumulation of the victories now over the "I can'ts" and the "I don't want tos" of the present. May God assist every college student to resolve, "I will live in the present that I may in the future," and to say, "I will now perfectly adjust my relations to God's will that I may be a success from His standpoint during time and throughout eternity." Thus your life will forever be an object lesson, explaining the scientific definition of life as it is often given, "the sum total of the functions that resist death," and illustrating the continuous adjustment of the internal relations to the external relations.

F. W. SANDFORD, '86.

There are doubtless some of our students who are desirous of obtaining, during the vacation season, employment which will be agreeable and also materially increase their income. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, writes us that they will be pleased to correspond with those parties, and feel confident that such correspondence will result in mutual profit.—Ed.

## LOCALS.

Question, please?

Ah there, *Garnet*!

A new grand-stand has been erected on the ball ground.

The Seniors are taking Analytical Chemistry under Prof. B. G. W. Cushman.

Chase, '91, who has been absent for some time on account of ill health, has returned to the class.

In German Class—"You may translate Mr. M." Mr. M.—"Am I a sinner?" Prof—"Perhaps you had better not pause *there*, Mr. M."

A great interest is taken in studying the laws of gravity. The gentlemen are making experiments in the new hammock (?) before Parker Hall.

Prof. (to Senior)—"Now, Mr. P., you may give the constituents of a garnet." Mr. P. (absent minded)—"Class histories, statistics, pictures, and—h'm—I mean—" Prof.—"That will do, Mr. P."

The Freshmen celebrated Arbor Day with another of their famous class-rides. Dined in the cool breeze of Lake Auburn, and reported a first-class time. Their *capacity* for enjoyment is unbounded.

The experiment made last year of having students trained at Harvard for gymnasium instruction has been quite successful; enough so, that the college has decided to pursue the same method another year.

Arbor Day was observed with the usual festivities at Bates. Quite a number of trees were planted about

the campus; some of them so carefully that the same place may be thus employed another year. The majority, however, fell on good ground and will doubtless flourish.

A most enjoyable occasion was the recent reception given to the Junior class by Miss Prescott, '91, at her home in Auburn. With conversation-cards, music, and refreshments, the guests passed a very pleasant evening, and reached, all too soon, that last interesting article on the programme, the "Promenade à la Delsarte."

The following are the games yet to be played in the Maine College League:

May 24—Bates vs. M. S. C., . . .	Lewiston.
May 31—Bates vs. Bowdoin, . . .	Lewiston.
May 31—M. S. C. vs. Colby, . . .	Orono.
June 4—Bates vs. Bowdoin, . . .	Waterville.
June 7—M. S. C. vs. Bowdoin, . . .	Bangor.
June 11—M. S. C. vs. Colby, . . .	Bangor.
June 14—M. S. C. vs. Bates, . . .	Orono.

Bowdoin, 10; Bates, 3.

Bates played its first game at Brunswick, May 3d. The result, although disappointing many of the Bates admirers, did not discourage them. The following is the score:

#### BOWDOIN.

	A.	B.	R.	B.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Packard, 1b., . . .	4	1	1	1	0	10	0	0	0
Thompson, r.f., . . .	3	3	2	4	0	0	0	0	0
Fish, c., . . .	4	1	1	1	1	10	2	0	0
Jordan, c.f., . . .	5	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0
Hutchinson, l.f., . . .	4	3	2	4	1	1	1	0	0
Hilton, s.s., . . .	5	1	2	4	0	0	3	2	0
Freeman, 2b., . . .	5	1	2	4	0	2	3	1	0
Spring, 3b., . . .	5	0	0	0	1	2	1	1	0
Downes, p., . . .	5	0	1	2	0	1	8	0	0
Totals, . . .	40	10	12	21	4	27	18	4	0

#### BATES.

	A.	B.	R.	B.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hoffman, c., . . .	4	1	1	1	0	6	3	2	0
Wilson, p., . . .	4	1	1	1	1	0	8	0	0
Putnam, l.f., . . .	4	0	2	3	0	3	0	0	0
Pennell, 2b., . . .	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0
Chase, 1b., . . .	4	0	1	1	0	12	1	1	0
Day, 3b., . . .	4	0	1	1	0	3	4	2	0
Whitcomb, c.f., . . .	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Martin, r.f., . . .	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Garcelon, s.s., . . .	3	0	1	1	0	1	4	0	0
Totals, . . .	33	3	7	8	1	27	21	5	0

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoins, . . .	3	2	1	0	2	0	0	1	1—10
Bates, . . .	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0—3

Earned runs—Bowdoins, 3; Bates, 1. Two-base hits—Putnam, Downes. Three-base hits—Thompson, Freeman, Hutchinson, Hilton. Stolen bases—Packard (2), Thompson, Fish (2), Hutchinson (2), Hilton, Freeman, Downes, Hoffman, Putnam. First base on balls—Packard, Thompson (2), Hutchinson, Pennell. First base on errors—Bowdoins, 4; Bates, 4. Struck out—Hutchinson, Spring, Downes, Hoffman, Wilson, Pennell, Day, Whitcomb (2), Martin, (2), Double-play—Freeman and Hutchinson. Passed balls—Fish, 2. Wild pitch—Downes. Hit by pitched ball—Fish. Time—2h. 10m.

The scheduled game between Bates and Colby for May 10th, was postponed on account of rain.

Bates played its second game May 14th. This time with Colby and for the second time was defeated, "still there is hope" was the general sentiment of the college after hearing from the game. The following is the score: Colby, 8; Bates, 1.

#### STATISTICS OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

Mary F. Angell: Age, 21; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 120 pounds; brown hair and eyes; fitted at Lewiston High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, teaching.

Mary Brackett: Age, 21; height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, 127 pounds; auburn hair; blue eyes; fitted at Latin School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, teaching.

Herbert B. Davis: Age, 22; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 145 pounds; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at New Hampton Institute; politics, Republican; intended occupation, teaching.

Fessenden L. Day: Age, 21; height, 5 feet 6½ inches; weight, 125 pounds; black hair; blue eyes; fitted at Lewiston High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, medicine.

Eli Edgecomb: Age, 25; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 140 pounds; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at Latin School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Free Baptist.

William F. Garcelon: Age, 21; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145 pounds; brown hair;

blue eyes; fitted at Lewiston High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, law.

George F. Garland: Age, 22; height, 5 feet 11½ inches; weight, 165 pounds; brown hair; gray eyes; fitted at Northwood Seminary; politics, independent; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, medicine.

George H. Hamlen: Age, 24; height, 6 feet 3 inches; weight, 175 pounds; dark brown hair; hazel eyes; fitted at Coburn Classical Institute; politics, independent; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, ministry.

Blanche Howe: Age, 22; height, 5 feet 6½ inches; weight, 125 pounds; black hair; blue eyes; politics, Republican; fitted at Lewiston High School; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, teaching.

Edward W. Morrell: Age, 28; height, 5 feet 10½ inches; weight, 150 pounds; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at Latin School; politics, Democrat; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, teaching.

Herbert V. Neal: Age, 21; height, 6 feet; weight, 165 pounds; black hair; gray eyes; fitted at Lewiston High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, teaching.

Franklin B. Nelson: Age, 28; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 148 pounds; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at Lyndon Institute; politics, prohibitionist; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, ministry.

Charles J. Nichols: Age, 21; weight, 145 pounds; height, 5 feet 11 inches; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at Latin School; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, undecided.

Arthur N. Peaslee: Age, 23; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at Arms Academy; politics, Democrat; religious belief, Protestant Episcopal; intended occupation, undecided.

Frank S. Pierce: Age, 29; height, 6 feet 1½ inches; weight, 165 pounds; brown hair; gray eyes; fitted at Latin School; politics, independent; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, ministry.

Herbert J. Piper: Age, 24; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 135 pounds; brown hair; gray eyes; fitted at Maine Central Institute; politics, Republican; religious belief, Free Baptist; intended occupation, undecided.

Jennie L. Pratt: Age, 21; height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 98 pounds; black hair; dark

brown eyes; fitted at Edward Little High School; politics (?); religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, undecided.

Thomas M. Singer: Age, 28; weight, 168; height, 5 feet 10 inches; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at New Hampton Institute; politics, independent; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, ministry.

Ellen F. Snow: Age, 22; height, 5 feet 7 inches; brown hair; blue eyes; fitted at Biddeford High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, teaching.

Charles S. F. Whitecomb: Age, 23; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 170 pounds; brown hair and eyes; fitted at Francestown Academy; politics, Republican; intended profession, medicine.

Mabel V. Wood: Age, 23; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 135 pounds; brown hair; gray eyes; fitted at Lewiston High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, teaching.

William H. Woodman: Age, 22; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 152 pounds; brown hair; gray eyes; fitted at Melrose High School; politics, Republican; religious belief, Congregationalist; intended occupation, undecided.

## PERSONALS.

[Alumni, especially those whose names have not lately appeared in these columns, would confer a great favor upon the editors by sending to the STUDENT any items of information in regard to themselves, or other graduates.]

### ALUMNI.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss is to remain another year at Hallowell, as pastor of the Methodist Church, with an increase of salary.

'83.—C. J. Atwater, Esq., of Seymour, Conn., is married to Miss Jennie C. Taylor.

'83.—Rev. W. H. Barber has been re-appointed pastor of the Methodist Church at North Augusta.

'84.—Rev. H. C. Lowden, who lately resigned the pastorate of the Free Bap-

tist Church at Canton, has accepted a call to the Second Free Baptist church at North Berwick, and will begin his pastorate the second Sunday in June.

'85.—W. V. Whitman delivered the valedictory address, at his recent graduation from the medical department of the University of Southern California. Dr. Whitman is now *Interne* of the County Hospital, Los Angeles, California.

'87.—Fairfield Whitney, principal of Greeley Institute, Cumberland Center, has been very successful in building up the school. Under his management it has increased rapidly in popularity and usefulness. Mr. Whitney is spending a part of his vacation at Bates, studying Analytical Chemistry.

'87.—E. K. Sprague took his degree at the Boston College of Physicians and Surgeons, April 16th.

'88.—B. W. Tinker has accepted the principalship of the Peters High School, Southboro, Mass.

'89.—C. D. Blaisdell has been licensed as a local preacher by the Fourth Quarterly Conference of the High Street M. E. Church.

'89.—A. E. Hatch has regular engagements to preach at Rochester and Farmington.

#### BATES OBSERVATORY MEETING.

At their meeting in Boston, April 17th, the Observatory Committee voted:

"1.—That the Committee will begin work on the Observatory as soon as Mrs. Wakefield shall deliver to the College a deed of the necessary land for the enlargement of the lot, and the sum of \$4,000 shall be raised by Lewiston and Auburn.

"2.—That O. B. Cheney, the donor of the \$30,000, the Professor-elect of Astronomy, J.

L. H. Cobb, and Geo. C. Chase, be a Sub-Committee to have the above business in hand, and to prosecute the work."

Mrs. Wakefield, it will be remembered, has generously offered as a gift the land necessary to enlarge the site; and the Lewiston Board of Trade have already taken measures toward raising \$4,000 in Lewiston and Auburn.

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### EXCHANGES.

The *University Argus* publishes a lengthy poem on Goldsmith as a Humorist. Most of what is said in it the author, we doubt not, would have said much better in prose, yet we do not wish to discourage such attempts at verse for we believe that the college journal is the place to give the amateur muse a chance to soar. The rhyme and metre go very well for the most part. Perhaps the worse fault is the unhappy use of metaphors rudely clothed. There are also numerous instances of lines added simply to complete a couplet and of words chosen simply to make the rhyme. We must never forget that good poetry upon such a subject, and perhaps we might add all subjects, is first-class prose crystallized in the form of rhyme and metre. It is then a task requiring uncommon skill and taste and not a little inspiration to render our ideas upon such a subject in good poetry. But we are glad to see such an attempt and enjoy reading it much more than the silly jingle about pretty maidens with sighing lovers which is so much in vogue. To write a few lines of this latter sort requires only a few hours of flirtation

and one or two dew-drops of sentiment, while to take a subject upon which a good prose article can be written and come even as near to success in treating it in verse as the writer has done in the poem which we have criticised, shows at least a taste for what is worthy of the name of poetry, and we are compelled to respect and even admire the ambition, purpose, and effort, though we may not spare criticism of execution. Moreover we are certain that no one can make such an effort without receiving benefit to himself therefrom. Indeed, we believe that the mental discipline gained in writing such a piece is even greater than in writing prose. Now mental discipline is what every student is striving to gain, and we would not, therefore, have it understood that we criticise to discourage. On the contrary, we shall be much pleased to see these efforts take the place of the accustomed sentimental doggerel.

The prize essay in the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* on Scott's "Lady of the Lake," is rather the best literary production that has come under our eyes in any college journal for some time. The writer has studied the poem thoroughly, and has given us the results of his study in a pleasing and scholarly manner. His comments upon some of the most striking passages, and especially upon Ellen, Fitz-James, Roderic, and Malcom, are of such a character as greatly to assist the imagination in appreciating them, and one could, after reading this article, re-read the poem with profit. Of the poet himself the writer says:

The "Lady of the Lake" is pre-eminently the poem in which Scott gave free rein to all that "peculiar passion for what is majestic" or imposing in nature, as well as to his love for the romantic. The song begins:

"Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,"

and its burden is

"Knighthood's dauntless deed and Beauty's matchless eye."

Here the poet loses himself in his surroundings. Amid all the wild natural freedom and the romantic liberty of the sturdy Highlanders he pours forth his song, heedless as the nightingale of his hearers. He cares nothing for the "censure sharp" which "may idly cavil at an idle lay."

Here we see, more than elsewhere, the spontaneity of his verse, at once dashing and winning. Here we see the "poetry of careless glance and reckless rhyme" at its best advantage. The brilliancy of the Poet's imagination dances and sparkles on the hasty and buoyant song, like "The moon on Monan's rill." And yet this easy way is not heedlessness. In the "Lady of the Lake," the Poet catches every contrast of light and shadow, both in the characters he presents and in the scenery he depicts. And all this is done with a vivacity and grace which charm his critics and fascinate all. Like a Highland rill, his thoughts flowed on, in liquid melody and crystal brightness, along banks studded with rocks that break the dashing current into diamond spray. No impurities mingle with the stream. The shadows which darken its surface are those of grateful trees and towering mountains.

The initial number of the *Brown Magazine* is at hand. We have been able to give it only a hasty glance, but are favorably impressed with its general appearance, and think it in every way a publication that will rank high among college magazines. We welcome it upon our exchange list.

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Colleges, such as they are, are increasing at the rate of fifteen per year in the United States.—*Ex.*

## MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The May number of the *Atlantic Monthly* has for its opening article "Henrik Ibsen; His Early Literary Career as Poet and Playwright." It shows the formative period of Ibsen's development without a knowledge of which one cannot understand his literary character or his later career as a dramatic poet.

*Agnes Repplier* has an article on "Literary Shibboleths" which is one of the cleverest things in the May number. It is a plea for an honest confession of our real tastes in literature, and a warning against being carried away by literary fashions.

The *Century* for May, the month of Memorial Day is made notable by the number and variety of articles it contains which concern our national life and history.

The *Outing* for May is as interesting as ever. The illustrations are very enjoyable and commendable.

## REVIEW.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND ITS SHORES. By W. H. H. Murray. DeWolfe, Fisk & Co., Publishers.

This is a spicy little book combining pleasure and profit. The author's design in the publication of this book seems to have been to weave into his really entertaining and instructive description truths of history that have hitherto been either misunderstood or set forth by former historians in a very disconnected manner. The author has made his book suggestive rather than exhaustive, stimulating in the reader

the desire to know more of those pre-revolutionary struggles which gave to the Thirteen Colonies their military education, and, more than anything else, made the struggle for independence a success.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

The Mohammedan College at Cairo, Egypt, is the oldest in the world. It was founded eight hundred years before Oxford.—*Lehigh Burr*.

The Czar of Russia has suppressed the University of St. Petersburg. This university took a most prominent part in the late student troubles.—*Ex*.

The continued success of the Harvard Annex, and the bright prospects of the Columbia Annex, otherwise Barnard College, are evidence of the eagerness with which young women seize the opportunity of pursuing the course of a great university, even while conscious that they cannot receive the university diploma.—*Mail and Express*.

This year, for the first time, Kentucky University has opened its doors to women. Already twenty names are enrolled.—*Ex*.

The idea of making journalism a special branch of study has succeeded so well at Cornell that the plan is to be shortly adopted at the University of Pennsylvania.—*Ex*.

Dohm, '90, of Princeton, has a remarkable record as a runner. From May 9, 1888, to October 5, 1889, he ran in 31 races in which he took 25 first prizes, three seconds, and three thirds. In every race he ran from scratch.—*Yale News*.

## POETS' CORNER.

## TRANSLATION.

By G. H. H., '90.

Before setting out on her mission to restore to her king his throne, Joanna was commanded not to yield to earthly love. In the act before this, she has broken that command by yielding to a sudden love for an English prince whom she met on the field of battle. In the following scene, which occurs just before the coronation of her king at Rheims, she is in despair about her sin in this matter.

## ACT IV.

(Place, a gaily decorated palace. The pillars are wound with festoons; behind the stage, flutes and hautboys are heard.)

## SCENE FIRST.

*Joanna.*

The weapons rest, the storm of war is ended,  
On bloody battles follow song and dance,  
Through all the streets are song and music  
blended,

With festal splendor church and altar glance;  
And many an arch of green above is bended,  
While sculptured beauty, twining wreaths enhance.

Wide Rheims for all her guests cannot provide,  
Who seek her festival from far and wide.

A common joy is thrilling all with gladness,  
And one thanksgiving beats in every breast;  
Those, who but now were filled with bloody  
madness,

Transported share the universal zest.  
Each royal kinsman now forgets all sadness,  
In conscious pride exulting with the rest.  
Its former splendor her old crown has won,  
And France does homage to her royal son.

Yet me, who all this glory have been earning,  
This universal joy does not move me;  
My heart is changed, and all my efforts spurning,

From this grand festival it turns to flee;  
Back to the British camp 'tis ever turning,  
And over to the foe its look sweeps free;  
So from the peaceful circle I must steal,  
My bosom's heavy guilt thus to conceal.

What? I? The likeness of a man  
Do I in my pure bosom cherish?  
Must this heart, strong in Heaven's plan,  
From earthly love now weakly perish?  
Shall I, the Saviour of my land,  
The warrior raised by God's own hand,  
Be lovesick for my land's oppressor?  
Can I the pure sun make confessor,  
And perish not for very shame?

(The music behind the scene glides into a soft, melting melody.)

Woe is me! Those tones seducing!  
How they lead astray my ear!  
His voice each is reproducing,  
Calling up his image here!  
Oh to hear the storm of battle,  
And the whizzing lances rattle!  
In the conflicts fiercest roar  
Courage would I find once more!

Oh these tones, these luring voices,  
How they knit my heart with snares!  
Every power in my bosom  
Loosen they to tender yearning,  
Melt to tears of sorrow burning!

Should I have killed him? Could I? When I  
looked

Into his eyes? Kill him! Ere that had I  
The murd'rous steel into my own breast  
plunged!

And am I guilty, since I was humane?  
Is pity sinful?—Pity! Heardest thou  
The voice of pity and humanity  
Plead for the others whom thy sword has slain?  
Why was it silent when the young Welsh  
prince,

The tender youth, besought thee for his life?  
False heart! Thou liest to everlasting light,  
No gentle voice of pity stayed thy might!

Why did I need to look him in the eyes!  
The fellow seemed of noble countenance!  
With that first look of thine began thy crime,  
Unhappy one! Blind tools are sought by God;  
With blinded eyes must thou His word fulfill!  
Hence by thy looking thou didst lose God's  
shield;  
The toils of Hell then seized thee at their  
will!

(The flutes sound again; she sinks down in silent sorrow.)

Gentle staff! Would I had never  
For the sword discarded thee!  
Would that voices in thy branches,  
Holy oak, ne'er spoke to me!

Queen of Heaven, would that never  
Thou hadst come across my way!  
Take, I cannot serve thee ever,  
Take away thy crown I pray!

Heaven's gates I saw wide swinging,  
And the blessed Virgin's face;  
Yet to earth my hope is clinging,  
And in heaven it has no place!  
Must thou lay on me the mandate,  
Human feelings to conceal?  
Could I steel this heart so tender,  
Which by Heaven was made to feel?

If thou wilt proclaim thy might,  
Choose the ones who, free from blight,  
In thy house eternal stand;  
Send the spirits at thy hand,  
Who immortal pureness keep,  
Never feel and never weep!  
Do not choose a tender maiden,  
Not a girl with weak soul laden!

Did the fate of battles move me,  
Or disputes of kings that fight?  
Innocent my lambs I tended  
On the quiet mountain's height.  
Yet to royal courts of princes,  
Thou hast called me by thy voice;  
There to me has guilt been given,  
Ah, it was not my own choice.

## POT-POURRI.

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I cannot put the heavy shot;  
On the track I am not fleet;  
But when it comes to the standing  
jump,  
I get there with both feet.

—Brown Verse.

COLLEGE RE-VISITED.

He was a guileless college youth,  
That mirrored modesty and truth;  
And sometimes at his musty room  
His sister called, to chase the gloom.  
One afternoon, when she was there,  
Arranging things with kindly care,  
As often she had done before,  
There came a knock upon the door.  
Our student, sensitive to fears  
Of thoughtless comrades laughing jeers,  
Had only time to make deposit

Of his dear sister in a closet;  
Then haste the door to open wide,  
His guest unbidden stepped inside.  
He was a cheery faced old man,  
And with apologies began  
For calling, and then let him know  
That more than fifty years ago,  
When he was in his youthful bloom,  
He'd occupied that very room;  
So thought he'd take the chance, he said,  
To see the changes time had made.  
"The same old window, same old view—  
Ha, ha! the same old pictures, too!"  
And then he tapped them with his cane,  
And laughed his merry laugh again.  
"The same old sofa, I declare!  
Dear me! It must be worse for wear.  
The same old shelves!" And then he came  
And spied the closet door. "The same—  
Oh, my!" A woman's dress peeped through.  
Quick as he could he closed it to.  
He shook his head. "Ah! ah! the same  
Old game, young man; the same old game!"  
"Would you my reputation slur?"  
The youth gasped; "That's my sister, sir!"  
"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh,  
"The same old lie—the same old lie!"

—George Birdseye in Judge.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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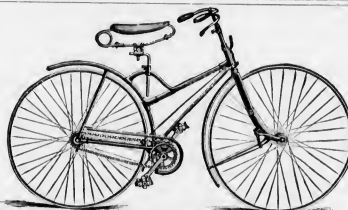
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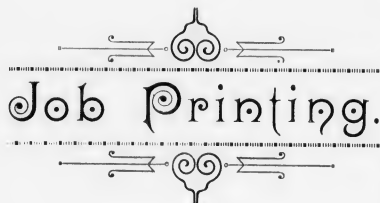
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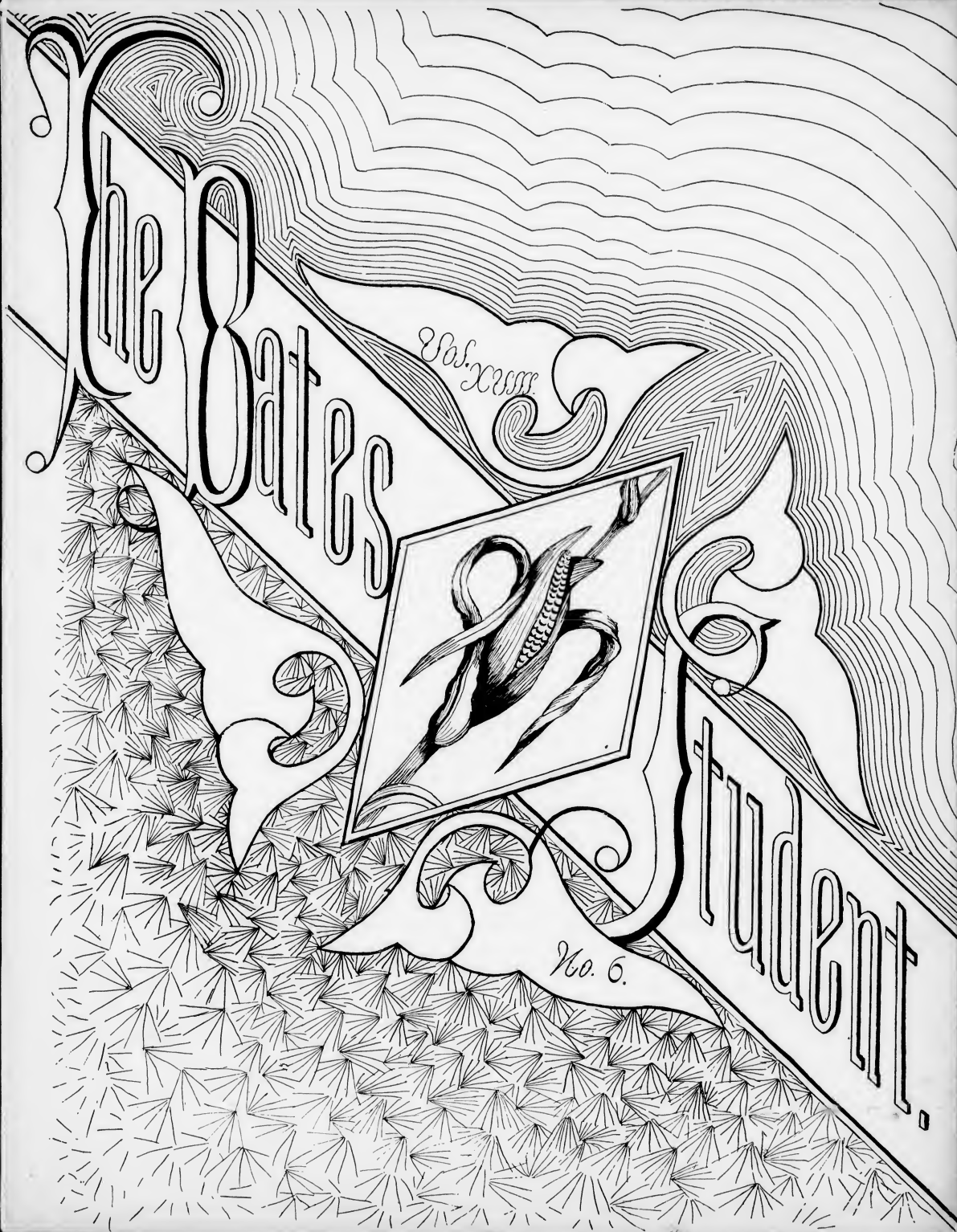


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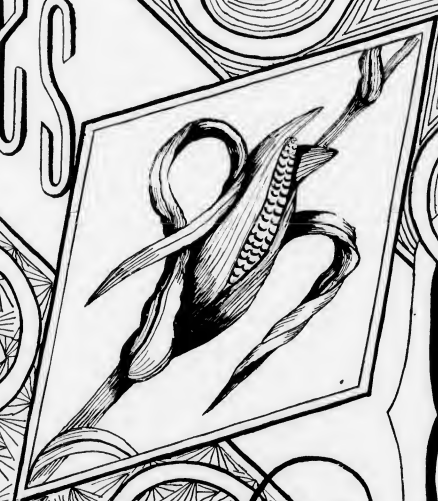
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Vol. XXIII



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# THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVIII.

JUNE, 1890.

No. 6.

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A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE  
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '91, BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, ME.

### EDITORS.

W. L. NICKERSON, F. L. PUGSLEY,

N. G. BRAY, F. S. LIBBY,

A. A. BEAL, N. G. HOWARD.

A. D. PINKHAM, Business Manager.

F. W. PLUMMER, Assistant Manager.

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hour passes, they begin to get anxious. Fifteen minutes more, and they settle right down in earnest. Five more, and—well, there is no need of mentioning the usual last resort. Preparation of essays, debates, or any regular college work is just the same. Such a habit is, of course, not to be easily broken off, but it *must* be done somehow, if we ever make connection with the train of prosperity. Begin somehow but do it at once. Set your watch an hour ahead, and forget about it. Hire your room-mate to urge you along. Get the "Prof" to demand the essays a week before he wants them. Make yourself think that you will be called away on some important business the next hour. Then you will be surprised to find that there are fifteen minutes or so left for the paper, or the search for birds, rocks, or flowers. "No time is so wasted as that spent in grumbling because there is none."

WE hope some arrangement can be made next year by which the Seniors may complete their work somewhat earlier in the summer term. Where recitations and examinations are continued up to the last minute, it is almost impossible for those who have Commencement parts to do themselves justice in either the composition or the delivery. Few can write a strong part in odd minutes snatched from other work, and tired-out minds and bodies are not conducive to effective public speaking. Aside from this fact, it should be remembered also that in the last weeks of the college course,

when nothing can be postponed "till next term," there are many things to demand attention outside of the regular work. Then is the time, when, if ever, loose threads here and there must be fastened, dropped stitches taken up, raveled edges made firm and smooth. The members of the graduating class, especially those who have two parts to prepare, would certainly appreciate a brief "Senior vacation"; and we are sure that our Commencement exercises would not suffer, to say the least, from such an innovation.

THERE is scarcely a greater mistake made by a certain large class of people than that of regarding the college as the place where young men and women *finish* their education. Who is there that has not heard the phrase, "He has finished his education," used with reference to some young man who has just graduated from college? It may be possible that a few have graduated with the idea that their education was finished; but we venture the statement that such instances are very rare. It almost invariably happens that young men and women graduate feeling that they know less than when they entered college; and it almost invariably happens that the lad and the lass, fresh from the high school or academy, regard themselves as masters of a very great fund of knowledge, and never hesitate to make a display of it whenever opportunity is afforded.

Pope says:

"Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
But drinking deeply sobers us again."

Those who have passed through both the academic and college courses can fully appreciate the truth of the poet's lines. To such, the college course is but the laying of the proper foundation for the real practical education, which comes only from a life brim full of experience with men and things.

Again there is scarcely a greater mistake made by another large class of people than that of regarding the college as a place where the *rich* may go to spend their money for pleasure and refinement, and of regarding the experience with men and things to be worth as much without the college course as with it. It is quite true that college is a source of pleasure and refinement, but in no such sense as is meant by the aforesaid class. The pleasure they have in mind partakes largely of dissipation, and the refinement merely passes a man in society for a first-class gentleman. The college is a source of true pleasure and true refinement only to him who loves mental training and discipline and works hard to attain it. Surely this is not more for the rich than the poor. Furthermore, it cannot be said that he who loves mental training and discipline and works hard to attain it, will receive none from a college course. Hundreds of cases can be cited which go to prove that in no other way can he receive so much. At the same time he is receiving with his mental training experience with men and things valuable beyond all comparison with by far the greater part of that met in the every-day walks of life. He, who

thus equipped steps out among the affairs of the world, cannot fail to win respect and honor, and be of great service to his fellow-men.

THE Maine College Ball League has been for many years a thing of interest, not only to the students of the colleges, but to the public in general; but that there is danger of its becoming otherwise seems, at this writing, more than probable.

The object of the league is to create an interest in athletics, and to determine the best nine in the four colleges.

The students ought to desire the attainment of both these objects; the public do desire the latter, and will not be satisfied without it; and a dissatisfied public will not only destroy much of the interest in the league, but will also render the maintenance of it almost impossible. Two of the managers seem to realize this fact, and will do what they can to have everything right, and we hope the others will join with them before the end of the month. To determine the best nine in the league requires the pennant to be won beyond the possibility of a doubt. That is what the public wish for, and that alone will give satisfaction; that is what the students of the four Maine colleges should demand, for that alone is right, and that will maintain the dignity, honor, and success of the league.

We understand that Colby claims the pennant, whether it will get it or not will undoubtedly be decided before this article is read; but let us examine its claim. Colby has played eight of

its nine scheduled games, winning six. Bates has played but six, winning three, and has three games postponed on account of rain, one of which is with Colby. Colby claims that all postponed games should be thrown out. If they should, we admit that Colby has the pennant; if they should not and Bates is allowed to play its postponed games, it is evident that it has a chance to tie Colby for the first place, and if a chance to tie, then a chance to win. Under these circumstances, then, Colby has not yet won the pennant beyond the possibility of a doubt; and we cannot believe that the public will be satisfied as long as there is a doubt, or as long as rainy weather is to be a factor in deciding which college shall have the pennant; and we know that Bates will not be satisfied, because it believes it has the nine that can settle this matter beyond all doubt, and settle it fairly, and in such a way as not to injure the future interests of the league.

Will the managers of Bowdoin and Colby allow us the opportunity to do this?

Since the above article was written, Colby has been decided winner of the pennant, and we wish to extend our hearty congratulations, hoping that they will enjoy the honor they have *received*, as much as we have enjoyed the honor we *won* last year. Bates, according to their belief that all postponed games should be played, went to Bangor the 18th, and played the postponed game of the 14th with Maine State College.

The action of our Faculty in sus-

pending the Sophomore class deprived our nine of four of its best players; in their places were substituted four men who have not played ball this season. The result was, as we expected, a defeat—8 to 4. This gives Maine State College second place in the league and we wish to congratulate them every one for their success; they are gentlemen, and deserve the place they have won.

The managers of the College League another year should make some definite arrangement about postponed games.

**W**E do not wish to show a spirit of fault finding, but a suggestion now and then through the columns of the *STUDENT* may not be out of place. Students who wish to make an intelligent use of the library, experience no small inconvenience and loss of time through the lack of a catalogue. The acting librarian can hardly be expected to know the name and place of every volume, and yet his knowledge is our only aid. When that fails us, our only alternative is to search for the needed book, often about as easy a task as finding a needle in a hay stack.

Now this might be effectually remedied by a very little labor and a trifling cost, and with almost no perceptible change in the present arrangement of the books upon the shelves. Let the alcoves be numbered, beginning at one corner of the library and numbering each alcove in turn. Let the shelves have letters upon them in their order from the floor to the ceiling. Then let each book have gummed upon its back a tag containing, first, the num-

ber of the alcove, second, the number of the shelf and, third, the number of the book on that shelf. Thus, a book marked "5-F-8" would be found in the fifth alcove on the shelf marked "F" and the eighth book on that shelf.

These numbers might be placed opposite the titles of the books in the card catalogue that we already possess, so that a student, by simply looking in the catalogue, could know, not merely whether the book were in the possession of the college but *just where* to find it. Such an arrangement would also greatly aid the librarian in determining whether a book were in the library.

It seems to us that to this arrangement there could be but one possible objection, the displacement of the books by students handling them in the library. Now we do not think that careful students, reminded by one or two notices in different parts of the library, would be at all likely to misplace books. And if now and then a book should be misplaced, it would not be likely to be put among those of another class, as a book of poems among histories, so that a few mistakes could be easily set right. Better have a few misplaced books that could be changed back to their original positions by a simple inspection of two or three shelves than to have all the books of one class a chaos. We do not expect all the conveniences that will characterize our new library building, that promised Elysium of the book-loving student, but why not have such facilities as lie within easy reach?

THE "*Crematio Annæ Lyticæ*" was performed by the Sophomore class on Monday night, June 16th. The college band was hired for the occasion and the ceremonies were carried out with great eclat and without interruption. In consequence, the Faculty have indefinitely suspended the participants which practically amounts to a suspension of the whole class.

It is feared that a large number of the class who regard the discipline as unduly severe, will leave college. If such is the result it is certainly to be deeply regretted, for the class of '92 is one of much promise and we know of not a single one of its members upon whose private character there is the slightest reproach. The feeling is very general among the students that there is no real harm to come from such ceremonies and, therefore, that the rule prohibiting them ought to be abolished. They very generally declare that in this instance far greater harm comes to the college from the enforcement of the rule than from any other source.

## LITERARY.

### EMERSON.

(VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.)

By A. N. P., '90.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON is the typical New-Englander. In him are intensified and united the extremes of the practical and the spiritual, two distinct New England characteristics. The spiritual naturally predominates, for it is the stronger, and eight generations

of clergy grew into the fibre of this oracle of America, clothing his poet's heart. Thus he stands as the concrete proof that the poet and philosopher are intrinsically one.

There is much of the Roman stoic in his philosophy. Critics find in him especially a resemblance to that imperial stoic, Marcus Aurelius. But read this purest philosopher's meditations. Although they deepen one's purpose to act kindly and nobly, the absence of hope and joy weighs heavily. It needed eighteen Christian centuries that have made hope in immortality a common thought, it needed the sharp necessities that have developed the Yankee wit, to make this poet and seer. The difference is a deep one, that with Emerson it was a good thing, altogether a joyous, happy thing, to be alive. How much is added with that word Rejoice! When Millet was painting the Angelus, a friend, looking at its dull colors, said it was only the hopeless worship of ignorant peasantry. A few strokes of the artist's brush—a ray of light streamed from the setting sun and lo! it all is changed. The humble peasants stand ennobled, glorified with ineffable hope. So comes the sunset light, when, to the duty of the stoic is added joy in its performance.

Emerson was a transcendentalist, not, like Kant, the propounder of a system, but rather like himself the teacher of the certainty of our intuitions. He says, "Let a man throw aside all that he receives from tradition, and he will be a transcendentalist;" and if any one thought permeates all his philosophy it is this: "No law can be sacred

to me but that of my own being." This appears in two lines, self-reliance and daily life. "Insist on thyself; never imitate. Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string." Yet he always teaches that we are equal to every circumstance by the will of a higher power. His self-reliance is at heart reliance upon God. To teach the value of life to-day, he says: "Every day is doomsday. 'Tis deep life that signifies. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical. Not an hour of my life is gone, but I have lived an hour." His philosophy was not an attempt to explain the mysteries of life. It was rather to uplift and ennoble the fact.

The critics are still discussing whether he be a poet. But one well said that instead of its being decided that Emerson could not write poetry, it was settled that he could write nothing else. This opinion constantly grows among those who value the poetry of an always musical great thought. He was not a lyrist, but his muse was the sweetest and clearest that ever haunted a poet's mind. It was the only muse grand enough to fill his soul-universal nature felt to be the vesture of divinity. His "Essay on Nature" is a prose poem. It bears the reader away to woods and meadows where "the day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm, wide fields." The spell of the "incommunicable trees" comes upon him and the weird power of the Indian summer dream.

The strongest passion of his metrical work is the "Threnody," his exquisite

sorrow that "the deep-eyed boy is gone." The thought glides on through memories sweet as his fair child's life, and griefs as dark as his early death, until the serene self conquers and the deep heart comforts, saying :

"What is excellent,  
As God lives, is permanent ;  
Hearts are dust ; heart's loves remain,  
Heart's love shall greet thee again."

The poet's heart, the poet's thought and imagery are his, and we of America will call him poet still.

Yet with all his poetry and philosophy it is as a strong personality that he holds his deepest influence. Matthew Arnold calls him "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit" ; and after a searching criticism for even his exacting pen, he adds : "The secret of his effect is in the hopeful, serene, and beautiful temper wherewith his insight and truth are joined. During the present century, his essays are the most important work done in prose. You cannot prize him too much, nor heed him too diligently." He had, indeed, that "sweetness and light" for which Arnold sought. Life is deeper for to-day and more full of hope for to-morrow after a thought of his has claimed the mind, for he is as wholesome and tonic as his own New England air. When we listen to his "melody born of melody," when we feel the force of his truth, when we see the spiritual keenness of his features, when we thrill with his ringing "Trust thyself," we instinctively apply to him his own tribute to Power :

"His tongue was framed to music,  
And his hand was armed with skill;  
His face was the mould of beauty,  
And his heart the throne of will."

## IVY-DAY POEM.

By N. G. B., '91.

### I.

Between the beckoning future  
And the smiling past we meet,  
To plant the clustering Ivy  
At our *Alma Mater's* feet.  
Is it only a quaint old fancy,—  
Some poet's passing thought,—  
From the woof of memory taken,  
And into the present wrought ?

Nay ! full of untold meaning  
Is the dear, time-honored rite,  
And heart and soul it wakens  
Like the slow sweet dawn of light.  
On every ear that listens,  
Like the chime of fairy bells,  
Soft falls the wondrous story  
That the blessed Ivy tells.

### II.

Long years ago, when earth had just begun  
To lose the freshness of her youth,  
The pitying angels saw with ruth  
All that the careless hand of time had done.

And brooding o'er the scene with strange unrest,  
One stood with folded wings and wept,  
While the dark hours their vigil kept,  
Then through the sunrise gates bore this request :

"Earth's beauty is defaced with many a blot,  
My Father. Grant the boon I ask,  
And let it be my loving task  
To cover from thine eyes each unclean spot."

"Do even as thou wilt." The Father's smile  
With sudden radiance filled the place,  
And rested on the upturned face  
Like a glad benediction for a while.

### III.

So the Angel of Beauty wandered  
For many a blessed day,  
And the fairy wild-flowers blossomed  
At the touch of her hand alway.  
And ever with moss and lichens  
She covered the rocks from view,  
And all that had been unsightly  
She clothed with a beauty new.

With a song on her lips she journeyed  
Through the forest aisles alone,  
Till she came to man's rude dwellings,

With their massive walls of stone;  
 Grim towers of unbewn granite,—  
 Gray blots on the landscape wide,—  
 Too large for the moss to cover,  
 Too tall for the flowers to hide.

The Angel of Beauty pauses  
 At the foot of each gaunt old pile,  
 And a sudden glory blossoms  
 'Neath the brightness of her smile;  
 As to soften the rugged outlines,  
 And to hide the stains of time,  
 To cover strength with beauty,  
 She plants the Ivy-vine.

O crown of living beauty!  
 O charity divine!  
 God bless his pitying Angel,  
 And the clinging Ivy-vine.

## IV.

No human heart but hath its Ivy-vine;  
 Each tiny root God's hand with tender care  
 Doth plant, and growing into beauty rare,  
 It covers life and death with grace divine.

Ah! many a living grief lies buried deep  
 'Neath clustering leaves of self-forgetfulness;  
 A life with beauty crowned we see, nor guess  
 What nightly tryst with grief the soul doth keep.

Somewhere in every life a joy lies dead,  
 Whose smiling face we nevermore shall meet;  
 But lo! upspringing from its grave, a sweet  
 New hope is born, and we are comforted.

And yet more fair, the Christ-like love that  
 twines  
 Around a quivering soul, and hides the stain  
 Of sin, until at last despair is slain,  
 And through the sheltering beauty God's face  
 shines.

The hand of time with frosty touch doth rest  
 Upon the head one day, and we are old;  
 But in the heart hath grown God's peace un-  
 told,  
 And in its shelter age itself is blest.

And when the door of heaven swings at last,  
 Faith's tendrils reach out into the unseen,  
 And finding God across death's narrow stream,  
 Cling fast to him, and every fear is past.

## V.

O brave young heart, so eager,  
 So strong to dare and do,

So slow in learning patience,  
 The Ivy speaks to you.  
 And proud, white soul, that keepest  
 Thyself from earth-stains free,  
 So quick to judge another,  
 Love's lesson is for thee.

O strong clear brain, so anxious  
 To solve life's mystery,  
 To fathom death's dread secret,  
 Faith's message waits for thee.  
 And tender feet, that wander  
 In thorny ways, unshod,  
 You may walk with Hope's bright angel  
 On the peace-crowned hills of God.

## VI.

Put forth thy clinging tendrils,  
 O blessed Ivy-vine,  
 And crown our *Alma Mater*  
 With Love's own radiant sign.  
 And teach our hearts the lesson  
 On each leaf written fair,  
 Of the deathless crown of beauty  
 A human life may wear.

## THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

(IVY-DAY ORATION.)

By N. G. H., '91.

MEMORY has been defined as that form of mental activity in which the mind's former perceptions and sensations are reproduced in thought. Dealing with the past alone, and serving to guide the other faculties in all subsequent actions, this power is of inestimable value to the mind. Without it the present moment would constitute our whole intellectual existence, and the past would be a blank as dark as the future. Memory lights up the otherwise dreary waste of the past, and, by reproducing former scenes and objects, gives us mental possession of all that we have been, and makes us confident for the future. Thus the mind becomes in a measure independent of the external world. Bright memories

arise in our minds when life goes wrong, and we take courage as if assured by some kind counsel. In adversity our minds dwell upon scenes of prosperity, and thus we are able to meet and successfully cope with the sterner things of life. What we have once seen, heard, or felt, becomes a permanent acquisition that ever afterward repeats itself in the mystic recesses of the soul.

When the great Danish traveler, Niebuhr, lay upon his bed, blind and old, with all visible objects shut out, he saw the pictures of what he had seen in the East constantly floating before his mind's eye. He saw with vividness the deep intense sky of Asia, with its brilliant host of stars by night and its bright and lofty vault of blue by day, reflected upon his inmost soul. Thus, though weak and old, he lived his youth again, and many a pleasant vision cheered his lonely life. Years go by and the scenes and events that brightened our early life still cling to us and throw upon our way a gleam so bright that misfortune cannot dim it. In our darkest hours we seem possessed of something that buoys us up and finally brings us satisfaction and contentment. The deepest gloom and solitude cannot wholly darken the mind, for even the dungeon cannot shut out the pictures formed in better days. This is what urges us on to action when clouds are thickest. The whole world may bid us despair, but the soul, strengthened and assured by the recollections of obstacles overcome, bids us to struggle for victory. And thus true merit is fostered and developed.

When the pulse beats high and strong

we find enough present enjoyment to make life pleasant, but in declining years we must depend on the memories of youth for the most of our consolation. Old age creeps on slowly but surely and with the loss of physical power the present pleasures depart, and then it is that a man must search the chambers of his mind for brighter scenes and pleasanter companions. To the lonely mind often comes the vision of the old home with its familiar faces and voices. The smiling face of a gentle mother flashes before our enraptured sight, and we seem to hear her kindly talking to us as in the years when she was with us; the father, always anxious to aid and instruct, appears and gives his unerring counsel; brothers and sisters who once made home so dear, come back and give a cordial welcome. The cold years seem to have been rolled backward, and life again is worth the living. The events of yesterday may be forgotten, but the sports, the companions, the stirring events of our early life will be remembered until the last spark of life shall ebb. It should be the aim of life to store the mind with such memories as shall cast a cheerful radiance over the past and brighten the uncertain future in those hours of gloom and despondency when the shadows lengthen upon our paths, and life is drawing to a close.

Sorrow and sadness must ever be mingled with the brighter hues of life, yet memory does not take from our happiness by recalling the causes. The benevolent Creator ordered it otherwise. We have the satisfaction arising out of the remembrance of that

for which we are grieved. Every association connected with our past experiences is held sacred in memory, whether it was sad or joyous. God so designed it. When friends depart, and the world is unkind, and we grow old, the events of the past lie treasured in our memory and give us joy and hope. The recollection of a kind act or worthy purpose arouses in us that nobler nature that blesses while it rules.

Most men some time in life seek that source of all happiness, religion, and the memory of the day when first they saw the glorious truth is always cherished with the noblest impulses. We look back to the beginning of our work and there search for that which incited us, therefore, memory often draws the wanderer back to the fold. However wayward a man may be, he is touched and influenced by the recollections of his early life. There is in every one, I believe, a better nature that this power alone can stir, and worth and merit are brought out by it. Early associations and events shape our lives; and as we advance toward that goal where this life ends, we, who are now students, shall find our paths marked out in changeless characters by this guide and monitor of human actions.

As the Ivy that we plant to-day will cling to yonder wall in future years, so will the precepts, the teachings, and the associations of Bates College cling to the walls of our minds. Hereafter, amid other scenes, memory will bring to our minds with startling vividness these halls and their associations. Our devotion to our *Alma Mater* will never

cease, for memory will show her worth in brighter lights as the years go by, and firmer will the bonds be drawn that bind us to our "Honored Bates."

#### CLASS ODE.

By M. M., '91.

Behold that rosy gleam that falls  
On mead and swelling hill,  
As in youth's sheltered vale we stand  
By silver waters still,  
While Summer blooms about our feet,  
Fling wreaths of gold and snow,  
And strains of music, wondrous soft,  
Flow round us faint and slow.

And all unshadowed lies our way;—  
The tender light of dreams  
That streams through Eden's half-  
closed gates  
Upon our pathway gleams.  
'Tis Hope's sunrise that sheds, like dew,  
That rose-bloom o'er the hills,  
And 'tis the lyre in Hope's fair hand,  
Whose mystic music thrills.

And hand in hand we waiting stand  
With wistful lifted eyes,  
Fixed where, beyond the swelling hills,  
That soft gleam paints the skies.  
The light may fade, the music fall,  
That holds our hearts in thrall,  
But life, e'en now, hath taught us this,  
God stands where shadows fall.

#### IVY ODE.

By M. M., '91.

Green Ivy, the symbol of friendship art thou,  
'Tis fitting we plant thee to-day,  
When our hearts are aglow with a light that  
shall burn  
E'en brighter as years glide away;  
When youth's dreams are bright  
And the soft mellow light  
Of young hope transfigures  
All things in our sight,  
And our eyes growing keen  
In the joy of our dream,  
Like the prophets of old,  
We behold the unseen.

For in green ivy framed, lo! a picture we see,  
 'Tis a spirit with face like a star!  
 A sea of bright shadows beneath him lies dim,  
 With misty sails fading afar.  
     Angel form sweet,  
     Under thy feet  
 Lieth the future  
     We one day must meet,  
     But faith's light is clear,  
     Though shadows are near,  
 In faith, hope, and friendship  
     We sail without fear.

### BYRON AND CHAUCER: THEIR LIKENESS AND UNLIKENESS.

By M. S. M., '91.

**T**HROUGH all human nature runs the golden thread of the Divine; on every page of history it appears; through every life-record it runs, often tangled and tarnished, passing invisible through dark meshes of sin, but unbroken still. It is often hard to trace, for we do not sufficiently understand the powerful forces for both good and evil, that work in the human soul; but we must believe in the existence of the Divine thread, and try, at least, to follow it, unless we would be guilty of the most cruel injustice.

In the character and life of Byron, the Divine is strangely blended with the earthly. He displayed in his writings an exquisite sensibility to beauty and truth; he lived as if he cared for neither; yet, looking below the surface we may find that his beautiful writings and his unlovely deeds often sprung from the same traits of character.

A true poet's soul, living and moving in an enchanted realm, to the sound of a music never marred by discord, loving the beautiful with a passion that consumed the frail body like flame, re-

coiling from everything unlovely in himself or others, with a hatred as intense as his love,—such was Byron in his youth.

To a soul like this the world is full of peril, for it will either rise to the loftiest heights, or sink to the blackest depths, and sometimes it is but a touch that turns the scale.

Between two worlds, the one all music and beauty, the other full of cruelty, scorn, and indifference, yet closely linked with the warm, human side of his character, this passionate spirit stood, drawn two ways by strong opposing forces. Frank and confiding by nature, he would have let his better self appear, had his lot been cast among those who could understand and appreciate him. But the indifference, the scorn, the cold ridicule of those who should have been his friends and helpers, fell upon his ardent spirit like frost upon a tender plant, not killing but cruelly blighting it.

In Chaucer we find a nature seemingly very different. Strong, self-contained, neither trusting nor distrusting, he understood to the full the weakness of human nature, yet was full of charity. He recognized, not with pride, only with sorrowful surprise, that the world was too often blind to the beautiful, indifferent to truth, cruel in its judgments of humanity, coldly scornful of the things he loved best. But he saw, too, the inevitable limits nature sets to nature. He saw the difficulties that beset blind souls in perilous paths, the heavy burdens that keep them down, the invisible barriers set for them by circumstances. He saw

these things and instead of despising, stretched out a helping hand.

At the same time this sorrowful knowledge was not without its effect upon himself. With a sensitiveness and pride equal to that of Byron, he built, around his deepest nature, a strong wall and trained against it flowering vines and shrubs, until it was completely concealed. Then he lived his outward life and gave no sign. No one penetrated into that inner place; no one even knew that it existed. Men found in him a kindly friend but never dreamed that he himself was friendless. They praised his wit and conversation, little thinking that the brilliant blossoms they admired sprung from the very grave where he had buried his better self.

These two men, Chaucer and Byron, seemingly so different, had yet much in common. Both had the poet's preternatural clearness of vision,—the result, in part, of a strong and sympathetic imagination. They looked into the very souls of men and saw their thoughts, feelings, and motives as one sees objects in a crystal vase of water. Byron saw that which drove him to despair and recklessness; Chaucer, that which made him more reserved, stronger, more charitable. Byron looked at results. He detected falsehood, baseness, and cruelty in men, and turned from them with scornful bitterness. Chaucer saw all this, but he studied causes, sought and found the roots whence these noxious weeds sprung, and dared not condemn.

Both men had strong wills. Byron's displayed itself in compelling others,

Chaucer's in controlling himself. Both lived double lives—one in the material world, the other in that kingdom that every beauty-loving soul creates or discovers for itself. Byron tried to reconcile the two and was driven to desperation by the contrast between the inward and the outward. Chaucer recognized at once the inevitable, and silencing the clamor of one world by patience, kindness, and outward compliance, listened undisturbed to the music of the other.

But whatever traits of character they possessed each did well his own especial work. Each has left to us the record of the working of a master-mind, different, but both valuable, the one full of ideals, lofty and inspiring, the other full of simple, beautiful reality.

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#### EVERY IDEAL A POSSIBLE REALITY.

By M. B., '90.

THE child's glittering fancies, the youth's bold castles-in-the-air, and the young man's high ideals are often classed together as idle dreams, to be cast aside when life's work is really begun. And the man who, while dreaming of some great career for himself, neglects the little tasks of to-day—essential stepping-stones—is justly an object of contempt. For the full-grown man, the erection of the "railroad to the moon" is unprofitable employment.

But the high ideal thrills every fibre of the being with the energy of noble resolve, for it is the picture of what he

may become, given to man by his Creator. In proportion as this ideal is perfect and complete, it becomes a living force in the life which it enters. The great sculptor succeeds best, not by working out feature by feature, the most perfect eyes, nose, and mouth, but by keeping constantly before him his vision of the symmetrical face. The mechanical marble-worker, on the contrary, must copy accurately each individual feature after the sculptor's model. Happy, that man who, like the marble-worker, even, is able to see the separate parts of the model as the time comes to chisel them out, trusting the "Carver of Destinies" to combine them into a symmetrical character. Doubly happy, the man who, like the sculptor, works out the most trivial parts under the direct inspiration of the beautiful ideal.

Nor should the ideal, because perfect and complete, be pronounced unattainable. The very existence of a noble ideal is evidence of its possible reality. The same hand that shapes the character places the ideal in the mind as a pattern. It is the Creator's method, reserved for the development of his noblest creatures. To no ideals of their own are due the beauty of the tree and the swiftness of the well-trained horse. Man alone, with his ideal as a guide, works out for himself his Creator's purpose concerning him.

Would a just God so create us that in following our noblest impulses we would continually strive for the unattainable? That an ideal is too high to be reached in this life, is of itself sufficient reason for believing that there

will be opportunity to complete it in the life to come. Is not that Brown-ing's thought when he says:

"All I could never be,  
All, men ignored in me,  
This, I was worth to God,  
Whose wheel the pitcher shaped?"

And again,

"My times be in Thy hand  
Perfect the cup as planned."

Surely eternity is not too long to be worthily spent in striving for a high ideal.

But why talk of impossible ideals? The highest ideal does not surpass the standard that the life of Christ proved attainable even on earth.

Indeed, could we see the hidden secrets of lives around us, we should, doubtless, find more ideals surpassed than we ever dreamed were reached. The traveler, climbing the mountain-side, fixes his eye on the highest point in sight, forgetting this, however, as soon as he can see a higher one. In the same way, many a person, approaching one standard set, so unconsciously raises his ideal that he passes the first landmark without ever realizing it.

But many seem to fail! Yet their ideals are not necessarily impossible. To eternity we must look for the complete attainment of numberless cherished ideals which, under more favorable circumstances, might have been reached upon earth.

But where one man is defeated in his pursuit of a high ideal, ten men relinquish their ideals at sight of the first difficulties. They become absorbed in the things around them. They forget that they ever dreamed of anything

better, or they set aside the thoughts of a higher destiny as merely idle fancies. It is as if a Raphael, beginning to paint the celestial countenance of the Madonna, and finding that the first strokes of the brush portrayed a meaner face, should forget his high purpose, and instead of the Christ-mother should decide to paint an Herodias.

That man proves himself unworthy of the lofty vision, who, having once caught sight of the divine model for his character, can relinquish it for something meaner.

But suppose a few have really failed, does the sea-captain, because the last ship was wrecked upon this course, throw away chart and compass, and wander aimlessly over the sea, declaring a safe voyage impossible?

Let him to whom is granted a humble ideal, follow faithfully his present inspiration, trusting that this point reached will reveal a divine height. Let him whose ideal is lofty—so lofty that he trembles in his weakness when he looks at it—so lofty that men scoff when he points to it—let that person cherish his ideal as his dearest treasure. In this is strength; once relinquished, the guiding star of his life is lost; faithfully followed, eternity surely will reveal earth's retreating ideal as heaven's assured reality.

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A new building, to be called Alumni Hall, to cost \$40,000, is to be erected at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. It will contain the college chapel, the halls of the two literary societies, library, reading-room, and museum.—*Ex.*

## TEACHING AS A PROFESSION.

By H. S. COWELL, '75.

[Introduction to a lecture delivered before the students.]

AS, once more, I climb the stairs down which my eager feet have hastened to escape a belated professor, as I stand upon the platform where, nearly twenty years ago, I, an ambitious Freshman, coveting a prize, pronounced an eulogy upon Daniel Webster so touching that even the Committee of Award shed tears of pity at my misfortune and Daniel's also, as I breathe again the air oft made vocal with triumphant shrieks over Bowdoin's defeats, and anon, rent with deafening cheers for Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler who roams this earth no more, as my eyes are greeted with the vision of the halls "in whose seclusion and repose" the musical notes of the tin horn once resounded, and where "phantoms of fame, like exhalations rose and vanished," and around which linger the undying charm of delightful memories of by-gone hours, as I look into the faces of my former instructors whom the years have touched with benignant grace, and am pained by the thought that no more shall I greet the one who, heeding the highest behest of duty,

"Fought the good fight,"  
Then clad in armor bright  
Passed from mortal sight  
Out beyond the night  
Into the celestial light.

I am constrained to pay the homage due from every loyal son to his *Alma Mater*, and give some expression to the gratitude that grows stronger and deeper with the passing years. Bates

Collegè, the child of many prayers and sacrifices, reared in poverty, nurtured in adversity, out of weakness has become strong by imparting strength; out of penury, has become rich by giving. Coming to power through struggles, she is able to inspire her sons and daughters to heroic endeavors. Like the prophet of old she has discovered princes in rustic garb unconscious of their inheritance, and pointed them to, and anointed them for, their kingdoms. With her the aristocracy of wealth or social position finds no recognition. The brawny youth from the rocky New England farm, with hands as hard as the base-ball he soon will fumble, with freckled face, and in whose hair dwells the remainder of last year's haying season, who must cook his own potatoes and wear his big brothers' out-grown clothes, finds here a welcome as kindly as does the polished dude who condescends to step down from the ethereal heights of the most refined society to become the farmer's classmate. Culture and character are the high ideals she would make real in rich and poor alike.

The genius of an institution is not in large endowments, numerous and magnificent halls, or extended fame, but rather in the spirit that possesses her teachers, the purpose that animates her students, the equipment given to her graduates. None can excel, few can equal our *Alma Mater* in the ability and self-sacrificing devotion of her teachers' clean grit, intellectual ambition, and the moral strength of her students, and the high inspiration she has given to her *alumni et alumnae*.

We, who have known her in the days of her weakness and obscurity, rejoice in the added buildings, increasing faculty, and students, ampler resources and growing power, and feel assured that in the brighter future which is now opening before her, she will lose none of that spirit that has presided over her destiny like a tutelary deity, and made her an unique power among the educational forces of to-day. No other college has made a larger contribution of teachers, in proportion to the number of her graduates, to the ranks of the world's toilers than has Bates. As one of many who entered upon the work of teaching from necessity, and continued in it from choice, obedient to the summons of One I gladly serve, I am here to speak of Teaching as a Profession.

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### LOCALS.

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Orations.

Receptions.

Farewells.

Success to '90.

"Get through exam's?"

The prize for the best Sophomore essay was given to R. A. Small.

The society receptions have been omitted this year. A move in the right direction.

Professor (to student in Geology)—  
"Why does the water collect about the torrid zone?" Student—"I suppose because it is not so temperate."

On the ball ground: Small Boy (to Freshman)—"Say, how do you pro-

nounce your college yell?" Freshie—"Well, bub, that depends. It's Boom-a-lark-er when we win, Boom-a-lack-er, when we don't."

The college campus is rapidly becoming more inviting. The grounds about the laboratory have been much improved by a fresh coat of soil, and the new tennis courts have been again smoothed and leveled. Bates not only has fine grounds to improve, but is improving them.

The Bates began their victorious career by defeating the M. S. C.'s at Orono, May 17th. Pennell's pitching and batting, and the fielding of both teams were the features of the game.

## BATES.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pennell, p., . . .	5	2	3	6	1	20	0
Putnam, 1b., . . .	5	0	0	0	11	0	0
Hoffman, c., . . .	3	1	1	1	9	6	1
Wilson, 2b., . . .	4	2	1	1	1	3	0
Day, s.s., . . .	5	1	2	2	0	1	0
Emery, 3b., . . .	5	1	2	2	1	0	0
Marden, l.f., . . .	5	0	2	2	2	0	0
Garcelon, r.f., . . .	5	0	0	0	0	0	1
Little, c.f., . . .	5	2	0	0	2	0	1
Totals, . . .	40	9	11	14	27	30	3

## M. S. C.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Blackington, s.s., . . .	4	0	0	0	1	4	0
Foss, c., . . .	4	0	1	1	10	1	2
Richardson, 1b., . . .	4	0	2	2	9	0	0
Keith, 3b., . . .	3	1	1	1	2	1	2
Drew, c.f., . . .	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Bird, 2b., . . .	4	1	0	0	1	4	0
Pierce, p., . . .	4	0	0	0	0	12	0
Dow, l.f., . . .	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Atherton, r.f., . . .	2	0	0	0	2	0	0
Totals, . . .	33	3	5	5	27	22	4

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Bates, . . .	0	0	4	0	2	0	0	2	1—9
M. S. C., . . .	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0—3

Earned runs—Bates, 2. Struck out—by Pennell, 14; by Pierce, 11. Two-base hit—Pennell. Three-base hit—Pennell.

May 21st, Bates and Colby met for their second game at Brunswick. Colby won by a score of 9 to 7.

May 24th, the M. S. C.'s were again defeated by our boys in a loose but exciting game.

## BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pennell, p., . . .	6	0	3	4	3	1	10	1
Putnam, 1b., . . .	6	1	0	0	1	9	0	0
Hoffman, 3b., . . .	5	0	2	4	0	2	1	1
Wilson, 2b., . . .	5	1	1	1	0	5	2	1
Day, s.s., . . .	5	0	1	1	0	2	2	0
Emery, c., . . .	4	3	1	2	4	6	2	1
Marden, l.f., . . .	5	3	1	1	0	0	1	1
Garcelon, r.f., . . .	5	2	2	3	1	2	1	0
Little, c.f., . . .	4	1	2	2	2	0	0	0
Totals, . . .	45	12	13	18	11	27	19	5

## M. S. C.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Richardson, 1b., . . .	5	2	4	5	1	7	0	3
Blackington, s.s., . . .	4	2	1	1	1	1	5	3
Keith, 3b., . . .	4	2	3	4	2	1	3	2
Foss, c., . . .	5	2	3	5	2	11	2	0
Dow, l.f., . . .	5	1	0	0	2	0	0	0
Bird, 2b., . . .	5	1	0	0	2	6	3	2
Drew, c.f., . . .	5	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
Pierce, p., . . .	4	0	0	0	0	0	10	2
Lord, r.f., . . .	4	0	0	0	0	1	1	1
Totals, . . .	41	10	12	16	10	27	24	13

Time of game—2 hours 20 minutes. Earned runs—Bates, 2; M. S. C., 1. Base on balls—by Pennell, 2; by Pierce, 2. Struck out—by Pennell, 7; by Pierce, 8. Two-base hits—Pennell, Emery, Garcelon, Richardson, Keith. Three-base hits—Hoffman, Foss. Double play—Blackington, Bird, and Richardson. Passed balls—Emery, 5; Foss, 2. Umpire—J. M. Scannell.

May 31st, on the home grounds, Bates gave a surprise party to Bowdoin by defeating its ball team with ease. The Bates men were jubilant, while the seventy-five Bowdoinites present seemed very sad and pensive especially from the sixth inning. Undoubtedly they were puzzled to understand why

the "Bates Academy" nine so easily defeated their wonderful (?) "Kindergarten" team.

## BATES.

	A.	B.	R.	B.	H.	T.	B.	S.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Pennell, p., . .	5	2	2	2	2	0	1	10	0				
Putnam, 1b., . .	5	2	2	5	2	16	0	0					
Hoffman, 3b., . .	4	0	1	1	1	2	2	0					
Wilson, 2b., . .	5	1	1	3	0	2	2	1					
Emery, c., . .	5	1	1	1	1	4	3	0					
Day, s.s., . .	5	0	0	0	0	1	4	0					
Marden, l.f., . .	4	0	1	1	0	0	0	0					
Garcelon, r.f., . .	4	3	0	0	4	0	0	1					
Little, c.f., . .	4	0	1	1	0	1	0	0					
Totals, . .	41	9	9	14	8	27	21	2					

## BOWDOINS.

	A.	B.	R.	B.	H.	T.	B.	S.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Packard, 1b., . .	3	1	1	1	1	14	0	0					
Thompson, r.f., . .	4	0	1	1	1	0	0	1					
Fish, c., . .	4	1	1	1	0	5	2	1					
Hilton, s.s., . .	4	0	1	1	0	1	2	5					
Freeman, 2b., . .	4	0	0	0	0	6	2	0					
Tukey, c.f., . .	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0					
Hutchinson, l.f., . .	4	1	2	5	1	0	0	1					
Spring, 3b. & p., . .	4	0	0	0	0	0	8	0					
Downes, p., . .	4	0	1	1	1	1	7	0					
Totals, . .	34	3	7	10	5	27	21	8					

Innings, . .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9				
Bates, . . . .	2	1	0	1	2	3	0	0	0—9				
Bowdoins, . . . .	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1—3				

Memorial Day the Bates and Lewistons met for the first time this season, and to say that every one was surprised at the result only half expresses it. Wilson pitched a fine game, striking out ten of the heavy-hitting Lewistons. Pennell made a home run in the sixth inning with three men on bases.

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Bates, . . . .	0	0	2	3	0	5	0	0	0—10				
Lewistons, . . . .	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1—3				

June 7th, on the home grounds Bates easily defeated the Tufts College team 16 to 8.

At Portland, June 11th, the Murphy Balsams took a game from Bates. We

say took because it was presented to them by the "rankest" umpire seen in modern times. With the score 11 to 7 in favor of Bates at the end of the seventh inning, the robbery began and continued until in the ninth, the Balsams had twelve runs and the game.

The Ivy-Day exercises of '91 were of a high order and have received many compliments. The poem of Miss Bray, which is printed in another column, deserves special mention. The following is the programme :

Oration.	N. G. Howard.
Cornet Duet.	
Poem.	Miss N. G. Bray.
Selection.	Orchestra.
PRESENTATIONS.	
Scheckel Box—Bank.	W. S. Mason.
Voracious Man—Cake.	F. S. Libbey.
Class Flirt—Kerchief and Cologne.	Miss A. A. Beal.
Sporting Man—Record Book.	F. W. Plummer.
School Mistress—Spelling Book.	Miss S. D. Chipman.
The Athlete—Dumb-Bell.	F. E. Enrich.
The Punctual Man—Watch.	H. J. Chase.
Loyal Man—Medal.	Miss M. H. Ingalls.

## SINGING OF CLASS ODE.

After the exercises in the chapel the class proceeded to the Laboratory building where the Ivy was planted, while the class sang the Ivy Ode. The marching of the class showed that Mr. Plummer had done his work well as Marshal. The odes, by Miss Mabel Merrill, were very commendable productions; and Mr. Pinkham, as Toastmaster, was a grand success.

The following is the programme for Class Day of June 24th. Music by the Germania Orchestra of Boston :

Oration—The Seal of Nature.	A. N. Peaslee.
History.	W. F. Garcelon.
Music.	Orchestra.

Poem.	Jennie L. Pratt.
Prophecy.	W. H. Woodman.
Music.	Orchestra.
Address to Halls and Campus.	F. L. Day.
Parting Address—Spontaneity	the Test of
Character.	H. J. Piper.
Class Ode.	Sung by the Class.

### PERSONALS.

[Alumni, especially those whose names have not lately appeared in these columns, would confer a great favor upon the editors by sending to the *STUDENT* any items of information in regard to themselves, or other graduates.]

'73.—E. A. Smith of the *Journal* editorial staff was married Wednesday evening, June 11th, to Miss Delia A. Leslie, of Lewiston, by Rev. R. F. Johannot. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are to reside at 155 Pleasant Street, Auburn.

'73.—N. W. Harris, Esq., was President of the Maine Universalist Convention which held its annual meeting at Bangor the first week in June.

'75.—H. S. Cowell delivered the second lecture in the Bates Normal Lecture Course, May 16th. His subject, "Teaching as a Profession," was treated in a masterly manner.

'75.—F. H. Hall, Esq., and wife called on Lewiston friends recently. Mr. Hall is a patent lawyer in Washington, D. C.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Johannot preached the opening sermon before the Maine Universalist Convention at Bangor, Monday evening, June 2d. "The sermon," says the *Bangor Whig*, "was an able and impressive argument or appeal, and it was closely listened to by all its hearers, upon whom it made a telling effect."

'85.—W. V. Whitmore, M. D., (not *Whitman*, as his name accidentally appeared in the last *STUDENT*,) is *Interne* of the County Hospital at Los Angeles, Cal.

'86.—Charles Hadley has just graduated from Newton Theological Seminary. At the graduating exercises, his address was upon the subject, "The Trend of Public Opinion on Inspiration." Mr. Hadley, as a representative of his class, recently made an address before the Boston Baptist Union, which the *Chicago Standard* characterizes as "dignified and powerful, and rarely equaled on this occasion in former years." In the fall, Mr. Hadley leaves for a mission station in Madras, India.

'87.—I. Jordan of Yale Theological School is to preach during the summer at Warren, Vt.

'87.—J. W. Moulton, who graduated from Yale Theological School this spring, has accepted a call to Cobalt, Conn.

'87.—R. Nelson of Yale Theological School is to preach during the summer at Hillsborough, Wisconsin.

'87.—We learn that Dr. Percy R. Howe is about to settle in Auburn, taking the dental office in Goff Block now occupied by Dr. Howland. Dr. Howe is a graduate of Lewiston High School, Bates College, and Philadelphia Dental College. He has hosts of friends in this community, and is sure, professionally, to be widely and favorably known.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'87.—L. G. Roberts graduated June 4th from the Boston University Law School. Mr. Roberts was one of seven

in a class of fifty-two members to receive the "*magna cum laude*," and with another of equal rank headed this list of seven.

'88.—C. L. Wallace, principal of the high school at Lisbon, N. H., and wife, have been visiting friends in Lewiston. Mr. Wallace returns to Lisbon next year with an increase of salary. A new building costing \$30,000 will be ready for the school in the fall.

'88.—Mr. Edgar F. Blanchard, principal of the Sutton (Mass.) High School, has been called by the American Missionary Association to the principalship of the mission school at MacIntosh, Ga. He enters upon his new duties the coming fall. Mr. Blanchard is a teacher of high rank. His friends unite in good wishes for his success.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'88.—William F. Tibbetts, of Pawtucket High School, has been elected Professor of Latin in Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan.

'89.—H. W. Small, of Knoxville, Tenn., was married, May 6th, to Miss Minnie A. Johnstone of that city.

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## EXCHANGES.

Several of our exchanges discuss Socialism. We quote the following from an article in the *University Cynic*:

A great deal of light is thrown upon this whole subject when we remember that in reality it is Christianity which gave birth to socialism and which therefore may be entrusted to determine its principles. Christianity, if rightly carried out, would prevent the rich from taking advantage of or oppressing the poor, and would keep the poor within the bounds of sobriety, industry, and virtue, producing habits of

economy and improvement. Benevolence and philanthropy on the one side and honesty and thrift on the other would go far toward adjusting present difficulties. The secret of all social happiness is contained in the maxim, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Not that all questions of method are thus decided. Political economy is a most profound and intricate subject. But principle will work its way out into method. And Socialism, if it be Christian Socialism, cannot fail to issue in fruitful and permanent results, whether they be so great as anticipated or not.

This is simply another one of those plain straight-forward statements of what everybody has known to be true from infancy. But such is the inconsistency and folly of human nature, that though men know just where all the difficulty lies and just what the remedy is, yet they can by no manner of means be persuaded to abandon selfishness and antagonism.

The *Haverfordian* continues somewhat on the same line in an article on "Church and Socialism." It says:

There are among Socialists—aye, even among atheists—men who go about doing good spontaneously, and who, because they are untrammelled by ancient customs and long-handed-down traditions, come nearer the hearts of the workingmen than do many preachers haranguing sleepy auditors across carved chancels. The poor compare their own bitter condition with that of the church representatives; compare the clergy themselves with the twelve apostles; compare the life of Christ, meek, suffering, having a dozen followers, spit upon and crucified, with the life of some church official, haughty, rich, worshiped, and buried with the pomp of states; and they cry out, Religion is a lie, and churches are the dens of thieves. "When the laboring men," says a Socialistic paper, "understand that the heaven which they are promised hereafter is but a mirage, they will knock at the door of the wealthy robber . . . and demand their portion of the goods of this life, now." Hot-headed such opinions are, but when they have

taken hold of a million people it behooves the representatives of religion and the upholders of order to remember the terrible lesson once taught to France, and deal with the matter in thoughtful earnestness.

The *University News* has a timely and sensible article on the new departure at Harvard, namely, that of making the college course three years instead of four. It speaks as follows:

We regard this proposition as one of vital significance, not only to Harvard, but to every college in the country, and to the reputation of American college degrees. The oldest and best known American university cannot, if she would, legislate for herself alone, and the influence of such an innovating step on the part of Harvard would be felt in every college in the country. The "Harvard idea," however radical, is bound to spread. The idea of elective studies, which originated at Harvard, and was there carried to such an extent that a retrograde movement has lately been found necessary, spread until it has been adopted, in whole or in part, by nearly every college in the country. This new departure must therefore be considered not only in its relation to Harvard University, but to American higher education. It may be that the required sixteen courses at Harvard could be so arranged that the Harvard student could be graduated in three years without seriously lowering the degree of attainment of the graduates. But at most colleges this could not be done, and the result in at least 250 of our 375 colleges would be to still further cheapen the standard of higher education, and to degrade still lower the average significance of that indeterminate and unappraisable bachelor's degree, which in all its varied forms is already the ridicule of Europe.

### COLLEGE NOTES.

The New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association now includes Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Trinity, University of Vermont, Wesleyan, Williams, Worcester Polytechnic Institute.—*Ex.*

The expenditures of Columbia College during the year ending last June were \$407,600. Toward these the students contributed in fees \$144,731, or only a little more than one-third. The tuition fees do not so much as pay for keeping open and maintaining the buildings.—*Ex.*

The Columbia College library is said to be the best managed in the world. Writing materials are furnished for the visitors, and light meals are supplied to the students too busy to leave their work.—*Princetonian*.

The National University of Chicago contemplates the early establishment of a series of "Trade Schools," or institutes, in which young men may gain a practical education. These institutes will be modeled on the plan of the "Horological Institute," which already numbers over fifty students engaged in learning the watchmaker's trade, and has proved very successful. Such a project deserves every encouragement. Good skillful mechanics are necessary to the world's progress.—*Tuftsian*.

At the Agassiz Museum at Harvard, which already has a floor space of over four acres, is to be enlarged.—*Ex.*

Over \$3,675,000 was given to forty-two American colleges last year, in gifts ranging from five to ten thousand dollars.—*Ex.*

Nothing in this country more astonishes an English university-bred man than our college yells. He never takes the practice as a bit of American fun, but seriously sets to work to prove how even educated Americans follow the customs of the savage Indian, his

war-whoop being perpetuated in the college yell.—*Mail and Express*.

The Senior class at Williams have decided to abolish class day, together with the exercises connected with that day.—*Ex*.

The Faculty of the University of Texas have recently passed a rule which allows any student having a class standing of ninety per cent. and an attendance of ninety-four per cent. to pass to the next higher class or to graduate without an examination.—*Ex*.

A second expedition will be made this year from Princeton to investigate the Gulf Stream, the results of last year's trip having been so fruitful. Professor William Libbey, Jr., will be in charge of the expedition.—*Ægis*.

*Germania*, a German newspaper, says: "Of the 100,000,000 postage stamps used yearly in this country, the people of the United States will have two and one-half acres less to lick on account of the smaller form of the stamps."—*Ex*.

When the new student at Johns Hopkins looks around from the piles of buildings to the busy streets on either side and asks where the campus is, he learns that it is three miles from the city, at Clinton, the old estate of the founder of the university.—*Ex*.

Resolutions signed by 1,360 members of the University of Cambridge protest against any movement toward the admission of woman to the membership and degrees in the university.—*Ex*.

Casualties of foot-ball, beginning the first week in September and ending the third week in January: Deaths, 13;

fractures of legs, 15; arms, 4; collar bones, 11; injuries of spine, 4; nose, 1; knee, 1; ankle, 1; cheek, 1.—*Ex*.

Alleghany College has organized a young ladies' base-ball club.—*Ex*.

There are now no secret fraternities at Princeton. The thirteen that have been there have become extinct chapters, the last one disappearing in 1878.

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## POETS' CORNER.

### CONTRAST.

By N. G. B., '91.

Far up on the mountain top  
The snow lies deep,  
And the frozen streams are wrapped  
In dreamless sleep.  
The sound of a passing step  
The silence breaks,  
No song of a woodland bird  
The echo wakes.

The vale at the mountain foot  
Is full of life,  
And the perfume-laden air  
With sound is rife.  
O'er the flowers and the springing grass  
Men come and go,  
With never an upward glance  
To the drifted snow.

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### ADAM.

Before Creation bowed to human will,  
While this wide earth was but a silent space—  
A solitude of forest, rock, and hill—  
There dwelt within the wilderness a race  
Like to ourselves in form, but lacking still  
Humanity's first faint redeeming trace.  
To one of these, who roams that gloomy place,  
And stands upon a rugged mountain height  
There comes at dawn a shaft of golden light  
That falls in glory on his lifted face.  
Then suddenly his wond'ring eye grows bright,  
For God in Nature bursts upon his mind,  
And while celestial splendor floods his sight,  
He stands alone—the herald of mankind!

—*Brown Magazine*.

## THE VANISHED YEARS.

The vanished years ! When soft and low  
 The winds of evening gently blow,  
     Calling the weary souls to rest—  
     And one cloud rosy in the west  
 Tells of the day's departed glow,  
 Then fleeing visions come and go,  
 Dreams of the past. More sweet they grow.  
 More sad. Ah ! would that we possessed  
     The vanished years !

Like to ceaseless ebb and flow  
 Of some vast sea, so to and fro,  
     Surge waves of longing through the breast.  
 Vain longing ! Who can hope to wrest  
 From Time's firm hand the long ago,  
     The vanished years ?

—*Trinity Tablet.*

## MEMORIAL DAY SONG.

MODELED FROM A POEM BY PROFESSOR J. W.  
 BARKER.

Silently, tenderly, mournfully, friends,  
 Come where the willow its sad branches bends,  
 Gently and noiselessly scatter the flowers  
 Over the graves of these heroes of ours.  
     Not with the sword and gun,  
     Not with the rolling drum,  
     But with sweet flowers, come,  
     Seeking the soldier's tomb.  
 Thoughtfully, prayerfully, tenderly, tread  
 Over the dust of our volunteer dead.

Silently, tenderly, mournfully come,  
 Where sleeps the brave in his dark, narrow  
     home;  
 Battle and triumph no more doth he hear,  
 Still is his bosom, and nerveless his ear.  
     On his dear and native hills,  
     Where the bright gushing rills,  
     Freedom's sweet music fills,  
     And the soft dew distills,  
 Quietly, peacefully, now, our brave friend  
 Rests in the soil which he died to defend.

Silently, tenderly honor the brave,  
 Glory encircles the patriot's grave;  
 Deep in our hearts shall his memory live,  
 Yearly our garlands of sorrow we'll weave.  
     Here let affection dwell,  
     Here let the marble tell  
     How our stern soldier fell,  
     Loving his country well.

Softly and silently drop the warm tear  
 Over the dust of the brave volunteer.

—*University News.*

## POT-POURRI.

"How does your furnace draw?" a  
 prospective settler inquired, the other  
 day, of a naturalized Jerseyman.  
 "Splendidly," replied the Jerseyman,  
 "it draws my salary, pretty near all  
 of it."—*Puck.*

In the German class : Instructress—  
 "How do you translate *fungen*?" Stu-  
 dent—"Catch." "How do you trans-  
 late *anfungen*?" Student—"Catch  
 on!"—*Ex.*

'Twas in the gloaming  
 By the fair Wyoming,  
 That I left my darling many years ago;  
 And memory tender  
 Brings her back in splendor  
 With her cheeks of rose and brow of snow.

But where in thunder  
 Is she now, I wonder?  
 Oh! my soul be quiet and my sad heart hush;  
 Under the umbreller  
 Of some other feller  
 I think I see her paddling through the slush.  
     —*Inside Track.*

The *Scholastic* divides the college  
 fiends into four classes; the athletic  
 man, the bard or musician, the society  
 man, and "the man who owns the  
 place."—*Ex.*

It is strange, tho' true,  
 Of a man who bets,  
 That the higher he flies  
 The lower he gets.

—*Ex.*

"Now, look here," remarked the  
 thirteen wives of a Mormon elder to  
 their one husband, "we have just heard  
 from Washington, and we want you to  
 understand that hereafter the minority  
 doesn't lead the majority around by its  
 noses in this house any more, and don't  
 you forget it."—*Washington Star.*

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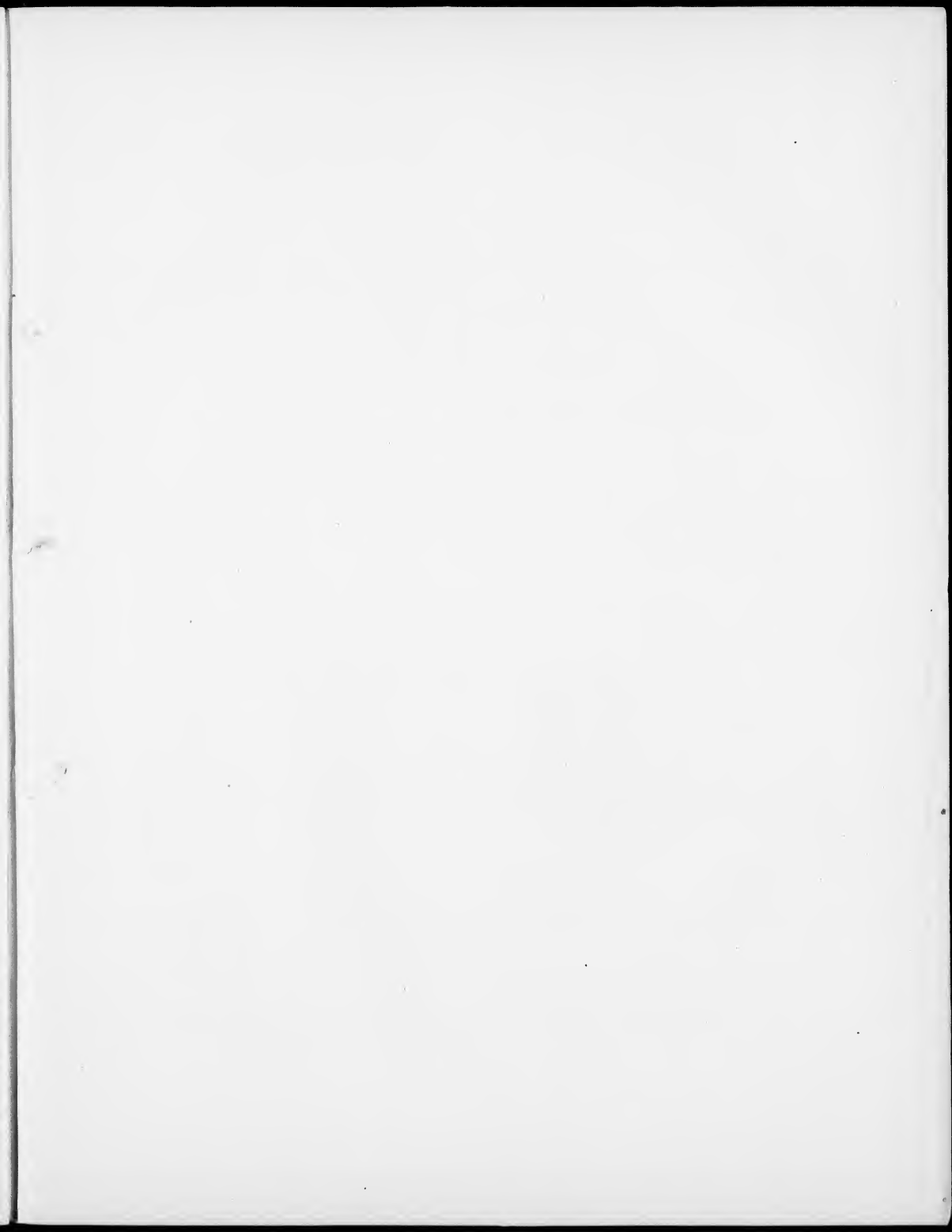
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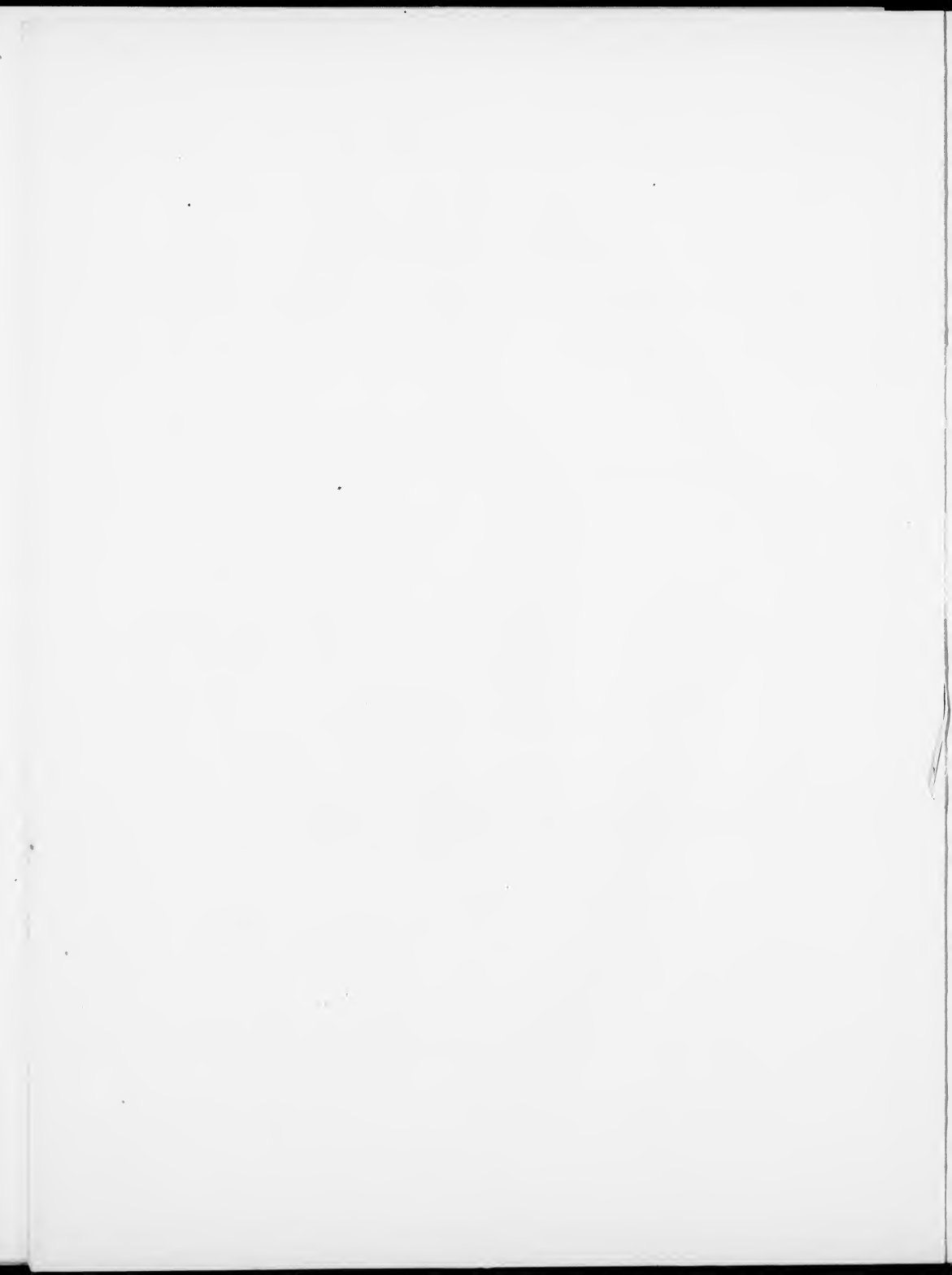
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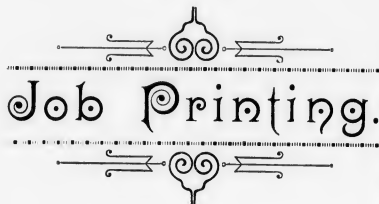
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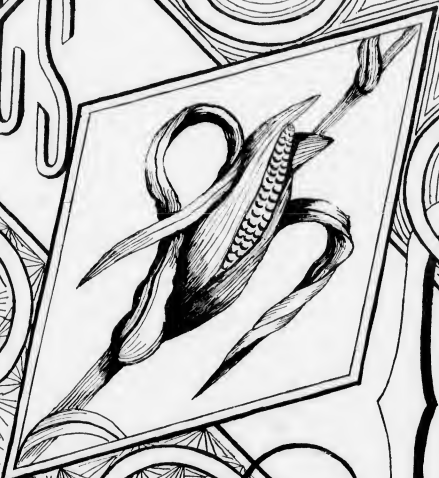
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# THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

No. 7.

## THE BATES STUDENT

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## EDITORIAL.

THE convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Maine is to be holden in Lewiston from October 2d to 5th inclusive. The college associations are entitled to representation, and all will send large delegations. Our association should take unusual interest in this convention, because, being held in our city, the other associations, especially the college associations, will in a measure expect us to take the lead and be very active throughout the session, and it is their right to expect it.

This, however, we cannot do properly, unless we are present at every session, so far as possible, thoroughly interested in the work, ready to do all that is required of us, and eager to determine those requirements. We shall have duties not only in the convention, but outside. Our visiting college friends must be made to feel perfectly at home, and to know us not as strangers but as friends and brothers. It is our duty to see that they carry with them to their respective colleges pleasant recollections, not only of the convention but of our association and ourselves as individuals.

We understand that plans are already being made to this end, plans

that the Y. W. C. A. may assist in; and we have no doubt that our associations will do themselves proud. Let all do their part.

**F**OR several years past there has not been very great class feeling here, and the members of the different classes have associated together a great deal. This has been of great value to the Freshmen in every way, and the most of them have recognized the fact, but there are always some who do not know their place and are constantly causing trouble for others as well as for themselves. Every Freshman should learn upon entering college that there are rights and privileges that belong to upperclassmen that it is well to respect. Since much depends upon the way that a student begins his course, a few words of advice or caution often save much difficulty. If a Freshman wishes to enjoy the society of his college fellows he must *keep his place*. It is well to remember that too much talk is liable to do serious injury. The happiness of a man varies inversely as the opinion that he has of his own ability. If he seems to himself possessed of mighty power of mind and limb it is well for him to conceal the idea, for it can bring him nothing but disappointment and regret. Nothing will create a dislike for a new student so soon as "freshness." Our advice to all who have recently come among us is to be manly and to wait for development.

**B**Y THE side of the familiar Golden Rule of conduct, might well be placed this Golden Rule of speech:

Speak of others as ye would that they should speak of you. We may succeed tolerably in treating others unselfishly, and talking with them kindly, but when the restraint of their presence is removed, how is it? Would we want even those whom we call friends to know just what we say of them when they are absent? The thoughtless jest, the unkind word, the careless criticism,—are we never guilty of these?

It is unfortunate that our common conversation consists so largely of personalities. Surely there are topics enough which are, or should be, of far more interest to educated men and women. But if this habit is too strong to be fully overcome, if we must regale ourselves with personalities, we can at least refrain from ill-natured remarks. If some failing of an acquaintance comes to our knowledge, why should we care to mention it to one whom the knowledge cannot benefit? Why are we so prone to assign to every act an unworthy motive? Why are we so ready to put into words some half-formed suspicion or dislike, thus hardening a passing feeling into well-defined prejudice or distrust? Even if our feelings are reasonable and well-grounded, what good does it do to arouse by our careless words the same sentiments in others, less quick than ourselves to see defects?

To say unkind things seems second nature to most of us. Even when we speak well of a person we are not satisfied to stop there, but must needs end our commendation with a "but." And yet we mean no harm. We

would be the last to injure the very ones of whose feelings or reputation we are so careless. Such a habit of speech grows on one unconsciously, and cannot be broken in a moment. We may put a guard upon our lips—constant watchfulness will do much,—but the only effectual remedy must go deeper. Back of the unkind word lies the unkind thought. Cherish the thought, and the word is inevitable. Strangle the thought, and the word will die unspoken.

**I**N REGARD to public exercises we believe that all students will agree that if there is at all a place where such exercises ought to be in every respect first-class, that place is surely at college. We believe all will agree that if there is at all a time and place at which arrangements should be perfect sobriety, earnestness, and dignity maintained and decorum beyond possibility of breach, such time and such place is at the public exercises of a college.

Within the past three years it has been our glad experience to see much done here at Bates in the way of outgrowing some of the false notions that formerly prevailed as to what ought to be the conduct of a public exercise. We hope we have passed beyond the point of any possible recurrence of them. We yet think it wise to call to mind this matter and to lay before the college, and especially the two lower classes, the plain common sense of it. If we are agreed as to what ought to be, then one thing only remains and that is to have a fair and manly under-

standing among all the classes that whatever may be the entertainment, whether Sophomore debates or Freshman declamations, the entertainment is to be utterly free from any element of rowdyism, such as sneak tricks, cane or hat rushes, or the disturbance from the cities' "young America," and that in bringing this about all class matters are to be lost sight of and the whole college is to stand together as a unit. If students wish to play tricks upon one another there are plenty of opportunities apart from a public exercise, and if they wish to have rushes or other rough sports there are some fifty acres of campus which affords ample room, and so far as we are concerned such things may be had at any time of day or night, Sundays and public exercises excepted, and we have no fault to find; but any man of common sense knows that, no matter to what class he belongs, it is a shame and a disgrace to him and to his college that he should allow such things to occur at a literary entertainment if it lies in his power to prevent it. And any man of common sense knows that if there is among offenses one for which he ought to be handcuffed and put behind grates, it is the cowardly offense of stirring up and engaging in such rumpuses at such a time.

**N**OW that Colby has decided to have separate departments for the ladies and gentlemen, it is time to hear all sorts of reasons for and inferences from the decision. "Young ladies cannot keep up" and "co-education has proved a failure" are among the first

remarks of that class which is anxious to prove the incompetency of women in scholarship. Those looking into the subject, however, must lay aside this inference, as President Small gives as a reason for the new arrangement the statement that the young women of the college take more prizes than the men enjoy losing, and therefore their work must be kept separate. In view of this fact another class, equally narrow-minded, is eager to maintain that the young men cannot equal the women in scholarship. The fact that they sometimes fail to do so is no proof, however, of their general inability, and, laying aside the ungenerous whispers that the Colby men are jealous of their sisters' acquirements, the only fair conclusion seems to be that the men do not care to exert themselves enough to win their full share of honors. Ability, like knowledge, is without vigorous use, no power. And the fairer way is to learn more thoroughness and perseverance, even to the neglect of some of the superfluous out-of-door sports. For to have it said that the men are not satisfied to have the ladies of the college share equal privileges and free competition is, to say the least, not complimentary.

---

**A** MAN'S usefulness depends upon his power to control his own mind. Originality is at a premium, and there should be but little sympathy for dependent thought. Men of great capacity and earnest purpose are constantly failing because they follow in the footsteps of others. Energy and genius are often cramped by a sort of reverence for the precepts of those

whom we honor. It is no easy task to break loose from the notions and customs of those around us, and it requires a persistent will to make any marked advancement beyond the limits set by those whom we have been wont to admire, yet we must think for ourselves or be mere reflectors. As a class, college students take too much for granted and are afraid to deviate from the paths marked out by the text-books. At most a text-book can give but an outline of a subject, and it remains for the student to follow out the principles briefly treated there. If a student, upon entering college, determines to master any part of the curriculum, he must then determine, and immediately materialize his determination, to look for more than is contained between the covers of his text-books. The lectures in the different departments are of the greatest value in teaching the mind to think independently, for they present vividly not only the subject under discussion but also a large amount of information gathered from many sources by patient study. The enthusiasm of a scholar is due to his independent researches. Agassiz devoted himself to his work and sought every available means for increasing his knowledge of Natural History. He did not confine himself to the researches of others, but made researches for himself, so comprehensive that they are the wonder of the age. All cannot be like Agassiz, yet all can endeavor to imitate his noble example. When we study Latin or Greek, we are apt to note only the construction and translation, and pass over the beauties of the literature and

the importance of the history. So it is in the Sciences and Mathematics. We look only at the surface and thus lose the *great* advantages of our course. The study necessary to the preparation of each recitation should call out some thought of our own. He or she who, after the fashion of a parrot, recites the exact words of a chapter, shows plainly that the particular text-book used is the limit of his or her knowledge on the subject. It is originality and personal work that develops the student.

ONE department of the religious work at Bates, though perhaps second to no other, has been overlooked because of the quiet way in which the work was done. We refer to the "class prayer-meetings." The interest shown in sustaining these meetings, the number of the attendance, the class of students reached by their influence, and the spirit of the meetings themselves, prove that they are not an unimportant factor.

Though in no way connected with the college Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. work, they have filled a place that could not have been filled by the general meetings. Being strictly a thing of the class, some of that warm feeling of friendship, and perhaps we might say class pride, has entered into them, giving them a charm that the general meetings did not possess. The time at which they are held is such as to accommodate those students who live at such a distance or whose circumstances absolutely prevent their attendance at the evening meetings. And while they

have done what they alone could do, they have not in any sense taken the place of, but have been supplementary to the general Wednesday evening meetings. Let the several class prayer-meetings be heartily sustained in the future, for therein lies that deep undercurrent of religious feeling which is so plainly stamped upon the lives of the Bates students.

---

## LITERARY.

### THE STORM.

By M. S. M., '91.

From my open window I lean, and look  
Far into the depths of the midnight sky,  
Where the trembling stars shine soft and  
bright

Through rents in the storm-cloud sailing by.

Listen! the wind through the shuddering trees  
Sweeps fitfully, wild with a savage ire,  
And the rising tempest answers its call  
From the thunder-cloud with its veins of  
fire.

Is it the sound of my heart I hear,  
As it trembles and throbs with those trem-  
bling stars?

Nay; 'tis the wings of my eager soul,  
That flutters against her prison bars.

For the soul of the wild night speaks to mine,  
And bids it break from its clinging chains  
And roam with the storm-wind fearlessly,  
Abroad through the darkness' wild domains.

And it feels the thrill of a wild desire  
To burst from its prison house, and fly  
Unfettered, to answer that strong sweet call  
That rings through the tumult of air and sky.

Yes, to visit the lightning's lurking place,  
To walk with the storm-king hand in hand,  
This grand and terrible mystery  
Of night and the tempest, to understand.

Ah! some time, soul of the summer night,  
My soul, unfettered, with you shall meet,  
Shall learn your secrets, shall feel your power,  
And taste of your freedom new and sweet.

## CERTAIN CRITICS ON MILTON.

By E. F. N., '72.

WITH many there is a period in life when Macaulay's "Essay on Milton" represents the acme of criticism. Some never pass it. Others are early emancipated from it. In either case it is interesting to compare some of the opinions of Milton expressed since Addison gave to the world what has been called his conventional estimate. For one, I have never read "Paradise Lost," save in extracts, so my own opinion of that work is doubtless higher than if I had read it entire. Milton's prose is but slightly known to me, but "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Lycidas," "Comus," and the "Sonnets," I have read and re-read, ever with a renewed sense of their beauty and charm. I have read, perhaps, enough to awaken my interest in the critical estimates of others, without caring to formulate one myself, content to only admire.

To Mr. Arnold's essay, "A French Critic on Milton,"—an essay well worth reading by any who may desire criticism quite the reverse of Macaulay's—I am chiefly indebted for a knowledge of the various degrees of admiration and censure which Milton's works have received. Mr. Arnold, for the most part, agrees with the French critic, M. Edmond Scherer, though he is inclined to sound more loudly the note of admiration for Milton's "unfailing level of style," as Mr. Arnold elsewhere says, "He is our great artist in style, our one first-rate master in the grand style." Accustomed as we are to speak of "Paradise

Lost" as our greatest epic, we are apt to read it with a feeling of compulsory admiration. To approach it without bias is difficult, if not impossible. So when we are told by some learned critic that we are at liberty to find its incidents tedious and to feel our sympathies unawakened by the sentiments of some of the characters, or even by their situation, it is with a certain sense of relief that we hear it. Under such circumstances, whatever admiration we yield the poem is likely to be more spontaneous and genuine than if we approached it after an introductory course of Macaulay. Indeed, after reading the latter, it may be questioned whether a free reading of the poet be desirable for one who wishes to retain his admiration for the critic.

It rarely is given to any one critic to point out with accuracy and completeness the beauties or blemishes of a great poet. The temper of the critic is an important factor in determining the quality of his judgments. The enthusiasm of Macaulay contrasts strongly with the candor of Johnson, the blunt sense of Johnson with the delicate sensibility of Arnold, the positiveness of Arnold with the conventionalism of Addison, the biased estimates of Addison with the impartial judgments of Scherer. While much is said of considering the man and his environment, in estimating his work we are prone to ask in the last result, whether it gives us pleasure if he be a poet, whether it directs us aright, if he be a critic. "Surely no man could have fancied he read

'Lycidas' with pleasure, had he not known the author!" says Johnson. "Terrible sentence for revealing the deficiencies of the critic who utters it," says Arnold, and no reader of "Lycidas" will fail to approve the latter. But it is about the merits of "Paradise Lost" that there seems to be the widest difference of opinion. Addison proposed to set forth the poem "in its full beauty," and viewed it "under these four heads: the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language," exhibiting, to the delight of his readers, the parts most worthy of admiration and showing why they are so. Of the theological speeches in the third book he says: "The passions which they are designed to raise are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book consists in that shortness and perspicuity of style in which the poet has couched the greatest mysteries of Christianity. . . . He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free-will, and grace, as also the great points of incarnation and redemption (which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man) with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I ever met with in any other writer." It is said that readers in general find these speeches poetically tiresome.

M. Scherer says of the contents of the poem: "'Paradise Lost' is an epic, but a theological epic; and the theology of the poem is made up of the favorite dogmas of the Puritans—the fall, justification, God's sovereign de-

crees. Milton, for that matter, avows openly that he has a thesis to maintain; his object is, he tells us at the outset, to 'assert Eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to man.' 'Paradise Lost,' then, is two distinct things in one—an epic and a theodicy. Unfortunately, these two elements, which correspond to the two men of whom Milton was composed and to the two tendencies which ruled his century, these two elements have not managed to get amalgamated. Far from doing so, they clash with each other, and from their juxtaposition there results a suppressed contradiction which extends to the whole work, impairs its solidity, and compromises its value."

Lest it be thought that M. Scherer finds nothing in the poem to praise, I cite another brief passage: "'Paradise Lost' is studded with incomparable lines. Milton's poetry is, as it were, the very essence of poetry. The author seems to think always in images, and these images are grand and proud like his soul, a wonderful mixture of the sublime and the picturesque. For rendering things he has the unique word, the word which is a discovery. Every one knows his 'darkness visible.'" Just here a citation from Lowell is of interest: "In reading 'Paradise Lost' one has a feeling of vastness. You float under an illimitable sky, brimmed with sunshine or hung with constellations; the abysses of space are about you; you hear the cadenced surges of an unseen ocean; thunders mutter round the horizon; and if the scene change, it

is with an elemental movement like the shifting of mighty winds. His imagination seldom condenses, like Shakespeare's, in the kindling flash of a single epithet, but loves better to diffuse itself. Witness his descriptions, wherein he seems to circle like an eagle bathing in the blue streams of air, controlling with his eye broad sweeps of champaign or of sea, and rarely fulminating in the sudden swoop of intenser expression. He was fonder of the vague, perhaps I should rather say the indefinite, where more is meant than meets the ear, than any other of our poets. He loved epithets (like old and far) that suggest great reaches, whether of space or time. This bias shows itself already in his earlier poems, . . . but it reaches its climax in the 'Paradise Lost.'"

Mrs. Browning calls his epic "the second to Homer's, and the first in sublime effects—a sense as of divine benediction flowing through it from end to end"; but she thinks that his spiritual personages are not sufficiently rarefied, and explains what she means by saying that Shakespeare in "Midsummer Night's Dream" "displays more of the fairy-hood of fairies, than the 'Paradise Lost' does of the angel-hood of angels."

In the comments of some of the critics it is noticeable that the mingling of the theologian with the poet is cited as unfavorable to the best results. This is true not only of "Paradise Lost" but of Milton's prose. Beautiful imagery, grand conceptions, are weighted with theological belief and controversial strife. As a result the

total impression is marred. Possibly this is why the general reader experiences more pleasure from the perusal of Milton's earlier work than his later, even though it be the later upon which the highest claim for his genius rests. In a brief article it is difficult, if not impossible, to cite adequately, but we have tried to show that it is interesting to note the diversities and agreements of criticism, and to read those who have studied the poet as well as to read the poet himself.

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### SUMMER-TIME.

By N. G. B., '91.

O'er forest, lake, and mountain, broods  
The stillness of July;  
The distant hills no longer stand  
Clear cut against the sky,  
But dimly seen thro' shimmering haze  
They slumber thro' the summer days.

The varied blue of hill and sky  
Merge indistinctly into one;  
The lazy cloudlets slowly drift  
Across the pathway of the sun,  
Too indolent to veil from sight  
The fierceness of his undimmed light.

Unruffled by a quick-drawn breath  
The calm lake seems to rest,  
With blue of heaven and forest green  
Smooth painted on its breast;  
No hint of unknown depths below  
Where slumber storm-waves, capped with snow.

With perfume sweet the air is filled,  
Wood-fern and scent of pine;  
Bird-notes fall softly on the ear,  
And distant low of kine;  
A broken leaf falls silently  
Athwart the quiet of July.

The "strength of the hills," we feel sometimes  
With a thrill of power divine,  
But another message greets the ear  
In life's rare resting-time;

When God has bidden the turmoil cease,  
We know that "the mountains shall  
speak peace."

Only the consciousness of power  
Can give unbroken rest;  
He well may sleep in peace, who feels  
God's strength within his breast;  
Who thus is strong may fearless keep,  
In calm or storm, his slumber sweet.

God sends into our hurrying lives  
His summer-time of rest  
And quietness. O take the gift  
Of peace, and on his breast  
Sleep for a little; so divine  
Strength, when thou wakest, shall be  
thine.

### LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MARY R. EMERY, DAUGHTER  
OF G. C. EMERY, CLASS OF '68.

All about us, above, below,  
Whither we walk, where'er we go,  
The angels of God are hovering near,  
Some to comfort and some to cheer.  
Angels of sickness and angels of health,  
Angels of life and angels of death,  
Angels of mercy, but not of wrath,  
Though sorrows at times becloud our path.  
'Twas the angel of death that passed this way,  
And the day was a lovely day in May.  
'Twas a home where death had been before.  
He knew the house and the open door,  
And listening to the music of life within,  
He said: "Here's a soul all free from sin;  
I'll bear it above all toil and strife,  
I'll give it a crown and eternal life."  
Then, clasping his arms about the child,  
He whispered, in tones so soft and mild:  
"Fear not, though I bear thee far away  
Mid countless suns and the starry way,  
Thou shalt come again e'er another day."  
Then up through the ether clear and blue,  
Mid glittering stars and planets, too,  
The angel and child now take their flight  
In the early hours of morning light,  
Till the inner court of heaven is won,  
And the angel's work was fully done.  
Then, clothed in a robe of spotless white,  
With a flashing crown and pinions bright,  
The spirit came back that very night,  
And whispered in accents soft and mild:  
"Weep not, I am still thy loving child."

And the spirit returns again at times,  
At evening bells or Sabbath chimes,  
And whispers again so soft and low:  
"I am living a life which no mortals know.  
A life of progress but not of strife,  
A life supernal, eternal life.  
But a higher life I yet shall know  
When all things are ended here below.  
So we'll wait till that day of days shall come,  
When the reveille and morning drum  
Shall usher in, for endless time,  
The morning hours of a life divine.

O. C. WENDELL, '68.

### THE JUSTICE OF TIME.

By A. A. B., '91.

TRUTH and freedom are eternal.  
The sway of tyranny may conceal  
but can never destroy their power.  
For not without a guardian are those  
divine principles. The voice of ages  
proclaims time as the great vindicator.  
Many nations has that giant  
power bowed beneath its sovereignty,  
but not merely to foretell uni-  
versal decay has it crumbled Egypt,  
Assyria,—unknown kingdoms into  
dust. In the ruin of each has it given  
a warning against oppression. Turn to  
Rome. Her massive aqueducts and  
once proud arches of triumph lie shat-  
tered in ruin, yet her legions once ruled  
the world, aye, and robbed it. For  
that did time corrupt the city and  
make her ill-won gold a lure to the  
destroying barbarians. But not in the  
past alone do nations fulfill time's de-  
cree. Germany, fearing the contagious  
nearness of republican institutions,  
dared suppress the Polish government.  
The principles she strove to destroy  
have leavened the united kingdom, and  
the proud house of Hohenzellern shields  
itself by advocating popular liberties.

America, too, is paying fine for injustice. The negro question now baffles her statesmen. The ruins of the gigantic structure of slavery are yet falling about our heads. And on our bloody battlefields, on the monuments of Lovejoy and Lincoln, will posterity read how time forced our republic to verify its falsely boasted motto: "All men are equal in the sight of God." But time is not merely the Nemesis of nations. Sceptered kings and persecuted reformers have received at that hand their final verdict. Do Ferdinand and Charles V. still shine above Luther and Columbus, their subjects? Tyndale, burned as a heretic, becomes the model Christian. Miller and Darwin, once scoffed and threatened by learned prelates, now teach in the world's universities. The traitors and heretics of one generation are the honored guides of the next. For time alone can wear the veneer from crafty Voltaires and clear the soot of ignorant calumny from Wickliffs or Cromwells.

But how have fared the privates in the armies of humanity; they who in obscurity toiled for reform? Nameless and unknown they may be, but not without reward. For every one, though sunk in the sea of oblivion, has helped raise the slow reef on which the fleets of superstition and tyranny have inevitably been dashed. They, as all noble men, held a great truth dearer than life, and that truth has time brought to acceptance. In the victory of their purpose they have made themselves immortal.

But time is too tardy? True, Ger-

many's distress is not a balm for Poland's wound, nor can our admiration for the martyrs cool those persecuting fires. For one Power rules time and eternity; one purpose must both fulfill for their Maker: the perfecting of mankind. And time, in mercy as well as justice, has permitted a few noble sacrifices in order to awake the reason and break the fetters of all humanity. Nor has it been in vain. If for one picture time give a George III., the next will be a republic; if for one she gives an assize of Jeffries, her next will be a new reformation. For Persecution, like Actaeon, falls prey to its own pack, and tyranny is ever the nurse of freedom.

Not with palace or gold does time reward its knighted heroes. For gold is the currency of Mammon, not of an agent of heaven. "Life is more than an abundance of good things"—it is progress. And time, leader of progress, never sounds a retreat. Thunder a falsehood from the Vatican, place a Wallenstein at its back, and time will work its ruin. Only true principles are perpetuated. Tyranny gives way to republic, superstition to science, idolatry to Christianity.

Crime and corruption may yet exist, but lack of perfection is not a sign of degradation; it is a summons for more noble workers. The heroes of to-day are to-day's reformers. Do hatred and derision assail them? So they did Socrates; so they did Christ. Not by beaten paths, but the rocky, untried way, lie the jewels of true honor. Yet He whose "years are through the generations" awaits not the verdict of

man but of His own chosen minister. And posterity will bless the memory of our reformers when their record shall pass from the control of man to the court of the ages, the infallible jury of God.

### IS PROGRESS UNFAVORABLE TO POETRY?

By N. G. B., '91.

**I**MAGINATION stands on the borders of the unknown, and out of the shadowy realm of fancy creates for itself an ideal world. Science eagerly tears the veil from every mystery, and says: "Behold the naked truth!" As the realm of scientific knowledge widens, narrower grows the recognized domain of poetry, the province of the imagination, the Unknown.

The fascination of scientific research is strong upon us. The discovery of a new line in the solar spectrum, or the invention of some curious machine, seems well worth a life-time of toil. Wood-nymphs and flower-fairies have fled before botanist and builder. The huge wheels of countless mills have crushed the water-naiads that sported with the river waves. Homer's "rosy-fingered daughter of morning" has vanished before theories of refraction and divisibility of light. Where everything must stand the test of the most critical analysis, under the searching light of the most accurate scientific knowledge, surely there is little room for the imagination. What wonder that Macaulay thought the most splendid proof of genius to be a great poem produced in a civilized age?

Poetry, then, forms the one ex-

ception to the universal law of progress! While every other art grows with man's growth, develops with his development, this alone must decline, looking ever back with longing eyes to the dark days of ignorance and superstition! Let the devotee of science and her unchanging laws explain an anomaly like this! If poetry is indeed the child of superstition, nurtured by ignorance and degradation, why cannot every barbarous nation boast its Homer? Why were not the Middle Ages overrun with Dantes? Why must England wait for the Renaissance before she can bring forth her Shakespeare?

The history of the past often shows us poetry slowly struggling upward, growing with the mind and soul of man. We never see it declining, save with a cessation of human progress in some direction. For progress is many-sided. Not intellect alone, but heart and soul must grow. A time of national corruption and spiritual stagnation is not a time of national progress, however swiftly wealth and fame and even knowledge may increase. Thus the golden age of Pericles held no Homer, and but one Virgil sung in Rome. If, then, English poetry rose to its highest point with Shakespeare, and the ebbing tide is destined never to reach its full again, it is because our boasted modern progress is one-sided,—the intellectual developed at the expense of the moral and spiritual.

But is it not possible that the tide has already turned? This nineteenth century, in which the thirst for accurate knowledge has become a passion, is all

alive with poetic feeling, which cannot be repressed. In Tennyson, the master of expression, we see the poet's love of beauty, manifested in perfection of form. In Browning we see, struggling for utterance, that love of truth which is the very soul of poetry; in Carlyle, too, who tells us that the age of poetry is past, and straightway writes the greatest epic of modern times, and calls it prose. The unheeded notes of countless wayside singers teach us that the spirit of poetry is not dead. Nay! in the very scientists that scoff, we see the imaginative power, without which no discovery was ever made.

And not one great poet among them all? Perhaps. But the poet of to-day stands on untried ground, between outgrown traditions and unfamiliar facts. The old poetic imagery and diction are out of the place; the half-suspected poetry of science is still shadowy and ill-defined. In his pathetic endeavors to adjust himself to the new order of things, we see not the last struggles of an expiring art, but indications of a new and greater poetic era yet to dawn.

But once, perhaps, in a nation's life-time comes a master poet, charged with a message for all time. The poet of modern thought is yet to come; the poet who shall clothe science with imagination; disclose to us in Nature's perfect laws a beauty and a grandeur greater than heathen myth could even dimly shadow forth; show us in stream and forest no fancied faun or naiad, half-human, half-divine, but God himself. The poet of the future will teach us a simpler faith, a steadfast hope, an

infinite love. Through the wonders of the known he will lead us to mysteries not yet revealed, and bring us to the feet of God.

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### IS IT PROBABLE THAT RUSSIA WILL DRIVE ENGLAND OUT OF INDIA WITHIN FIFTY YEARS?

By V. E. M., '92.

**F**OR twenty years Russia's purpose to invade India has become more and more manifest. Checked in her advance upon Constantinople by the Crimean War, in which Great Britain took a prominent part, she began, after a time, to push her way toward southern Asia. Here was an opportunity to reach the southern seas through India, and also to strike Great Britain a blow that should quiet further interference on the Bosphorous.

To this end Russia has attacked, without provocation, one after another of the warlike Turcoman tribes until she has subdued and Russianized them all, thus bringing her frontier nine hundred miles nearer India's most vulnerable boundary, and adding to her military strength some of the best irregular cavalry in the world. But more than this, Russia has recently secured a most threatening position at the entrance of Afghanistan, the last intervening country on the way to India. Disputing the well recognized northern boundary of this state, she crossed, in 1885, to Peujdeh, and after a slight skirmish with the natives, subdued them. Thus she gained a firm footing on the vast and fertile plain

stretching south-eastward across Afghanistan for over a hundred miles. This plain, terminating in the lofty Hindoo Koosh Mountains, yet extends through one broad pass where only slight elevations rise in the way. In this break of the mountain range lies the city and fortress of Herat, on which for centuries the conquest or defense of India has turned. Indeed, the probability of Russia's supremacy in India fifty years hence may be said to be determined: First, if the Russians get possession of Herat before that time. Second, if the British are unable to defend India with the Russians established there.

It is probable that Russia will get possession of Herat, both because of her popularity with the Afghans and of the natural advantages of her position.

Though nominally Great Britain's ally, Afghanistan has nevertheless been won by the strong influence of Russian diplomacy. And it must be granted that Russia has shown far greater skill in dealing with the people of central Asia than has Great Britain. Thus while the former has conquered the whole of warlike Turkestan, twice as large as Afghanistan, and established herself as a popular sovereign there, two attempts made from India, practically to subdue the Afghans, have resulted each time only in placing a new and unpopular ruler over them, and in making larger subsidies which should bribe them from forming any alliance with Russia.

The Russians at Peujdeh met with no resistance, simply because the Af-

ghan Ameer refused to allow a single British regiment to cross his territory. He told Lord Dufferin, who went to confer with him upon preparations for war, that he was willing to cede Peujdeh to Russia "without further ado," but if British troops entered his country the Afghans would "consider them invaders no matter under what pretext they might come, and would rise against them to a man."

To defend Herat the British must cross the larger part of the state, across the least fertile tracts of land; they must encounter the most warlike of all the Afghan people. In short, they must endure another Indo-Afghan war with Russia now on the scene to play her part.

For the first move toward Herat by the British could be easily anticipated by the Russians, who are now on the very borders of the Heratee territory, less than one-third as far from the city as are the English. Their approach is among the least warlike of the native tribes should they meet with any opposition at all. For them the Oxus and its branches would afford a complete system of water communication, and a low range of hills a mile to the north would furnish an admirable stand for an attack. The citadel, guarded by only twelve thousand men under command of a native Afghan, would fall an easy prey to a Russian force.

Both the St. Petersburg press and Russian military officials have repeatedly asserted that Russia would not allow Great Britain to even fortify Herat, while British officers grant that

this important position is lost to them forever.

Will Russia get possession of Herat in less than fifty years? Russia's past policy has not been altogether one of war, and while it is probable that her advance to Herat will be the signal for the final struggle for India, there are yet many things to be done by peaceable measures before she will be ready for that contest. Thus, just as she paused after each Turcoman conquest to inspire her new subjects with feelings of awe and admiration for the great white Czar, just as she established bazaars and trading-posts where the alien and unconquered should come to partake of this feeling, so among the natives of India and the more remote parts of Afghanistan, some of whom are allied by race and religion to her own subjects, she is yearly exerting an influence that cannot fail to aid her in her designs upon India.

And to the masses of Indian subjects little would be needed to make Russia's policy seem a liberal one. They are taxed for the support of a nobility and for the maintenance of Great Britain's unwise course in Afghanistan. They are warped in commercial intercourse by British domination and looked upon with contempt alike by English residents and English officials. Then would we not expect a foreign element already widely distributed among them to take root and grow with little to foster it?

Again, England may become involved in other wars before fifty years pass. This is not improbable, especially in Africa, where British and Ger-

man claims, so troublesome hitherto, are yearly being brought into closer contact by the spread of colonies and the increase of commercial interests.

Any indication of internal troubles in India or of a complication of British interests elsewhere will hasten Russia's advance to Herat.

But however tardy may be the circumstances to induce this move, it is hardly probable that Russia's plan for the conquest of India, conceived little more than a quarter of a century ago and executed to the very last step, will be found unfinished or without an attempt at completion fifty years hence.

But is Herat really necessary to the defense of India? Centuries ago Persian rulers effected the conquest of India again and again by getting possession of Herat, and once a young Indian officer in charge of a few men maintained a most remarkable defense by meeting the Persians in this fortress. Why was this? It was because the Hindoo Koosh Mountains are the last natural barrier on the way to India, and a foe in Central Asia having once reached this gateway finds no further obstruction. Only the low ranges of the Sulieman Mountains on the Indo-Afghan boundary remain as an inner defense. But this defense proving useless then, would be little calculated now to stay the Russian hordes.

Again, in the region surrounding Herat the Russians would command the whole of the fertile belt of which they now hold the edge—a vast camping ground embracing thousands of square miles, where troops could be rested and equipped for the final

advance. Here Russia could unite her two Asiatic armies and, extending her Trans-Caspian Railway, complete every arrangement for transporting troops from European Russia without hardly exciting British notice or suspicion.

On the other hand a sea voyage of weeks separates India from Great Britain, even if she had troops to spare and in readiness to be transported.

But if Great Britain had the same opportunities for concentrating forces she is still at a great disadvantage in numbers. While her land forces are comparatively small, while she is in reality only a great naval power, Russia is the greatest military power on the globe, her entire military strength (according to Appleton's Annual for 1890) being nearly four million men. The war effective of her regular army is one million, six hundred and eighty-nine thousand men, a large portion of which could be placed in Afghanistan in case of war. The war effective of Great Britain's regular army is only six hundred and eighty-three thousand men, while in India she has only seventy thousand British troops and one hundred and forty thousand mercenary natives.

Again in the defense of India, Great Britain is at a disadvantage by reason of the inferior character of her native forces. Russia's army is not only the largest but the most patriotic in the world. Her soldiers are well armed and well trained, and having been early taught to look forward to an invasion of India, they could be depended upon to fight to the last and under any disadvantages. But the mercenary army

of India, unused to hard service, and in many cases not trusted sufficiently to be given the best of arms, suddenly brought face to face with four times their number of picked Russian troops, of whose valor and patriotism they stand in awe, would hardly maintain their ground until re-enforcements were brought to their aid. Then a few disastrous encounters at the start would be the signal for confusion and revolt, from which even fresh British troops could hardly rally them.

Sir Charles Dilke says: "The best mercenary army of a conquered race cannot be counted upon to fight under disadvantages, as the Russians would fight, or as our own troops would fight. . . . The best native soldier fights because he is a fighting man. He likes his pay and his honors, but he could not be expected to remain faithful under severe and general defeat."

Would other European nations aid Great Britain in case of war between her and Russia in India? We think not. Great Britain has no friend on the continent. Her supremacy, if more merited by reason of culture and civilization, has been no less ungenerous and hardly less odious than that of Russia. Her power is increasing as well as Russia's, and her growth threatens other nations as much in many respects. No nation, unless it is Russia, will probably ever stay her progress. Should Russia become vastly more powerful than she is and thereby threaten all Europe, all Europe would unite against her, but it is not probable that other nations will interfere in Great Britain's behalf in India.

During the time in which war was threatened over the Pejudeh affair in 1885 the Baltic powers and the Austro-German alliance showed a decided neutrality by forbidding either belligerent the use of the Baltic or the Dardanelles for hostile purposes.

Now to recall some of the main thoughts in connection with this question, we see:

First. That Russia purposes to overthrow British power in India.

Second. She has already conquered Turkestan, and won great influence with the Afghans whose state lies next in her course.

Third. She has gained a position of great agricultural and strategic importance from which Englishmen acknowledge that England cannot thrust her.

Fourth. It is probable that Russia will undertake the final contest for India in less than fifty years.

Fifth. She has a vast and powerful army with which to strike the final blow.

Sixth. The Indian army, limited in numbers and unreliable in service, could not withstand the first attacks of the Russians, and if fresh troops could be spared from any other part of the British Empire, they could not be transported before affairs would be beyond their control. Finally, no other nation could be expected to aid Great Britain.

Then is it not probable that with these advantages Russia will drive England out of India within fifty years?

In all change there is a tendency to the better.

## LOCALS.

Who said salt?

Castor and Pollux!

There are several good ball players in the Freshman class.

Miss L. M. Fassett, '91, will not complete the course with her class.

Miss L. M. Bodge, '91, has left her class and gone to Minneapolis.

G. F. Babb has returned and entered '91. "Welcome back, old friend."

W. S. Mason, '91, is teaching a second term in the New Portland High School.

The Seniors recite Astronomy and Chemistry in the lecture-room of the laboratory.

The gymnasium instructors for the coming year are Pinkham, '91, Miss Beal, '91, Wilson, '92, Hoffman, '93.

Plummer, '91, Skelton and Ferguson, '92, Pennell and Yeaton, '93, are teaching in the Latin School this year.

Prof. (in Astronomy)—"Can the whole class see the lines on this globe?" Mr. C. (immediately)—"Yes, sir!"

Nearly all the class of '91 will continue to study German under Professor Angell this year. Deutschland is taken this term.

Prof. (in Astronomy)—"How is time regulated?" Mr. B. (of fistic aspirations)—"By the referee, and the backers, and—" Prof.—"You may sit."

Fred Plummer received a call from Lieut. Geo. G. Gatley, U. S. A., on

September 11th. Gatley and Plummer were classmates for a year at West Point.

The work on the ball ground is finished and the diamond is now in good condition.

Miss G., '94, amused the occupants of the grand stand, September 6th, by remarking, as "Ted" put on the mask,—“Who is that fellow with the muzzle on?”

N. W. Howard, '92, won the second prize at the tennis tournament at Portland. He is playing well and will stand a good chance for the championship another season.

Professor Jordan has entered upon his duties in the college. His work is thorough and systematic. He has won the respect of his classes, and all feel that we are very fortunate in securing such a man.

The Cyniscans held a meeting, September 16th, and appointed committees to arrange for tennis, etc. The resignation of Miss L. M. Bodge, as president, was accepted, and Miss Maud Ingalls was elected to that office.

Many improvements have been made in the library during the last few months. The alcoves are numbered, the books re-arranged, and a system of reference cards are used to aid in the selection of books on required subjects.

A Freshman recently undertook to moisten a Sophomore, but received a copious shower from an upper story that caused him to drop his pitcher and subject himself to a drying process. Moral: Roost higher or oil your feathers.

The debates that were postponed last Commencement will be given some time this term. We suppose they have gained in vehemence during the summer, at least, the sounds proceeding from some of the Junior's rooms point that way.

The officers of the Eurosophian Society are: President, W. B. Cutts; Vice-President, Scott Wilson; Secretary, Miss A. L. Bean; Treasurer, C. C. Spratt; Librarian, R. A. Small; Executive Committee, F. L. Pugsley, Scott Wilson, Miss G. P. Conant.

The Sophomores played the Freshmen on September 6th, and won by a score of eleven to three. The bouquets of the victors were many, and Pennell was much pleased by one presented to him by Mrs. Professor Chase. At the close of the game an over-ambitious Freshman donned the forbidden hat, and a rush resulted, in which the Sophs were again victorious.

The first reception to the Freshman class was given in the gymnasium by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., September 3d. Professor Jordan gave a very interesting address, and the two associations were well represented by Wilson, '92, and Miss Bray, '91. There were recitations and music, and refreshments, and the Freshmen seemed to enjoy themselves. Receptions always have their charms.

The Athletic Association has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, W. B. Cutts; Vice-President, S. Wilson; Secretary, C. C. Spratt; Treasurer, C. N. Blanchard; Manager of Base-Ball Team, F. W.

Plummer; Directors, N. G. Howard, F. S. Libbey, W. B. Skelton, V. E. Sawyer, K. C. Brown, A. P. Irving, W. A. French, L. J. Brackett; Committee on Field-Day, A. D. Pinkham, S. Wilson, F. L. Hoffman.

The officers of the Polymnian Society are as follows: President, F. W. Plummer; Vice-President, C. N. Blanchard; Secretary, Miss I. E. Gould; Treasurer, W. F. Sims; Orator, N. G. Howard; Poet, Miss Mabel Merrill; Librarian, E. E. Wheeler; Assistant Librarian, L. J. Brackett; Executive Committee, F. W. Larrabee, W. B. Skelton, Miss A. G. Bailey; Editors, A. D. Pinkham, Miss V. E. Meserve, H. B. Adams, W. A. French.

The following are the names of the Freshmen and the schools where they prepared:

L. J. Brackett,	Nichols Latin School.
C. C. Brackett,	Nichols Latin School.
W. W. Bolster,	Nichols Latin School.
J. W. Leathers,	Nichols Latin School.
F. N. Saunders,	Nichols Latin School.
A. W. Small,	Nichols Latin School.
P. E. Sawyer,	Nichols Latin School.
W. R. Fletcher,	Nichols Latin School.
S. I. Graves,	Nichols Latin School.
W. W. Harris,	Nichols Latin School.
J. C. Woodman,	Nichols Latin School.
G. G. Osgood,	Nichols Latin School.
E. J. Hatch,	Nichols Latin School.
W. E. Page,	Nichols Latin School.
W. P. Hamilton,	Nichols Latin School.
W. A. French,	Nichols Latin School.
Miss C. B. Pennell,	Nichols Latin School.
E. F. Smith,	Lewiston High School.
F. L. Callahan,	Lewiston High School.
E. F. Pierce,	Lewiston High School.
F. C. Thompson,	Lewiston High School.
A. H. Miller,	Lewiston High School.
Miss D. E. Roberts,	Lewiston High School.
Miss B. W. Gerrish,	Lewiston High School.
Miss K. A. Leslie,	Pennell Institute.
Miss E. I. Cummings,	Pennell Institute.

L. W. Robbins,	Gardiner High School.
J. B. Hohag,	New Hampton Literary Institution, N. H.
Miss B. A. Scribner,	New Hampton Literary Institution, N. H.
Miss A. M. Haskell,	New Hampton Literary Institution, N. H.
R. E. Files,	Bangor High School.
E. M. Jordan,	Cape Elizabeth High School.
H. S. Jordan,	Augusta High School.
H. H. Field,	Boston Latin School.
E. W. Noone,	Somerville High School.
H. M. Cook,	Hebron Academy.
Miss E. J. Elliot,	Cushing Academy, Mass.
Miss M. Wiley,	Lyndon Institute, Vt.
Miss M. A. Hill,	Rochester High School, N. H.
Miss M. W. Green,	Auburn High School.

## PERSONALS.

### ALUMNI.

'70.—Prof. L. G. Jordan has been chosen President of the Lewiston School Board.

'71.—Albion N. Marston, M.D., has a lucrative practice in Belle Vernon, Penn.

'81.—Rev. W. P. Curtis, a graduate from Cobb Divinity School in the last class, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Free Baptist church at Canton.

'84.—Miss Ella L. Knowles, a successful lawyer in Montana, has been visiting in Lewiston. Miss Knowles is the only lady lawyer in the State and the junior member of the firm of Kinsley & Knowles. She was obliged to have a legislative bill passed before she could be admitted to the bar. The firm try cases all over the State and Miss Knowles has had a phenomenal success for an eight months' lawyer.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'85.—W. W. Jenness, Esq., has formed a law partnership with Judge Bumpus of Boston. Their office is on Milk Street.

'85.—Rev. M. F. Tobey, of Water Village, N. H., was married July 8th to Miss Jennie, daughter of Captain Abner Collins of Kittery Point, by Rev. C. M. Anderson.

'85.—Miss M. A. Emerson of Redstone, N. H., was married June 25th to Frank M. Chandler, Superintendent of the Maine and New Hampshire Granite Company's Works at Redstone, by Rev. W. J. Buckham of Conway, N. H., assisted by Rev. W. J. Twort, of Lynn, Mass., formerly of Lewiston.

'86.—W. A. Morton, M.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., was married August 14th, to Verina M. Harris, M.D., of Columbia, S. C., by Bishop C. R. Harris.

'87.—Rev. H. E. Cushman, a graduate of Tufts Divinity School in the last class, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Universalist church at Plymouth, Mass. A Plymouth paper says that at a reception given him by the society, he was most cordially greeted by his parishioners and received fraternal congratulations and good wishes from the pastors of the various churches in Plymouth.

'87.—L. G. Roberts, Esq., was admitted to the Suffolk County Bar in July, and has gone into partnership with Col. F. M. Drew of this city.

'87.—Rev. C. E. Pendleton, a graduate from Hamilton Theological School of the last class, is pastor of the Free Baptist church at Columbus, N. Y.

'87.—I. A. Jenkins, principal of the high school at Orange, Mass., was married July 9th to Miss Mabel E. Clark of Cambridge, Me., by Rev. S. E. Whitcomb of Pittsfield.

'88.—N. E. Adams returns to Groveland, Mass., as principal of the high school, with an increase of salary.

'88.—Miss M. G. Pinkham has been elected first assistant in the high school at Gardiner.

'88.—A. C. Townsend, of Yale Divinity School, has been preaching at East Madison during the summer vacation.

'88.—C. E. Smith, Esq., who was admitted to the Suffolk County Bar in July, has tried and won his first case. His address is 23 Court Street, Boston.

'89.—J. I. Hutchinson enters Clark University in October.

'89.—H. L. Knox returns to the high school at Broadbrook, Conn., with an increase of salary.

'89.—W. E. Kinney is to enter upon the study of medicine in Washington, D. C.

'89.—A. B. Call returns to Henniker, N. H., as principal of the high school, with an increase of salary.

'89.—Miss E. I. Chipman is assistant in the Pennell Institute at Gray.

'90.—E. W. Morrell is teacher of Mathematics and Sciences at Methodist Seminary, Montpelier, Vt.

'90.—F. S. Pierce has been appointed Superintendent of Music in the public schools in East Hampton, Mass. Mr. Pierce is also director of the choir of the First Parish Church in that city.

'90.—C. J. Nichols is principal of the Lisbon Falls High School.

'90.—W. H. Woodman is Instructor in Mathematics and Physical Culture in the Northwestern Military Academy at Highland Park, Ill.

'90.—C. S. F. Whitcomb is principal of the high school at Milton Mills, N. H.

'90.—G. F. Garland was elected principal of the Parsonsfield High School, but has been prevented by illness from filling his engagement. Nickerson, '91, supplies his place for the present.

'90.—Miss Dora Jordan is preceptress of Brigham Academy, Bakersfield, Vt.

'90.—Miss Mary Brackett has a position as teacher in the academy at Ilion, N. Y.

'90.—F. L. Day is about to enter upon the study of medicine in Bellevue Hospital, N. Y.

'90.—W. F. Garcelon is Instructor in Physical Culture in the Forsythe School, Philadelphia. He took second prize for physical development at Cambridge this summer.

'90.—Miss M. F. Angell is pursuing her studies in Music, French, and German at her home in this city.

'90.—H. V. Neal is principal of the high school in Mattapoisett, Mass.

'90.—A. N. Peaslee is teacher of Latin and Greek in the Cathedral School of St. Paul, Garden City, L. I.

'90.—Miss J. L. Pratt is teaching in the Farmington High School.

'90.—Miss E. F. Snow has a position as teacher in Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Centre, Vt.

'90.—Miss M. V. Wood remains at home for the present.

'90.—G. H. Hamlen and F. B. Nelson are attending the Cobb Divinity School.

'90.—T. M. Singer continues in charge of the Y. M. C. A. in this city.

'90.—Miss Blanche Howe is assistant teacher in the Gardiner High School.

'90.—H. B. Davis is sub-master of Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

'90.—Eli Edgecomb is principal of Litchfield Academy.

'90.—H. J. Piper is principal of the normal school in Springfield, Me.

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## EXCHANGES.

### THE OVER-REFINEMENT OF PHILANTHROPY.

Under the above title we find in a Boston paper the first criticism we have seen in the thousand or more notices of "Black Beauty" given by the American press. The writer, admitting that it is "a very charming book," argues that horses enjoy being compelled by whip and spur to make ten-mile runs, at their utmost speed, and jump ditches, fences, hedges, etc., at the risk of breaking their legs as "Black Beauty's" brother did, and then being shot; and that depriving men of such sports makes them weak and effeminate.

In "The Recollections of General Grant," recently sent us by its author, George W. Childs of Philadelphia, and which now lies on our table, we find that General Grant venerated his mother, loved his family, and seemed happiest when surrounded by his de-

voted and loving wife, children, and grandchildren; but he could never be induced to attend a horse race.

It occurs to us also that we have read many times of the remarkably extreme tenderness for dumb animals shown by that hero of modern Italy, Garibaldi.

We doubt whether the young man who, in pursuit of a harmless and frightened hare, rode "Black Beauty's" brother to its and his own death, would have fought more bravely for his country than either of the men above named.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

There is a vast difference between brutality and courage. What the world needs to-day is not the courage of the prize-fighter—we have too much of that already—but the courage of General Grant and Garibaldi,—the courage which has led thousands, when there was need, to die, not only on battle-fields, but in yellow fever hospitals, at the martyr's stake, and on the cross. Such courage has never been promoted by brutal sports which endanger either human or harmless animal life.—*Geo. T. Angell*.

#### THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AGAINST INSECTS.

Prof. Linter, State Entomologist, has made a microscopic examination of the insect collections of a single electric light, and estimates that the debris which he inspected represented 33,000 insects. As many of the smaller forms of insect life probably constituted the larger portion of those attracted to destruction by the light, he believes that the average number of insects destroyed in a night by a single electric light is nearly 100,000.

The larger portion of Prof. Linter's specimen collection from one light consisted of minute gnats, midges, crane flies, and similar small two-winged insects. No mosquitoes were discovered among the victims as they are not attracted to the light. There were, however, large numbers of plant bugs, which are injurious to vegetation, particularly of one small species of a handsome green *gassid*, which feeds upon our grasses. A number of the moths, and one of the leaf rollers which have made such havoc in our fruit trees this season, were found, as well as other species of the same family.

Prof. Linter in speaking of his examination, said: "I was sorry to see quite a number of the beautiful gauze wings among the heaps of the slain, as their *larvæ* are the *aphis* lions which aid in keeping down *phides* or plant lice." "The electric light," says Prof. Linter, "will undoubtedly prove an active agent in the reduction of insect pests, and also furnish entomologists with many rare specimens and with many species never before seen."—*Scientific American*.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for September is an interesting article on "American and German Schools," by John T. Prince. The following gives his contrast between the two in regard to courses of study:

"The German system of schools recognizes first of all the importance of a plan of studies by providing for the best plan that experience and science can give, and by causing one to be placed in the hands of every teacher. The Minister of Instruction—the highest educational authority of the state, and a member of the government—issues for all kinds and

grades of schools a general plan of studies, which is elaborated and adapted to special needs by inspectors and masters of schools. So carefully prepared are these plans that they may be said to be the result of the best educational thought of the state,—on the one hand so well defined as to make the teacher's duty clear and on the other hand so unrestricted as to leave much freedom and independence of action.

"In many parts of the United States the arrangement of the plan of studies is left to the local board,—a board which is made up of men who are able, it may be, to run a farm or factory but who have no special fitness to direct teachers in respect to subjects of study. As a consequence there are many towns which have no plan of studies for their schools, absolutely no guide of what is expected to be done beyond the wishes of parents who are ambitious for their children to go over or through many books. This may not be less harmful than a faithful adherence to the requirements of some plans which are made by persons wholly unfit to make them. And all these hindrances to good and systematic work are but little worse than the constantly changing courses of studies which ambitious school committees, superintendents, and principals are fond of putting out as essential improvements over what has preceded, or as proofs of their ability as reformers."

### MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for September is interesting as usual. Dr. Holmes, in his installment of "Over the Tea Cups," discourses on the fondness of Americans for titles. The article by John Fisk on the "Disasters of 1780" is very enjoyable reading. In speaking of continental money Mr. Fisk tells us that in 1780 a barrel of flour cost \$1,575 and that Samuel Adams paid \$2,000 for a hat and a suit of clothes. Mr. J. P. Quincy has a bright paper on "Cranks as Social Motors."

California topics occupy considerable

space in the *September Century*. The paper by John Muir on "The Treasures of the Yosemite Valley," in the August number, is followed by another on "Features of the Proposed Yosemite National Park." The writer describes the wonderful scenery in the neighborhood of Yosemite—the Lyell Glacier, the Cathedral Peak region, the Toulumne Meadows and Cañon, and the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, all of which are included in the limits of the proposed park as defined by General Vandever's bill in the present Congress. The number also contains, apropos of the celebration on September 8th of the fortieth anniversary of the admission of the state, a paper by George Hamlin Fitch, entitled, "How California Came into the Union," illustrated by a large portrait of General Frémont from a daguerreotype of 1850. A paper of timely interest, practically illustrated, is Commander C. F. Goodrich's description of "Our New Naval Guns," detailing the process of manufacture and recounting their remarkable efficiency. Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography deals with incidents of his life in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and includes material relating to Charles Mathews, John B. Rice, and William Warren, together with Mr. Jefferson's apology for the liberty taken with "The Rivals." The autobiography, which will be concluded in the October number, continues to be notable for its humor and humanity. An important paper by Professor Charles W. Shields of Princeton, on "The Social Problem of Church Unity," is another of the "Present-

Day Papers," contributed to the *Century* by the "Sociological Group" of writers, which now includes fifteen prominent students of social problems.

We have received the August number of *The Old Homestead*, a southern magazine published at Savannah, Ga., and devoted to literary, musical, fashion, and domestic matters. It is the only publication of its character in the South, and is filled with the choicest original stories, poems, essays, etc. Its object is to encourage the literary tastes of the people of the South, and already many of the most brilliant writers of that section are enrolled among its contributors. *The Old Homestead* has no political or sectarian affiliations, but has one object solely in view, and that is to elevate and refine. It is a publication of forty pages 11 x 15, with subscription price \$1 a year.

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### BOOK NOTICES.

"BLACK BEAUTY, HIS GROOMS AND COMPANIONS," is the title of a book published by the American Humane Education Society of Boston. It is the autobiography of a horse, telling of kind masters and cruel, of happiness and suffering.

Mr. Geo. T. Angell, President of the Humane Society, in the introductory chapter of this book, says: "For more than twenty years this thought has been upon my mind. Somebody must write a book which shall be as widely read as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and shall have as widespread and powerful influence in abolishing cruelty to horses as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had on the abolition of human slavery."

Many copies of this book have been sold, and by the kindness of friends the society has been able to give away as many more. It is a book that every owner of a horse, every driver of a horse, and every observer of a horse should read. It is written in a simple manner, and the more effective because of its simplicity. Its influence is a lasting one and will be a great factor in securing universal kindness to the horse. The book contains two hundred and forty-five pages, and can be had for twelve cents, or when sent by mail eight cents extra, by addressing Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass. Read this book and use your influence to have others read it.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

Here are some Senior classes for 1890, recently graduated: Boston University, 168; California University, 108; Columbia College, 318; Cornell University, 245; Harvard University, 375; Missouri University, 157; Northwestern University, 307; Princeton College, 137; Tulane University, La., 141; University of Michigan, 150; University of the City of New York, 256; Vanderbilt University, 188; Wellesley College, 111; Wisconsin University, 159. The largest attendance at any of these institutions during the past year was at the University of Michigan, which had 2,258 students.—*Ex.*

The students' gathering at Northfield, during July, was a grand success. Some four hundred of the flower of the

young men of this and other lands were present, and among them many soon to go to foreign lands, while others were recruited for the service. Those who had been there during the past four years and are now in "the field," were had in especial remembrance. As one stood before this crowd of immense possibilities, it seemed as if this movement was, to a large extent, the culminating one of Mr. Moody's many and great efforts. To influence—and all must have been influenced, more or less, for good—such a body of fine, representative, leading young men of many countries and climes was one of, if not the greatest privileges of man on earth. There were representatives from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Australia, China, Japan, Sweden, Germany, Canada, Brazil, Africa, and Armenia, and even the red Indian, the latter being represented by a Sioux chief, just graduated as M.D., in Boston, who has taken the name of Eastman, and is now returning to his people with healing for body and soul.—*Morning Star*.

Out of 11,507 pupils enrolled in the Christian College at Lucknow, India, 2,027 are Christians.

## POETS' CORNER.

### SOLITUDE.

I love thee, Solitude! within the vales,  
Or on the hill-tops, where no noisy feet  
Of men intrude, and where the very gales  
Play soberly amid the leaves they greet!  
No sounds abroad but those  
Which Nature gives the ear—  
The rivulet that flows  
Noiseless almost, and clear—

The hum of bees the woodland flowers among,  
And mated birds that chirp their loving song,

Away from all the busy haunts of life,  
The unrelenting selfishness of trade—  
Away from proud Ambition's reckless strife,  
And sensual pleasures which the soul degrade;

And there bid Mem'ry bring  
The treasures of the past;  
Or, poised on Hope's bold wing,  
Prophetic glances cast;  
Or musing o'er the scenes around me thrown,  
Enjoy that luxury—to be alone!

Yet not alone! an unseen Spirit moves  
Through all thine atmosphere, sweet Solitude!  
Building His temples in thy quiet groves,  
Where human architecture never stood.

And there upon those verdant floors,  
Beneath those canopies of shade,  
My soul more fervently adores,  
More humbly pleads His promis'd aid.  
More deeply feels His presence, too, than where  
Are human ears that listen to my prayer.

—*Central Pennsylvania Collegian*.

Oh! what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent!  
For him the wind, aye! and the yellow leaves,  
Shall have a voice and give him eloquent teach-  
ings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his last resting-place without a tear.

—*Longfellow*.

### AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces  
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so  
pleasant,

Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade  
and shine,

And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding  
grace,  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many man-  
sions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving  
cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green ex-  
pansions  
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing  
The life for which I long.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

#### KEUKA COLLEGE.

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Again beside the waters still,  
Great Shepherd of the sheep, we pray  
That Thou would'st lead Thy flock at will,  
And spread for us the feast to-day.

In pastures green lead youthful feet,  
Restore the soul to wisdom's ways,  
Make ev'ry flower of knowledge sweet,  
To lead each wandering soul that strays.

This earthly house, great God, behold,  
By self-denial sanctified;  
O'er waters dark let sunlight play.

On stone and lintel, door and beam,  
Let all thy goodness, mercy rest,  
And Wisdom's torch forever gleam,  
Till earth with light divine is blest.

#### LINES

OF BYRON TO HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, FROM  
"CHILDE HAROLD."

The castle crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Where breast of waters broadly swells,  
Between the banks that bear the vine.  
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,  
And fields that promise corn and wine,

And scattered cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strewed a scene that I could see  
With double joy wert thou with me.

The peasant girls with deep blue eyes  
And hands that offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise,—  
Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;  
And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers.  
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine.

I send the lilies given to me;  
Though long before thy hand they touch  
I know that they must withered be,  
But yet reject them not as such.  
For I have cherished them as dear,  
Because they yet might meet thine eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
When thou beholdest them drooping nigh,  
And knowest them gathered by the Rhine,  
And offered from my heart to thine.

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground;  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round.  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear,  
Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.

#### POT-POURRI.

HER NAME.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"

Poor little frightened baby!  
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,  
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees,  
I stooped and lifted her with ease,  
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid,  
I can't find you without it."  
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said;  
"Yes, but your last?" she shook her head;  
"Up to my house 'ey never said  
A single fmg about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"  
 "Why, didn't you hear me tell you?  
 Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:  
 "Yes, when you're good; but when they blame  
 You, little one—it's just the same  
 When mamma has to scold you!"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,  
 A little blush ensuing,  
 "'Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,  
 And then she says" (the culprit owns),  
 "Mehitable Sapphira Jones,  
 What has you been a-doing?"

—*Ex.*

Wealth never gave me an ounce of  
 pleasure, said a millionaire, till I  
 began to do good with it. The witness  
 is true.

About five thousand dead bodies are  
 sent to the morgue in New York City  
 each year. The keeper of the morgue  
 says that at least four thousand of  
 these deaths are caused by drunken-  
 ness.

A home missionary was preaching to  
 a frontier audience on the prodigal  
 son. After he had described the con-  
 dition of the son in rags among the  
 swine, and had started him on his  
 return, as he began to speak of the  
 father coming to meet him, and order-  
 ing the fatted calf to be killed in honor  
 of the prodigal's return, he noticed a  
 cow-boy looking interested, and he  
 determined to make a personal appeal.  
 Looking directly at his hearer, the  
 preacher said, "My friend, what would  
 you have done if you had had a son re-  
 turning home in such a plight?" "I'd  
 have shot the boy and raised the calf,"  
 was the prompt reply.—*Christian Reg-  
 ister.*

Piety and true morality are but the  
 same spirit differently manifested.

Piety is religion with its face toward  
 God; morality is religion with its face  
 toward the world.—*Tryon Edwards.*

He that diggeth out through the bul-  
 warks of ignorance behind which he  
 may have been born and reared is  
 greater than he that taketh a city.

Every man is the center of a sphere  
 whose radius is infinity.

She (in Boston)—"Is it true,  
 cousin Jack, that you are going west?"  
 He—"Yes, I want to see the Cherokee  
 strip." She (with a hint of a tint of  
 a blush)—"Oh, Jack, do say disrobe."  
 He (after three hours)—"I am so  
 fond of traveling." She—"Indeed?  
 I never would have suspected it."—*Ex.*

Physiologists say that the older a  
 man gets the smaller his brain becomes.  
 This explains why *young men know  
 everything and old men nothing.*

—*Boston Courier.*

Cats show how little decision of  
 character they have by the amount of  
 time they spend on the fence.—*Bur-  
 lington Free Press.*

When you make a mistake, don't  
 look back at it long. Take the reason  
 of the thing into your mind, and then  
 look forward. Mistakes are lessons of  
 wisdom. The past cannot be changed.  
 The future is yet in your power.—*Hugh  
 White.*

Tommy—"What is reciprocity, pa-  
 pa?" His Father—"When you gave  
 the canvas man your luncheon the other  
 day, and he looked the other way as  
 you crawled under the tent—that was  
 reciprocity."—*Mail and Express.*

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gusta, Portland, and Boston.  
10.30 A.M., for Bath, Portland, and Boston.  
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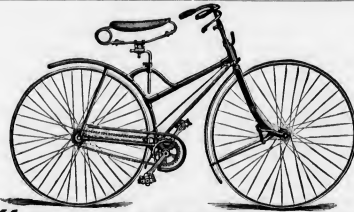
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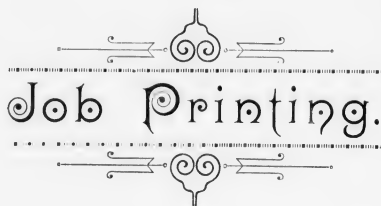
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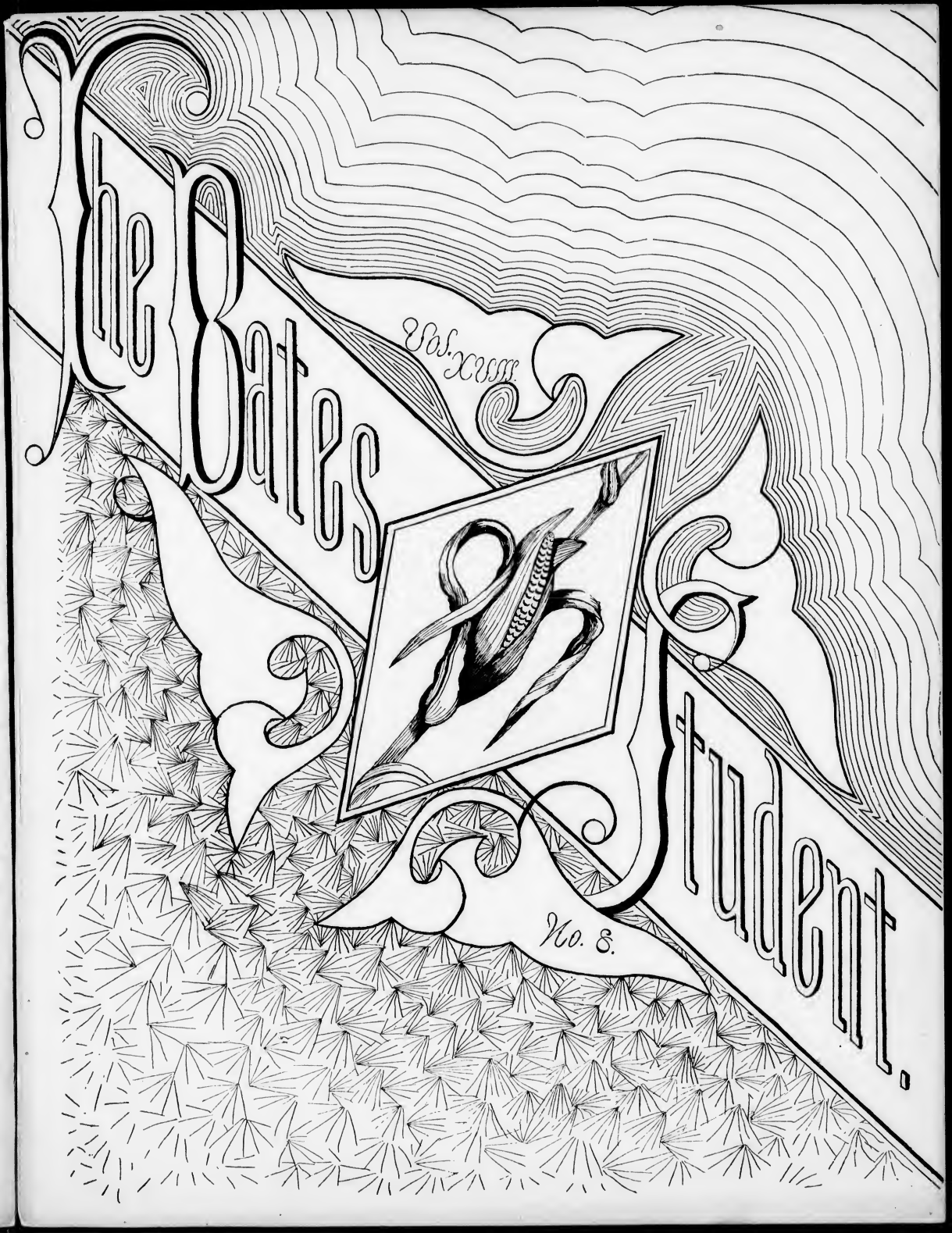


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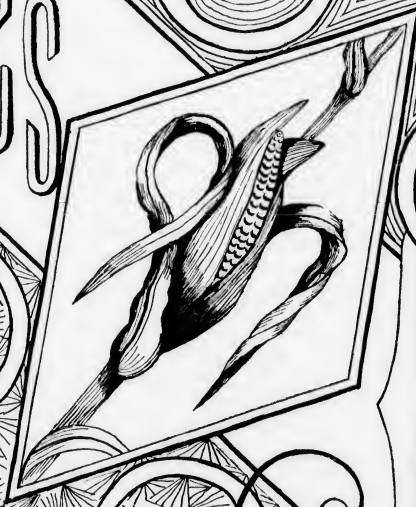
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# THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 8.

## THE BATES STUDENT

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LEWISTON, ME.

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## EDITORIAL.

SOME of our exchanges devote their editorial columns largely to unfavorable criticism of the management of their respective colleges,—a proceeding as unwise as useless. We acknowledge that it is often difficult to draw the line between just criticism and undue fault-finding; but the college paper, as the recognized mouthpiece of the school, should represent its institution in all fairness. Where abuses exist, due to the indifference, carelessness, or ignorance of those in charge, it is proper to call public attention to such instances, and where the students are themselves in fault, that, too, should be frankly stated. It is not the mission of the college paper to shield the one, at the expense of justice, nor to show a cowardly subservience to the other. The severest criticism, if deserved, ought to find a place in its columns. What should be discouraged is the continual harping upon unavoidable defects, and real or fancied grievances too slight to be dwelt upon by a sensible person; in a word, the making of petty criticisms for the mere pleasure of fault-finding, or in order to appear "smart." Perhaps this tendency is partly due to a dearth of suitable subjects for editorial

comment; there is always something at hand, in which some flaw may be found with very little labor, and it does not take much ingenuity to spread a very small matter over a column or two. Better re-hash those long-suffering themes, "Perseverance," "Education," and the like, than to develop into a perpetual grumbler. In skilled hands, criticism is a mighty weapon for reform; but it is just criticism, and it metes out praise as well as blame.

---

**B**ATES is one of the foremost colleges in New England in graduating teachers, and it is but natural that we should direct our attention to methods that will aid us as teachers in years to come. Pedagogics is of direct benefit, and should be pursued by all who wish to be successful in the school-room. There must be a more thorough preparation for teaching than is required for any other profession, and the degree of success depends largely upon the ability to meet and overcome obstacles. Nearly the same perplexities come to all teachers, and, therefore, it is comparatively easy to formulate general remedies. The experience of old and successful teachers may become the possession of all who will make a constant study of pedagogics. Until a comparatively recent time, this branch of science has been sadly neglected. The prevailing idea was that anybody, who had a college education, could teach, but the condition of scores of schools has sadly shown the fallacy. Teaching, I believe, is a sacred trust that none should un-

dertake who are not fully equipped in every way.

In several of our larger colleges there is a movement towards the establishment of chairs of pedagogics, and many noted educators claim that this is absolutely necessary in order to make the desired advancement in education. The public rightly demands that instructors shall employ the best methods, and every year will increase the requirements. Thus it is necessary for all of us, who contemplate teaching, to study theories and methods. We have the opportunity, if we would but avail ourselves of it, to do considerable reading in this line. There are several standard works on this subject in the library and others will be added, no doubt, as fast as there is a demand for them. We must learn how to impart knowledge. Many have good educations that cannot make any use of it in teaching simply because they are unable to present their thoughts intelligently to others. It is well for us that the discussion of the subject of pedagogics is before the people, for it will awaken in us an enthusiasm for study in this direction.

---

**O**NE characteristic that distinguishes the American universities from the German is the uniform use of textbooks. The system of lectures, so common abroad, has scarcely obtained foothold with us. The comparative value of the two systems has, however, been often considered and discussed. Our system seems to be best for the present and for our small institutions.

But there is one evil that comes with it, an evil, as yet, not sufficiently recognized and provided against. It is the fact that many students in learning a lesson lay aside their own knowledge and experience, and study as if the facts were absolutely new and unknown. While there are countless items of knowledge that students must have acquired in the common experience of life which the text-books use, be it mathematics, rhetoric, astronomy, mechanics, or psychology, the book must somewhere strike a familiar key of the student's experience. And he too often forgets the fact as it occurred and studies away at the text. Then, if in recitation memory fails, instead of recalling his experience, reasoning out the thing in his own mind or using his native common sense he ignominiously "flunks," when, if he were asked the same question outside the class-room and out of connection with his work, he would in many cases answer both correctly, and without hesitation. Too much reliance on the text-book is not well, for the author, though in the majority of cases correct, is not positively so in every particular, and he, in reality, has fewer *new* facts to give than we realize. So a student, in learning or reciting, should not take leave of his own knowledge. He should prove or test the truth of what he learns and not leave so much work to the overburdened memory.

This testing of facts will aid in still another way. It will prevent, in a measure, the habit of learning for recitation only. Laws need not be remembered, if a few underlying facts

are known, for then the principle may be easily reconstructed. There is a vast deal of truth in the idea of Socrates, that a man will arrive at what seem impossible heights of knowledge if he has a skillful questioner to lead by easy steps, and every student should faithfully question himself before attempting to memorize the facts another has acquired.

LIFE has a good deal to offer any man who is willing to work hard. The idea that men are born great is the idea of the ignorant and indolent. It is the idea that has power when once thoroughly fixed in one's head either to kill all heroic ambition and make a man merely a slave to the world and a tool in the hands of his betters, or to make him in his own opinion a sort of god at the start. Both of these results are sure to work great injury. In the first case a man never gets to have any confidence in himself and is, therefore, when left to himself, utterly without power to accomplish anything that is new or original. Such a one has nothing to recommend him to his fellows as a person fit for any responsibility, public or private. He simply looks at other men who are in responsible positions and admires them, saying to himself, "I think these men possess wonderful talent." He never appears to even suspect that they gained their talent by hard work. God never intended that there should ever be anywhere in his universe a proper place for the sluggard. An old school teacher once said to one of his lazy pupils, "Young man if you don't learn arithmetic in this

world you will have to learn it in the next." This is not the visionary and flowery-beds-of-ease doctrine that we are accustomed to hear preached, but there is no doubt but that it means a good deal more to any lad or lass who is inclined to let a lazy disposition dominate in this world's affairs. Again, while we are not sermonizing we yet cannot help quoting a little Scripture, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If he never sows anything he will surely find nothing to reap. There will surely be wailing and gnashing of teeth for those who sit still in this world or the next. God's laws of this universe are laws of activity, of motion, and if things do not move of their own accord then there is surely something that will move them. If a man makes up his mind that he will move of his own accord he will soon find that dead men around him only need to be buried in order for him to have all the room he wants, and if a man makes up his mind that he will wait for somebody else to move first he will find that he is but little better than a dead man and so far as any real success in life is concerned he is practically dead and buried. Hard work and a live interest in *moving* things are the surest means of success in this world, and of a just amount of happiness in the next.

---

**P**UNCTUALITY," says Dr. Johnson, "is a quality which the interests of mankind require to be diffused through all the ranks of life." There is no man living that might not be a punctual man, yet how few are

*habitually* such. It is very easy to be three minutes late at every recitation; it is not so easy to be in our place promptly at all times; yet he who would make the highest success in life must at least approximate to this standard.

We readily place confidence in one who is prompt to fulfill his obligations. The habit of being late at our appointments, be they ever so trifling, demands the severest criticism of our friends. That the appointment is an unimportant one does not lessen our obligations to its prompt fulfillment. If it is worthy to be made at all, it is worthy to be met promptly. Having made an appointment with a person, to keep him waiting while we take time to finish the page on which we have been writing, is not only an insult to his patience but a robbery of his time. It is said of Melancthon, that whenever he made an appointment he expected not only to fix the hour but the minute of the meeting. Blackstone held punctuality to be so much a virtue that he could never bring himself to have perfect confidence in one who was plainly defective in this respect. He not only admired, but practiced this virtue. In all the numerous lectures that he delivered he was never known to keep an audience waiting.

In no class of people is punctuality more a virtue than in college men. The position that they occupy in society, and their calling itself renders their success largely dependent upon it; yet it is in college that the habit of being behind time often becomes chronic. He who is always late is

always in a hurry, while he who promptly meets his obligations finds ample time for recreation and reading.

THE season for out-of-door sports has practically ended, and now begins the training in the gymnasium. While all should endeavor to avail themselves of this training and should fully understand its significance, yet we would especially urge upon the candidates for the ball team the importance of it to them in developing the muscle and nerve necessary for a good successful players.

It will be six months before the intercollegiate contest for the base-ball pennant of 1891 actually begins; yet there is none too much time for preparation. Now is the time to *begin* to win games, and constant, faithful work in the gymnasium for the weeks to come may be just the requisite that will give the base hits, stolen bases, and agility that means victory, the pennant, and the praise and plaudits of your fellow-students. This all means hard work, but remember that hard work is a requisite of success; hard work this winter ensures you the confidence and hearty support of every member of the Athletic Association next spring.

It will be admitted, we think, that we have as good material for a ball team as ever we had before, if not better; and this fact leads the association to expect great results, and they have a right to.

Not only does the association expect much but the alumni also, as is shown by a communication in another

column, which we hope every member of the association will read. Now boys, don't disappoint either of these parties. Do your whole duty in preparing for the games next spring. Begin to make that preparation now, and be faithful in it, and we assure you that in victory or defeat all will be satisfactory to your supporters so far as you are concerned. The STUDENT wishes you the best of success.

---

## LITERARY.

### SILENT FORCES.

By L. B. W., '91.

HOLY Writ and profane history unite in proclaiming the grandeur of Solomon's temple. Gaze upon it in its completeness. The best stone, cedar, and fir that Lebanon could furnish! Delicate wreaths of lilies, palms, and pomegranates hanging in festoons from majestic columns! Walls flashing back the splendor of finely wrought gold and precious stones! But listen: "There was neither hammer nor ax nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." In the light of this affirmation not all the temples of art-loving Greece can compare with Solomon's. The skill of Phidias and Praxiteles pale before that of Hiram, King of Tyre.

As in the forests of Lebanon the material was prepared, so at creation, God's voice gathered the elements, and arranged them for his silent workmen, who, with noiseless tools, rear the temples of the great Architect.

Not least among these workmen is

Nature. Versed in all the arts and crafts that embody the conceptions of God, whether as Artist painting upon the broad expanse of Heaven the delicate tinted rainbow, as scribe tracing cabalistic lines of fire upon the inky blackness of the sky, or, Vulcan-like, tending the fires of that mighty engine, which noiselessly moves the most delicate mechanism, Nature is equally skillful. From the vegetation of the tropics turn to the Polar Seas, and behold the vast mountains of crystallization fashioned from old ocean's restless billows. Gaze into the starry firmament. Areturus, Orion, and the Pleiades move on as silently as when, nineteen hundred years ago, the Star came and stood over the "Prince of Peace."

Now consider Time, the sculptor and iconoclast. No sound is heard as, sitting amid the dust of ages, with masterly hand he rears continents, submerges islands, or shatters with fatal blows men's cherished monuments.

I see Thebes in all her glory. Her magnificent temples Carnac and Luxor tower up in all their majesty. Her kings are mighty. Her priests are wise. Her avenues glitter with chariots of ivory and gold. All nations bow before the proud city of the East. But look again! Her walls are defaced; among her fractured columns the lizard darts to and fro. Her glory has departed. What desecrating chisel insulted her sculptured beauty? What power undermined her statues? From the stony lips of the colossal Sphinx, half choked with Sahara's sands, there comes the murmur, "Time."

Now glance along the vistas of the Past and behold the great silent workers among men. Whoever have guided the race in new lines of thought and belief, have they not wrought in silence? In the gloomy prison dungeon, in the solitude of the desert, many a creative genius has reared temples of science and of truth, which shall last until the world shall cease to be.

Behold Galileo watching anxiously through his telescope; then see him, blind and deaf, fling back into the face of a frowning world its sneering rebuffs, and silently await the glory due his efforts. See Bunyan in his lonely cell, composing his immortal allegory. See Luther meditating in his cloister; Milton, writing in rayless darkness. See Dante, Copernicus, William the Silent, Angelo, and Beethoven. Behold Him who "trode the wine press alone," rearing such a fabric of truth as Socrates never dreamed of; a temple that compels all ages to say, "We find no fault in it."

But what is the final purpose for which these silent forces act? There is a greater temple to be built; the imperishable soul. Hewn by God's hand from his everlasting quarries, the pure marble is entrusted to the silent forces, that alone can rear a temple fit to beautify the streets of the Eternal City.

At length Death comes, the silent messenger of the spirit world. Silent? Not so to the waiting soul, but a revelation of the harmony of God, a revelation too delicate for human ears to hear. Then, as one has said, "Amid

the everlasting music of the spheres, all Geology shall praise the Rock of Ages, all Botany the Lily of the Valley, all Astronomy the Star of Bethlehem."

God's silence broken at last. Floods of harmony, which, resounding through the arches of the soul, like the trumpet that summoned Israel to the hour of the evening sacrifice, shall call man to the presence chamber of God, to be once more in the melody of the Forever.

#### INDIVIDUALITY IN REFORM.

By W. B. S., '92.

UNABLE or disinclined to trace the relations of successive events, but accepting the false idea that every step in advance, every change in the mode of living, is an independent reform, people have come to regard the masses as the true reformers, the doctrines they have learned to indorse as productions of their own. But this theory, however plausible, is equally untrue. Born of strife and turmoil, cradled in the heated brain of struggling humanity, nursed by jealousy and hatred, surrounded by poverty and wretchedness, such an offspring can hardly fail to find its grave amid the *débris* in which it is reared. "Dust thou art, to dust returnest," can be said more truly of nothing.

But a little thought will convince the most skeptical that the development of this world of ours has not been so wonderfully democratic after all. Each different ism cannot be considered a religious reform. Christ and his disciples preached the duty of man, and that

is the text alike of every ism in Christendom. England's great charter, America's self-government, and France's freedom from Bourbon despotism, are not unallied. They are but the development of the great Alfred's conception of right. True, in each case there were other reformers, but they were yet the few. The stern logic of Paine, the fiery eloquence of Otis and Henry, the dauntless patriotism of Franklin and the Adamses, the indomitable persistency of Washington, did more to make independence possible than all the disaffected clamorings of the multitude; discovered for them their wants and then the way to attain them.

Nor is this true of political liberty alone. What is the benefit of a howling mob, brainless and breadless, destroying property in London, compared with that of John Howard alleviating the condition of Europe's unfortunate prisoners; what the glory of the Pilgrim Fathers, crying for religious freedom and carrying on persecutions that would shame their own persecutors, compared with that of Wilberforce and Clarkson struggling against slavery in England, or of Garrison fighting the fiend in Puritan Boston with a price set on his head and a mob dragging him through the streets? The people as reformers, indeed! Much better the reform of the people.

The very existence of the time factor proves the truth of our hypothesis. Were the people the reformers, every reform would be instantaneous. Ready for it, no power could baffle their immediate influence. But they are not instantaneous. No such power does exist.

On the contrary, it was half a century from the time Wilberforce began his opposition to slavery before his end was realized. He had not to deal with a great popular influence to prevent such a reform, but with a superstitious adherence to an old custom to bring it about. He had to reform the masses in order to establish the desired change. Think you, had Christianity been the product of the multitude rather than the few, the persecutions of Nero and Galerius would have been possible? Had opposition to the license of the Romish Church had its birth among the masses, would Luther have met with persecutions from all hands? No, the heretic of yesterday is the hero of to-day. Abhorred one minute, he is adored the next. And why? Because the very people who could see in his project nothing but irreverence for what their grandfathers did, have been shown that the earthly paradise that existed in those traditionally balmy days "when I was a boy," was only earthly, after all. They have been taught in this case to distinguish the better from the good.

But not only is it a fact that individuality is the characteristic of every reform. It is a necessary state of things. There is a law that exacts more compliance than all the statutes of Christendom. It is the law of custom, of usage—that joint offspring of superstition and veneration which makes a man a Democrat or Republican, a Methodist or Universalist, because his father was the same, ignorant alike of party platforms and church creeds. Strangled by such a halter,

there is every need of some one to brave the cries of heresy and infidelity, to loosen the throat-lash and give gasping humanity a fresh breath. Truly has a popular orator declared that "universal obedience is universal stagnation," and when so much obedience is yielded to custom, equally great is the necessity of breaking this charm, of some individual sacrificing his position in society that he may establish a nobler order into which the masses may be initiated.

No, the people have had little to do with history, after all. Every advantage they have enjoyed, every boon they have received, has been but the gift of the few. Every step toward the acquisition of equality is but the approach toward a goal set years ago by the few. The history of the world, the history of every step in its progress, the history of every reform, is but the record of the lives of the few. Mention Christ and Mahomet, Buddha and Confucius, Luther and Erasmus, and what remains of religious reform? Tell the story of Clarkson and Wilberforce, Garrison and Lincoln, and what is untold of anti-slavery agitation?

What though the individual reformer does paint that on which mortal eyes may never gaze? Does this signify that he accomplishes nothing? Is not his, though ever so unattainable, the Utopia that is to direct all reform, the mark toward which the masses are to march? Is he less the author of the reform because he set the target for next year rather than to-morrow? Is he less a benefactor because he penetrated the mists of futurity and made the induce-

ment sufficient to ensure the attempt, the enthusiasm great enough to shake off the lethargy of that triple curse, adoration, veneration, and superstition?

♦ ♦ ♦

### "ENOCH ARDEN" AND "EVANGELINE" COMPARED.

By A. L. B., '93.

IT HAS been said that comparison is one of the fruitful methods of criticism. No less true is it that criticism is an essential element of comparison, for two works of any kind cannot be compared without being criticised. Contrast also is involved in comparison, so in comparing "Enoch Arden" and "Evangeline" we shall both criticise and contrast them.

Longfellow chose a metre that is eminently fitted to his theme. "The tranquil current of these brimming, slow-moving, soul-satisfying lines," and their "mournfully rolling cadence," are in full accord with the sad sweetness of the poem. The dactylic hexameter, the metre so little used by other poets, does not in this long poem become monotonous. The metre of "Enoch Arden" is, perhaps, no less suited to the poem. It is more forceful, more direct, but not so beautiful. But in the absorbing interest of the poem, one forgets, as he does not in "Evangeline," the appropriateness of the verse to the thought expressed. Although the poems present some points of similarity, yet they are very different. The theme is the same, the plots different. In "Evangeline," the one point, around which all our interest centers, and to which every thought

is subordinate, is the search for Gabriel.

In "Enoch Arden" our interest is divided. It seems to us that this poem, just as fittingly as "Evangeline," might be divided into two parts, part second beginning with "And where was Enoch?" The poem, as far as that division, tells more of Annie and of Philip, and all events are located in the little sea-port village. In what follows we almost lose sight of these scenes and characters in our interest in the wanderings and isolation, and final home-coming of Enoch. This by no means detracts from the interest of the plot. It rather deepens it. We are led on, step by step, not knowing what the end is to be until we reach it. But in "Evangeline" we can know almost from the beginning what the end will be. In the introduction the poet speaks of the love "that hopes and endures and is patient," and from what we read of Evangeline's character, shown further on in the poem, we can easily predict that the search for Gabriel will be continued until he is found, or as long as life lasts.

"The strength and beauty of woman's devotion" finds its equal in that of "Enoch Arden." Surely no woman's devotion could be more strong and pure than his, or could more nobly stand the terrible test of silence. In marked contrast to both Evangeline's and Enoch Arden's devotion is that of Annie Lee. While her affection for Enoch seemed to be deep and true, yet it was not characterized by the hope and endurance and patience

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Chemistry



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that prove genuine devotion, and it could stand the test only eleven and one-half years.

She could not, it is true, obtain any satisfaction in searching for the lost one. She could not know that he was living, and within one or two or six days' journey. She had no incentive to *hope* as Evangeline had to *search*; but, notwithstanding all this, if the search had been made by Annie, and the wearisome waiting at home had been endured by Evangeline, we cannot think of the latter as giving to any one else the place in her affections that she had given to Gabriel. Nor can we think that a search for Enoch would have been continued so perseveringly and persistently as it was for Gabriel.

There is a marked contrast in the two poems in regard to the use of figures. In "*Evangeline*" there are more than seventy similes. Many of these refer to something in nature, as "white as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves," and "round and red as the harvest moon." Personification, although not so frequent as simile, is noticeable. Not only are there many direct personifications, as "clamorous labor knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning," but many epithets are used that personify the object spoken of. Most of these refer to some object in nature, as the "*deep-voiced ocean*" and "*happy valley*."

In comparison with Longfellow, Tennyson uses figures sparingly, but perhaps the absence of the many makes

the few stronger. Many of his epithets are compound and two are frequently used with the same word. One instance alone will show his skill in combining words to suit his meaning. Could any words more perfectly describe the feelings of Enoch Arden on the island where he had been shipwrecked—which had before been spoken of as "an Eden of all plenteousness," as "rich but the loneliest in a lonely sea"—than "*beauteous and hateful*?"

Tennyson's sympathy with Nature, his recognition of her power to echo and reflect the feelings of the human heart, is far greater than Longfellow's. He shows himself in "*Enoch Arden*" no greater lover of nature than Longfellow, and his descriptions are inferior to those in "*Evangeline*," but everything in nature corresponds perfectly to the feelings of his characters. Nature fits her own to human moods. She rejoices with the rejoicing, and weeps with the sorrowful. If Tennyson had written "*Evangeline*," the afternoon of the day, fatal to all the brightness and cheer of the Acadian's lives, would not have been such as to cause Evangeline to shield her eyes from the "rays of the sun that descending, lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each peasant's cottage with golden thatch and emblazoned its windows." Instead, the day would have been in harmony with their feelings, and the sunshine would have disappeared from nature as it did from their hearts. This description in "*Evangeline*" is beautiful:

"Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon  
Like a magician extended his golden wand  
o'er the landscape;  
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water  
and forest  
Seemed all on fire at the touch and melted  
and mingled together.  
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges  
of silver,  
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on  
the motionless water."

This is a perfect painting of the things in nature, but the peace and calm and beauty of the scene are not in accord with the depression and unrest and loneliness of Evangeline's heart. In "Enoch Arden," after reading a description of his surroundings, we come to this that is in perfect harmony with his terrible *aloneness* on that lonely isle:

"All these he saw; but what he fain had seen  
He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
The moving whisper of huge trees that  
branched  
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave."

And is not this a perfect reflection of the monotony of his life on the island:

"No sail from day to day, but every day  
The sunshine broken into scarlet shafts  
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;  
The blaze upon the waters to the east;  
The blaze upon his island overhead;  
The blaze upon the waters to the west;  
Then the great stars that globed themselves  
in Heaven.  
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
The scarlet shafts of sunrise, but no sail."

And again, when he reaches his home, the day is in full sympathy with his feelings.

"Bright was that afternoon,  
Sunny but chill; till down thro' either chasm  
Where either haven open'd on the deeps  
Roll'd a sea-haze, and whelmed the world in  
gray;  
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped  
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze  
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down,  
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom."

There is no pathos in "Evangeline" that can compare with that in "Enoch Arden." True, the entire poem is sad, and some parts are pathetic, *e. g.*, Father Felician's prayer, Evangeline's cry for Gabriel when she stole away alone in the garden of Basil, the blacksmith, where Gabriel had been that very day, the goodness and patience of Evangeline as she "wandered in want and cheerless discomfort, bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence." The search for Gabriel, the frequent nearness to him, and the continual failure of quite finding him, is more tantalizing than pathetic. Although there is pathos throughout the entire poem, there is lacking that depth of feeling that in Tennyson summons one's most intense sympathy. When we finish reading "Enoch Arden," we are left in a "stress of tumultuous feeling." The pathos culminates in the last few verses, while in "Evangeline," although the meeting of the two is somewhat pathetic, yet we are soothed and rested by the way in which the story ends. We cannot reconcile ourselves to "The End" in "Enoch Arden" as we can in "Evangeline." In the latter the story is finished, and as we would have it.

The difference in the degree of

pathos in the two poems may be accounted for in the different circumstances of their author's lives; the one favored always by nature, and previous to the writing of "Evangeline," never suffering any great affliction, it is not strange that intense joy and sorrow, and deep passion are foreign to his poetry.

"The compensation of man's anguish is that it lifts him beyond the ordinary." The great sorrow of Alfred Tennyson's life tempers his poetry, and the calmness and tranquility, and even tenor of Longfellow's verse, that are reflected from his life, are not seen in Tennyson. Tennyson's deeply religious feeling is shown in Enoch Arden's prayer and in what follows, viz.:

"He was not all unhappy. His resolve  
Upbore him, and firm faith and evermore  
Prayer from a living source within the will  
And beating up thro' all the bitter world  
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea  
Kept him a living soul."

And earlier in the poem, he shows his trust and reverence in the parting words to Annie Lee:

"Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.  
Is He not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning? If I flee to these  
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His.  
The sea is His; He made it."

Of Enoch Arden, in the terrible loneliness of the island where he was shipwrecked, it is said:

"Had not his poor heart  
Spoken with that, which being everywhere  
Let's none who speaks with Him seem all alone,  
Surely the man had died of solitude."

There are in "Evangeline" several direct allusions to the Bible in the form of similes. Simple trust and reverence appears in all its pages.

To us Evangeline, although it has been called the "Flower of American idyls," is not equal to "Enoch Arden." Perhaps they are not to be compared as to the superiority of the one over the other. Each may be best in its own way. If the popularity of a work proves its superiority, then "Evangeline" is superior. Although it may be argued that the best poetry is the least appreciated, yet to reach the minds and delight the imaginations of thousands who know little of poetry more difficult to understand, is something which many deeper poets have not attained. Longfellow won his place in the hearts of people by feelings common to all, and it was by the simple, delicate, and refined expression of these that he gained the affection of so many.

"I see him, a silver-haired minstrel, touching melodious keys, playing and singing in the twilight, within sound of the rothe of the sea. There he lingers late; the curfew bell has tolled and the darkness closes round, till at last that tender voice is silent and he softly moves unto his rest."

## COMMUNICATION.

Gentlemen,—If you will allow me I would like to say a word about athletics. An athletic contest is intensely interesting to me, for several reasons, the most prominent of which are these: First it is in one sense a sort of a little judgment day, for just what you are and just what you can do is the only thing that counts. You can veil your ignorance in society by holding your tongue. You can loaf half the term and skip recitations and upon examination day,

by an exhaustive classification upon a diminutive piece of paper handled with infinite dexterity, you can come out of calculus with flying colors (no inferences, please, gentlemen). Paucity of ideas and expressions can cut off a thin slice from some of the magnificent literary and intellectual books that crowd the library shelves, and donate it in a literary meeting as a specimen of its own mental culinary. But in an athletic contest you cannot "crib." Sham won't work. You cannot impose on your neighbors.

Hercules' accomplished tasks nor those of long-haired Samson can help you out. In the language of the immortal Daniel Boone, "The capability must be in you or you are licked." Intrinsic merit prostrates inferiority. Another reason why I am intensely interested in the welfare of athletics, and especially college athletics, is because I like the type it develops. He is, as a rule, a man who is profoundly impressed with the necessity of training and preparation as a factor of success in any line. He is a man that can bear honest defeat without feeling disgraced or disgruntled. He is a man that has a soldier's respect for harmony and subordination. He is a man that can shackle onto mental power and Christian grace a splendid energy.

Now, gentlemen, if you will hold still just a minute longer, I will endeavor to draw a bead upon you. The alumni believe that if you can in the one issue, where you stand pitted against the other colleges of Maine, defeat them that it will be a good thing for the growth and prosperity of our *Alma*

*Mater*. We want you to do it, or at least we want the best talent in the college a unit in sympathy, determination, and effort. Not a positive seven and a negative two, which, if I remember correctly the first chapter of Olney's Elementary Algebra, give only an absolute power of five, but every unit positive, giving an absolute positive nine.

Right here permit me to assert that in the smaller college it is a great deal more difficult to command the best efforts of the individual than it is in a university, and requires the exercise of a great deal more virtue to obtain the proper subordination and harmony for the strongest kind of business. This is so because in the larger college the material is so plenty, the competition of rival candidates so sharp and earnest, and public sentiment is so keen and independent. No one man can much effect affairs. If a man is obstinate or has an undue subjective enlargement of the cranium, he will be dropped, and a lively consciousness of this fact is not unknown to the subject. In the smaller college, however, gilt-edged talent is mighty scarce, and sometimes one man, or at least a very limited number, can by muleishness, pettiness, the "green-eyed monster," and unmanliness blast the whole thing.

Among a set of real good fellows a bit of jealousy operates like a mad dog. He may be a small dog and you say, "Look at that little fellow; what comical tantrums he is going through." Yes, but look out for him, for if he nips you hydrophobia will stream through your system.

How many men just miss a splendid, companionable manhood just because they do get jealous. Now, gentlemen, I presume everything at the college is as sweet and lovely as a cosset lamb with a blue ribbon around his neck. But I just expatiate on that point because I know it takes a man eighteen carat fine to step up to the other fellow in opposition, who is enjoying more publicity than we approve and say, "Here old fellow, for the common interest, for the sake of living in this mutual enterprise and for the sake of the fruits to the cause which we represent individually, differences must not weigh a grain.

There are three words which I commend to your consideration: Subordination, Union, Loyalty. Subordination is the rut into which ideas and intelligent planning runs as molten metal, that hardens and crystallizes into solid iron. Union is power. It is a formidable thing, it heads the elements of power the same way. What one man could not do if he died, union does on a scale magnified a thousand times. Loyalty is perhaps the best word the tongue can utter, the noblest sentiment the heart knows. It builds a coffin, puts self into it, and nails down the cover. It works on the line of institution and principles: it subordinates the petty and feeling to the abiding satisfaction and welfare of the many.

F. J. DAGGETT.

◆◆◆  
The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—*Froude*.

## LOCALS.

Who thunders in his cheerless room  
Napoleon's speech or Lincoln's doom?  
The Fresh.

Who answers him, across the way,  
With arguments none can gainsay?  
The Soph.

Who flags the train at Jack's?

Tennis courts are being deserted.

How about the parliamentary class?

Blanchard, '88, is instructing the Freshmen in elocution.

H. J. Chase, '91, attended the Free Baptist Convention held in New York during the first weeks of October.

The Juniors and Seniors rejoice in a new plank walk from Hathorn Hall to the laboratory. "It's narrow, but then—!"

All the New Hampshire boys will go home to vote November 4th. There is quite a delegation and all but one will vote for "Hiram."

Gymnasium work began October 14th. It is hoped that all will do good work to maintain health, and that the ball team, in particular, will prepare for the next season's campaign.

The college senate question is being agitated quite vigorously this term. A great majority of the students favor the plan, and it is thought that it will be accepted and arranged at no distant time.

The unusually warm fall has delayed the birds, and many of them are making longer stops with us than usual. Juncous sparrows, fly-catchers, warblers—all varieties, in fact, have been very plenty, and have presented a fine

opportunity for study to the amateur ornithologist.

First Farmer (viewing the obstacle race on Field Day)—“What’s them fellers pickin’ up in the coal-hods?” Second Farmer—“Pertaters, I guess.” First Farmer—“Well, now they’re learnin’ somethin’ that amounts to somethin’.” Second Farmer—“I’ll hire the feller that wins, if he wants a chance.” There’s an opportunity, Teddy.

The first and second divisions of the Sophomore class, as made for surveying, met with Miss Hodgdon, on Wood Street, for a candy-pull. The reputation of the class for having “good times,” was fully maintained. A few such entertainments not only form a pleasant diversion, but make the class friendship stronger and more enduring.

September 25th the ladies of the Main Street Free Baptist Church gave their annual reception to the students. An address of welcome was given by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Summerbell, and was responded to by G. K. Small, in behalf of the college. Music, conversation, and refreshments made a very pleasant evening. This is one of the events that is gratefully remembered by every Bates graduate.

The Seniors made an inspection of the Lewiston bleachery, October 16th, with Professor Jordan. Through the kindness of the agent, Mr. Dempsey, the class was shown all parts of the processes of bleaching, coloring, cleaning, etc. A few practical lessons like this are more beneficial than several lessons from the book. A pleasant,

as well as a profitable afternoon was passed, and very few will soon forget the delightful (?) odor of  $\text{CaCl}_2$ .

All the classes have taken advantage of the fine weather by class rides or walks. The Seniors set the example by riding to Southwest Bend, taking in the ferry and being taken in—Greenwood’s much-enduring camera. The Juniors and Sophomores followed, going around Lake Auburn and rousing the natives by their “Siss-te-ah-de-ri-co-bo.” The Sophomores likewise awakened the echoes through New Gloucester. The Freshmen took a long walk about the country roads, and all reported a first-class time.

The champion debates, postponed from the summer term, were held September 26th, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. This class of exercises improves with each year. All the parts were well given and, unusually free from irrelevant matter. The first prize was awarded to W. B. Skelton, the second to Scott Wilson. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Question—“Is it probable that Russia will drive England out of India within fifty years?”

*Aff.*

C. C. Ferguson,  
Miss Vann E. Meserve,  
V. E. Sawyer.

*Neg.*

O. A. Tuttle,  
N. W. Howard,  
H. E. Waller.

W. B. Skelton,  
J. R. Little.

MUSIC.

E. E. Osgood,  
Scott Wilson.

MUSIC.

The State Y. M. C. A. Convention, held in Lewiston, October 2—5, was a grand success. Bates was represented in the convention by thirteen delegates and all of the meetings were

well attended by the students in general. The college session Saturday, P.M., October 4th, was perhaps the best of all, or at least it seemed so to the college boys. There were several interesting and profitable papers read and all were well discussed. At the close of this session the delegates all adjourned to the vestry of the Pine Street Free Baptist Church where they found awaiting them a nice supper prepared by the Bates Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., this part of the programme was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Sunday morning, October 5th, D. C. Torrey addressed the College Y. M. C. A. at their rooms in Parker Hall.

A good game of ball was witnessed on our diamond, October 9th. Our team met the Lewistons and won the game with a score of 3 to 1. The following is the score:

## LEWISTONS.

	A.	B.	R.	B.	H.	T.	B.	B.	O.	A.	E.
Tobean, 1b.,	5	0	0	0	0	9	0	1			
Reed, 2b.,	4	0	1	1	3	1	0				
John McManus, c.,	3	0	0	0	10	0	1				
E. Kelly, p.,	3	1	1	2	0	13	0				
Brackets, c.f.,	3	0	1	2	0	0	0				
S. Kelly, s.s.,	3	0	0	0	0	3	0				
Farrell, 3b.,	4	0	2	2	0	1	1				
J. McManus, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	1				
Furbush, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	4				
Kearns, c.f.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0				
Total,	34	1	5	7	24	18	8				

## BATES.

	A.	B.	R.	B.	H.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Pennell, s.s.,	2	1	1	1	2	0					
Hoffman, c.,	3	1	1	1	7	1	1				
Osgood, 1b.,	4	0	0	0	5	0	1				
Sawyer, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	1	1	1				
Marden, c.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0				
Putnam, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	6	1	0				
Emery, r.f.,	4	0	1	1	1	0	0				
Wilson, 2b.,	4	1	1	3	4	3	1				
Smith, p.,	3	0	1	2	0	4	0				
Brackets, s.s.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	1				
Total,	33	3	5	8	27	10	7				

The exercises of Field Day were held, October 10th and 18th, at the

college campus. All the entries were from the three lower classes, and the contest was principally between '92 and '93. The Sophomores won the cup as will be seen below. The events and winners with the records are as follows:

Standing high jump—1st, Putnam, 4.5 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; 2d, Pennell, 4.5 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

Standing high kick—1st, Emery, 7.4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; 2d, Sims, 7.3 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Hitch kick—1st, Pennell, 7.4; 2d, Hoffman, 7.2.

Running broad jump—1st, Pennell, 16.5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; 2d, Putnam, 15.9.

Hammer, heavy weight—1st, Ross, 63.5; 2d, Pennell, 59.11.

Hammer, limited 140 pounds—1st, French, 54.5; 2d, Skelton, 51.2.

Running high jump—1st, Emery, 4.8 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; 2d, Pennell, 4.7 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

Putting shot—1st, Ross, 28.8; 2d, Bruce, 27.3 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Standing broad jump—1st, Pennell, 9.4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; 2d, Emery, 11.4.

Throwing base-ball—1st, Pennell, 337.10; 2d, Emery, 318 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

Pole vault—1st, McFadden, 8.7; 2d, Wilson, 7.11.

Hurdle race, 120 yards—1st, Pennell, 16.4-5 seconds; 2d, Wilson, 17.2-5 seconds.

Mile run—1st, Skelton, 5 minutes 39.2-5 seconds; 2d, McFadden, 5 minutes 40 seconds.

Sack race—1st, Hoffman; 2d, Perkins.

One hundred yards dash—1st, Pennell, '93, 11 seconds; 2d, Wilson, '93, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

Half-mile run—1st, Hoffman, '93, 2 minutes 28 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds; 2d, Skelton, '92, 2 minutes 31 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

One-mile walk—1st, Blanchard, '92, 8 minutes 58 1-5 seconds; 2d, Skelton, '92, 8 minutes 59 seconds.

Obstacle race—1st, Hoffman, '93; 2d, Bruce, '93.

Two hundred and twenty yards dash—1st, Pennell, '93, 25 3-5 seconds; 2d, Small, '94, 27 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

Two-mile, go-as-you-please—1st, Skelton, '92, 11 minutes 55 seconds; 2d, Tuttle, '92, 12 minutes 24 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

## PERSONALS.

'67.—Hon. F. E. Sleeper and wife, of Sabatis, have twin sons, born September 5th.

'71.—Hon. J. M. Libby, of Mechanic Falls, has been elected Senator for Androscoggin County.

'73.—Charles Davis, M.D., with his wife and two children, called on his old friends in Lewiston recently. Dr. Davis is a successful physician at Sand Beach, Michigan.

'74.—F. L. Noble, Esq., of Lewiston, has been elected to the Maine House of Representatives..

'74.—F. P. Moulton, who has for some time been teaching in Waltham, Mass., has accepted a position as teacher of Latin in the Hartford (Conn.) High School, at a salary of \$1,800.

'75.—Hon. A. M. Spear, of Gardiner, has been elected Senator for Kennebec County.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy, pastor of the Court Street Free Baptist Church, has been granted a six months' leave of absence that he may visit India and Palestine. Accompanied by Rev. F. W. Sandford, '86, Mr. Stacy will set sail from San Francisco, October 21st. They will visit Japan, China, Egypt, and other places, but devote most of their time to India and the Holy Land. As secretary of the Free Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, Mr. Stacy is especially desirous of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the work of missions in India. During his absence, his pulpit will be filled by Dr. C. P. Penney, formerly pastor of the church in Augusta.

'77.—O. B. Clason, Esq., of Gardiner, has been re-elected representative to the State Legislature.

'77.—C. V. Emerson, Esq., who was city solicitor of Lewiston, last year, has been appointed by Governor Burleigh to be clerk of the Lewiston Municipal Court.

'77.—H. W. Oakes has been admitted to practice in the United States Court.

'81.—W. C. Hobbs has a position in the high school in Providence, R. I.

'83.—Henry O. Dorr is teaching in Pittston, Me.

'83.—W. F. Cowell has been in Gardiner a short time, visiting his father. He is very pleasantly located in Clyde, Kan., as cashier of a bank.

'83.—Rev. O. H. Tracy, who lately resigned his pastorate at Biddeford, has received a unanimous call to the Free Baptist Church in Oakland, Cal. He has not yet decided whether he will accept this call or not.

'84.—Rev. A. Beede, Jr., a graduate from Andover Theological Seminary in the last class, is preaching at Barrington, N. H. Mr. Beede has received an appointment from the American Board and intends to go to China as a missionary next year.

'84.—Joseph W. Chadwick, 2d, has commenced his sixth year as principal of the Gardiner Grammar School.

'85.—Morrell N. Drew, of Fort Fairfield, has been elected representative to the State Legislature.

'85.—F. A. Morey, Esq., has removed from Keeseville, N. Y., to Lewiston, where he will continue the practice of his profession.

'86.—William N. Prescott is employed in the apothecary business in Gardiner, with F. M. Noyes & Co.

'86.—Rev. C. Hadley was married September 9th, to Miss Lena Walls of Lewiston, by Rev. C. C. Tilley. Mr. Hadley was ordained for the ministry July 16th, at the Bates Street Baptist Church, and supplied the pulpit of that church this summer during the vacation of the pastor. Before the recent departure of Mr. and Mrs. Hadley for their field of work in India, their many friends in this city called upon them, presenting them with tokens of esteem, and bidding them God-speed.

'86.—Miss A. S. Tracy is assistant in the high school at Pepperall, Mass. She also has a private class in French and German.

'86.—C. E. Stevens has been appointed Superintendent of Schools in Holden and Leicester, Mass.

'87.—Israel Jordan has left the Yale Theological School, and entered the school at Andover.

'87.—Rev. J. W. Moulton, a graduate from Yale Theological School in the last class, has accepted a call to the Congregational church at Middle Haddam, Conn.

'88.—E. F. Blanchard has entered Cobb Divinity School.

'88.—Miss I. F. Cobb returns to the high school at Mankato, Minn., with an increase of salary.

'88.—Professor W. F. Tibbetts and wife, of Hillsdale, Mich., have a daughter.

'90.—Miss M. V. Wood has accepted a position in the high school at Southington, Conn.

## EXCHANGES.

The *Practical Student*, a weekly college newspaper, published at Ohio Wesleyan University, comes to us full of interest. We are glad to meet one of these new departures in college journalism.

Our exchanges are full of foot-ball. We shall expect to see as soon as the season is over a long list of the dead and wounded. This was what followed last year's foot-ball games, and we published in a former issue the official reports. There are also a goodly number of accounts of cane rushes, all of which took place in accordance with prescribed rules and with judges to decide the results. Somehow these beastly performances are still kept up notwithstanding the college is supposed to represent the van in the onward march of civilization. In one of our exchanges we notice the account given of the way a college devotional exercise is sometimes closed. The Amen is immediately supplemented by the solemn and impressive ceremony of the Sophomores in salting down the Freshmen. This is done by bombarding them with bags of salt and thus engaging in a wild and disgraceful mob. We also notice a case of hazing. This is something that is slowly going out of fashion among most colleges, and one would think that a single circumstance like the following would banish it instantly and forever among civilized human beings:

At Lafayette College, Tuesday evening, September 16th, Several Freshmen were dragged from their rooms by their enemies, the Sopho-

mores, and received much abuse from them. Two young Freshmen, threatened with a visit from the Sophomores, warned the latter to keep away from their rooms. However, soon after they retired on Wednesday evening they heard the hazers approaching. The Sophomores broke into their rooms by breaking down the doors but were quickly repulsed by the Freshmen who had armed themselves with base-ball bats. The first of the Sophomores to enter the room was a Spaniard, Juan Antonio Medina, who was struck a terrific blow on the forehead and fell unconscious to the floor. Another Sophomore was hit but not badly injured. The hazers picked up their comrades and retreated. The latest reports say that Medina is delirious and in a precarious condition. It is feared that his skull is fractured and that he cannot live.

Quite a number of our contemporaries are out with the customary advice to the Freshmen. The following is a sample of some of it taken from the *Buchtelite*:

Drink milk only.

Don't cut classes to play marbles.

Always take off your hats to the Seniors.

Be obedient and respectful to the upper-classmen.

Adopt a class hat soon. No other class ever did it, and you can claim it as an original scheme.

Help Loomis keep stray dogs off the campus.

Hold class socials regularly. They will only last one term.

Talk nothing but German.

Spend all your spare time hunting "bugs" and butterflies, that you may get a double E.

Wear your hair banged.

Claim everything in sight, and be satisfied with nothing less than the earth.

Don't act like babies in the grand bounce.

Subscribe promptly for the *Buchtelite*.

Strict compliance with the above will result in a Sophomore.

"The grand bounce" here spoken of is a rather dangerous initiation performance which has been the greeting of the new student at Buchtel. We are glad to see in another column of

the same issue that the practice is practically abandoned and is denounced in strong terms. American colleges can never be what they really ought to be till all these old and fool-hardy customs are abandoned once for all.

The *Polytechnic* has a very valuable article on the Nicaragua canal. It gives us some of the remarkable features of the canal and also an account of the estimated cost of construction and its values to commerce. There are two colored plates which accompany the description and are very helpful in giving one a clear idea of this great enterprise.

### MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The conclusion of Mrs. Deland's "Sidney" occupies the first place in the *Atlantic* for October. Dr. Holmes's "Over the Teacups" relates to marrying and giving in marriage; and, moreover, describes a visit to a certain college for women, not a thousand miles from Boston.

The other striking papers of the number are a consideration of Henrik Ibsen's life abroad and his later dramas, Mr. Fiske's "Benedict Arnold's Treason," Mr. J. K. Paulding's "A Wandering Scholar of the sixteenth Century," Johannes Butzbach, and Royce's paper on General Frémont. Miss Jewett's Maine sketch, "By the Morning Boat," and a poem by Miss Thomas on "Sleep," should be especially remembered.

The October *Century* opens with a frontispiece portrait of Joseph Jefferson. The last installment of the

autobiography accompanies the familiar face, an installment which is the most important of all, perhaps because it contains, at considerable detail, his own final reflections upon the art of which he is an acknowledged master.

Professor Darwin, of Cambridge, England, a worthy son of a great father, contributes a paper of high and original value on "Meteorites and the History of Stella Systems." A striking photograph of a nebula, in which a system like our own solar system seems to be in actual formation, accompanies this remarkable paper.

"A Hard Road to Travel out of Dixie," is the accurate title of a paper in the *Century's* new war-prison series. The present contribution is by the well-known artist and illustrator, Lieut. W. H. Shelton, of New York. Mr. Shelton naturally furnishes his own illustrations for his own story of hardship and adventure.

Miss Helen Gray Cone contributes a paper on "Women in American Literature," in which she reviews the whole field of American female authorship—Miss Cone apologizing at the beginning for thus separating the women writers from those of the opposite sex.

Several articles have a general or special bearing on the fall elections—in the direction of reform and a wholesome independence. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, the Republican Congressman, strongly advocates the extension of the merit system in his paper on "Why Patronage in Office is Un-American"; and Judge Thompson, the Democratic member of the National Civil Service Commission, in an "Open

Letter" shows the reasonableness of the reform. The leading "Topic of the Time" shows by a review of the political history of the country that there has always been "Partisan Recognition of the Independent Voter," and that State "calls" and conventions, and national "calls" and platforms have all along appealed to good citizens to take fresh and independent action in every election.

The new periodical, the *Literary Digest*, gives a weekly summary of the current literature of the world, presenting the cream from all departments; also masterly book digests and critiques; select indexes of current literature—books and periodicals, scientifically arranged; a monthly cosmopolitan chronicle of current events, the world over, and other valuable features.

The October *Outing*, is a particularly interesting number. Captain Charles King, U. S. A., has furnished a thrilling story entitled "Rancho del Muerto." There are also interesting articles on "The Pheasant of Old Britain," "The Woodcock of Canada," "Fox Hunting in the Genesee Valley," "A Canoe Trip Down the Chippewa," and "Wrestling."

The October number of the *New England Magazine*, is first and foremost a Cotton Centennial number. The two principal illustrated articles are on "Pawtucket and the Slater Centennial" and "The Cotton Industry in New England." The agricultural interest, to which so much attention was paid in the last number of the *New England Magazine*, receives further attention in three notable articles in

the present number. The stories of the number altogether are exceptionally good. One is by Mrs. Annie Howells Fréchette, a sister of W. D. Howells. Perhaps the most stirring article in the number is the last one, on the Indian Question, by Herbert Welsh, the secretary of the Indian Rights Association. It is an article which should be read and taken to heart by every man and woman in America.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

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Syracuse University is fortunate in the establishment of a new Art Fellowship by Hiram Gee. The endowment is \$10,000. This will enable the university to send abroad some fine art graduates for special and professional work. Such benefactors are of inestimable value to our colleges and universities.

Maine State College is to have a new building. It is to be three stories and of brick, and will occupy the site where Wingate Hall once stood. The building is to be used by students in the engineering courses, and will contain recitation and drawing rooms, and in the west corner will be commodious apartments for the Y. M. C. A. By the way where is our Y. M. C. A. building, the corner-stone of which was very soon to be laid a year ago?

The Freshman class at Yale numbers over four hundred. Two hundred and sixty-seven of these are in the academic department and the others are in the scientific.

Professor Smith of Bowdoin has ac-

cepted a call to the Larned Professorship of American History at Yale.

Hamilton College now proposes the senate system of college government. The senate is to consist of three members of the Faculty, two Seniors, and two Juniors, one from the Sophomore and one from the Freshman classes. The students, however, voted to give this senate only advisory powers. We hope the effort here at Bates will meet with favorable reception on the part of the trustees.

Johns Hopkins opens the fiftieth year of its existence with renewed facilities for study and research and a very full attendance.

Wellesley is unable to accommodate hardly one-half of the young ladies who have this year applied for admittance. It can accommodate about 250 and some over 500 have applied.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Cushing Mitchell, a graduate of Colby University and a distinguished divine, teacher and author, has been elected president of Leland University in New Orleans.

—*Mail and Express.*

President Bartlett, of Dartmouth, has issued a circular asking the aid of the parents of Sophomores in putting an end to hazing and rushing at Dartmouth. It is probably the first admission on record of this stern old disciplinarian that he is not equal to any college emergency, unassisted by any one.—*Mail and Express.*

By the will of the late John C. Newton, of Worcester, the residuary estate, amounting to between \$40,000 and \$50,000, is left to Amherst College for the endowment of the John

C. Newton Professorship of Greek.—  
*Amherst Student.*

Amherst is truly fortunate in securing Merrell Edwards Gates for President. He is a man of rare ability, and is not yet forty-three years old. He was formerly, as early as 1875, chancellor of the University of Nashville. In June, 1882, he was inaugurated President of Rutgers, and is now offered the Presidency of Oberlin. In 1880 he received from the University of the State of New York the degree of Ph.D., and in 1882 Princeton made him a LL.D. Young men in the office of college presidency is coming to be the idea. We hope it will prevail everywhere.

## POETS' CORNER.

### OCTOBER.

By N. G. B., '91.

O the golden autumn weather,  
O the bright October weather,  
O the rare life-giving weather !  
All the air is full of music,  
All the earth is rife with beauty,  
All the world is filled with gladness !  
O'er the restless, shining water,  
O'er the sea-blue, sparkling water,  
Flit the merry, dancing sunbeams,  
Come and go the glancing sunbeams,  
Tipping every wave with silver,  
Kissing all the waves to laughter,  
Thrilling all the lake with gladness.  
Just beyond the smiling water,  
Close beyond the sun-kissed water,  
Rise the rainbow-tinted mountains.  
At their feet the waters ripple,  
Through their leaves the soft winds rustle,  
Through the bright leaves creep and rustle,—  
Through the red leaves and the yellow,  
Through the scarlet tipped with yellow,  
Through the green leaves flecked with scarlet.  
In the air, the hum of insects,

Of a myriad busy insects,  
Singing of the by-gone summer,  
Shrilling of the coming winter,  
Crooning in the blessed sunshine,  
In the warm October sunshine.

Over lake and field and mountain,  
Fall aslant the golden sunbeams,  
Flooding all the land with glory,  
With the golden, sunset glory,  
Hushing every voice to silence,  
Calmning every heart to stillness  
Every restless heart to stillness.  
Shadows fall athwart the mountains,  
Darkly creep adown the mountains,  
Down the forest-covered mountains.  
Night-winds whisper thro' the tree-tops,  
Whisper softly thro' the tree-tops,  
While the shadows swiftly lengthen,  
While the brooding shadows lengthen,  
Blotting out the sunset glory,  
Shrouding all the land in darkness,  
In the still October darkness.

### THE NIGHT WIND.

By L. B. W., '91.

In my snug and cozy chamber,  
I am sitting all alone,  
Musing, dreaming, as I listen  
To the wild wind's ceaseless moan.

Snugly drawn are all the curtains,  
Bright and cheerful is the glow  
Of the fire, upon the hearth-stone,  
While the shadows come and go.

In their own accustomed places  
All my books now idle lie,  
And methinks they frown upon me,  
As I idly pass them by.

What care I for Greek and Latin ?  
They have now no charm for me,  
Let them rest, I wish to listen  
To the night wind, wild and free.

Wars begun, and conquests ended,  
Nations rise and their decline,  
Cicero and his wise reasoning,  
Now no willing listener find.

Things within are hushed in silence,  
I alone my vigil keep,  
All have sought with weary longing,  
Nature's sweet restorer, sleep.

And the clock of yonder village,  
In the gloomy old church tower,  
Chimes in slow and measured accents,  
Now the awful midnight hour.

Murmuring, moaning, gently sobbing,  
Round my casement soft and low,  
Sighs the wind, as if 'twere whispering  
Unto me some tale of woe.

Now in fitful gusts it rises,  
In its arms the branches rocks,  
Of the tall and stately elm trees,  
While to them it sings and talks.

Emblem of Divinist Wisdom!  
Sound of rushing, mighty wind!  
Unto thee I rear an altar,  
Unto thee my tribute bring.

Like the voice of God thou seemest,  
Mighty, powerful, and grand,  
Breathing lessons fraught with wonder,  
As thou passest o'er our land.

I would keep thee boon companion,  
Would not let thee rest to-night,  
For thou needest not to slumber,  
Keep thy watch till morning light.

#### KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

By F. L. P., '91.

Known and unknown, unknown and  
known

Spirit of Life, what words are these?—  
I wait on thee, so by degrees,  
The depth of mystery to be shown.

I wait on thee, nor turn aside  
To worship at another shrine;  
Thou art the oracle divine;  
In thee all wisdom doth abide.

In thee all love, in thee all power,  
In thee all attributes combine;  
Thou art in all, and all is thine,  
On thee dependent every hour.

Nor height, nor depth, nor broad extent,  
Can separate my soul from thee;  
Thou art in me and I in thee,  
And in thee will I rest content.

Beneath all depth, above all height,  
Beyond the reach of all extent,  
Thy spirit, by thy spirit sent,  
Turns chaos into law and light.

Thou wert before the ages were,  
And shalt be when they shall not be;  
All things submit to thy decree,  
And thy decree doth never err.

Though all this universal frame,  
Back to its elements resolve,  
And even though elements dissolve,  
Thou art forever still the same.

I wait, while hope with reason vies,  
That by this gift of life like thine  
I may become like thee divine,  
And in thy wisdom may be wise.

And while I wait my prayer shall be,  
That I, as light to me is shown,  
May live consistent with the known,  
And trust the unknown unto thee.

#### POT-POURRI.

##### SOMETHING-MAY-TURN-UP-VILLE.

By the Mount Perhaps where the laggard  
naps,  
Lies Something-may-turn-up-ville.  
Just beyond Maybe, by the Creek Let's See,  
In the Region of Time to Kill.

And the road that way, so people say,  
Is simple enough to fare.  
On the Path of Ease just go as you please,  
Through the Valley of Devil-may-care.

Or down you may float in your painted boat  
On the River of Well Enough,  
Where the banks are fair and the fragrance is  
there  
From the Blossoms of Cheek and Bluff.

You can lie at ease beneath the trees  
On the grass of Selfish Slope,  
And hear the trill when the day is still  
From the Bird called Groundless Hope.

And the lazy sweep and the droning deep  
Of the trees in your shady bower  
On the earth's warm breast will lull you to  
rest  
As you wait for the No Time Hour.

You can watch the skies or philosophize,  
Or sleep through the live long day,  
You can simmer there with never a care  
Till the Fool Killer comes that way.

—Williams Weekly.

A VOICE.

I heard a voice at dead of night,  
When all the world was still,  
A sad voice calling for the right  
That caused my soul to thrill.

The phantom past came rushing back,  
Revealing wounds and scars,  
And memory dragged along its track  
A train of loaded cars.

'Twas not a voice of love that long  
Had lingered on my mind,  
'Twas not a sweet and lovely song  
That left its trace behind.

It brought me back my boyhood years  
So suddenly and quick,  
My chum was shouting in my ears,  
"For heaven's sake, 'Don't kick.'"

—Brunonian.

The evil a man has done may keep  
him awake at night, but the good he is  
going to do never awakens him early in  
the morning.—Ex.

Oh! the clothes press is a swell affair  
For garments nice and neat.  
The hay press is a grand machine  
And does its work complete.  
The cider press is just the thing,  
With juices red and sweet;  
But the printing press controls the world,  
And gets there with both feet.

—Ex.

"Dear," said a physician's wife as  
they sat in church, "there is Mrs.  
G—sitting in a draft." "Never  
mind," said her husband, "I shall cash  
that draft."—Ex.

"Board wanted" was what the  
young lady said when she came to a  
mud puddle.—Ex.

We shall hear a trumpet soundin' by and by  
When Gabriel shall blow it in de sky  
But we neber, neber shell  
Like to hear it very well  
If we don't lib ready for to die.

She (after gazing a few moments at  
the full moon)—"How beautiful the  
moon is! Indeed, I have often thought  
that if I were to worship any visible  
object it would be the moon." He—  
"I suppose that is because there is a  
man in it." She—"Well if I were to  
worship a man at all I should certainly  
want him to be as far away as the  
moon."

Deep in the soul there is a fountain pure,  
Deep in the heart there is a warning voice,  
He who obeys shall find his peace secure  
And in a conscious purity rejoice.

The edition of the New Testament  
soon to be published by Thomas Nel-  
son & Sons is a remarkable specimen  
of printing and binding in miniature.  
It is only one inch in width, three and  
a half inches in length and one-third  
of an inch in thickness, and with its 552  
pages of Oxford India paper, it weighs  
in limp binding about three-quarters  
of an ounce. It is called "The Mar-  
velous Finger New Testament."—*Mail  
and Express*.

Alas, for mankind that he finds so much  
trouble

To live in this life either single or double  
For single or double his trouble will come  
If he don't keep away from tobacco and rum.

A country editor in New York tunes  
his lyre and bursts forth in song with  
the following result:

The church was burning. Flames of fire  
Fanned by the East-wind's fiendish ire  
From door and window broke,  
And, as he watched the curling wreaths  
Mount up to heaven from spire and eaves,  
He murmured "Holy smoke."

—Brunonian.

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7.35 A.M., for Portland, Boston, Montreal, and  
points reached via Portland & Ogdensburg R. R.  
11 10 A.M., for Portland and Boston.  
2.38 P.M., for Winthrop, Waterville, Skowhegan,  
Farmington, Bangor, Ellsworth, Arrostook County,  
and St. John.  
4.30 P.M., for Portland and Boston.

**Passenger Trains Leave Lewiston  
Lower Station.**

6.45 A.M., for Brunswick, Bath, Rockland, Augusta, Portland, and Boston.  
10 30 A.M., for Bath, Portland, and Boston.  
2.45 P.M., for Farmington.  
5 15 P.M., for Brunswick, Bath, Augusta; and for  
Waterville (Saturdays only).  
11 30 P.M. (every night), for Brunswick, Bath,  
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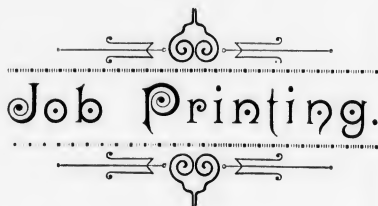
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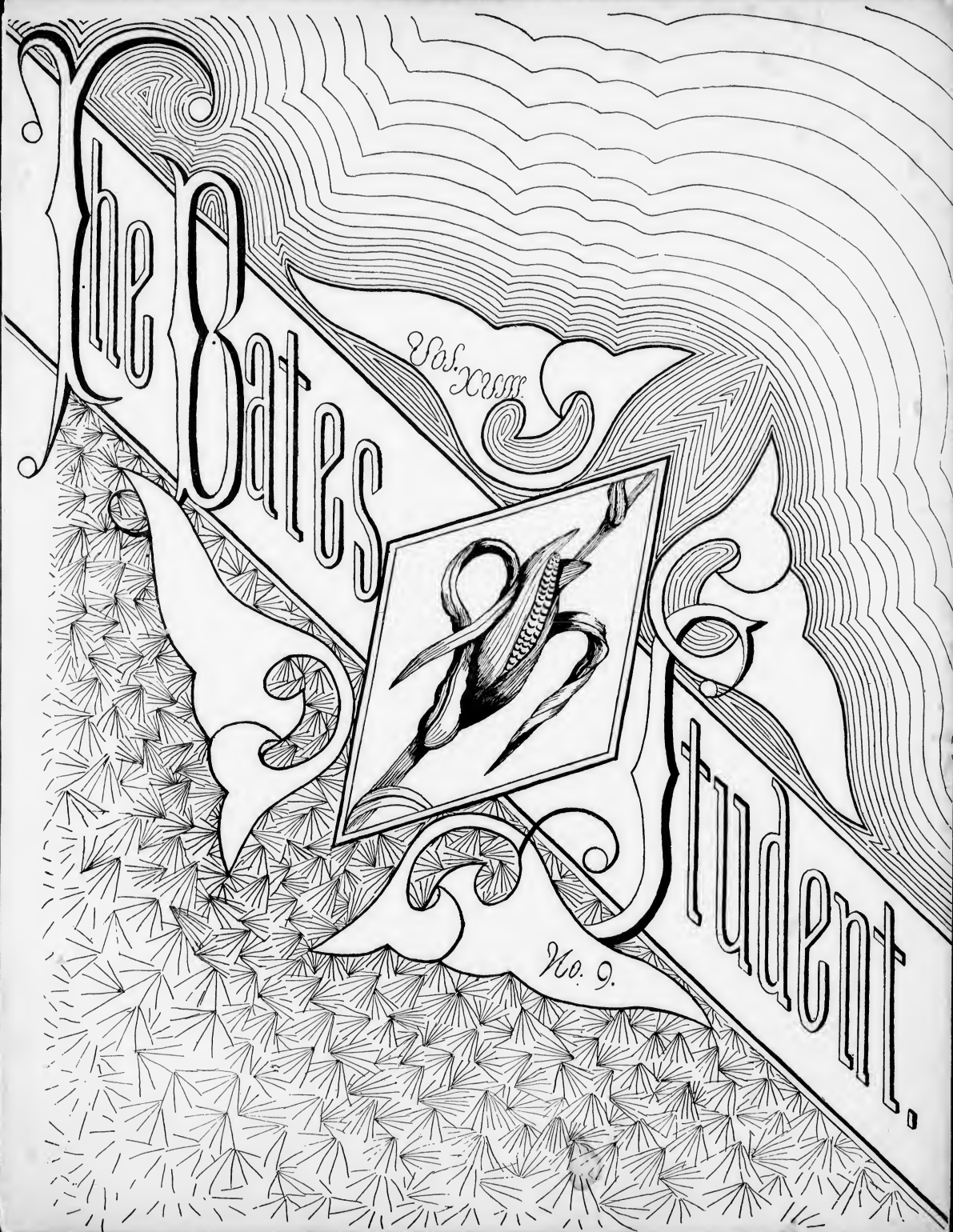


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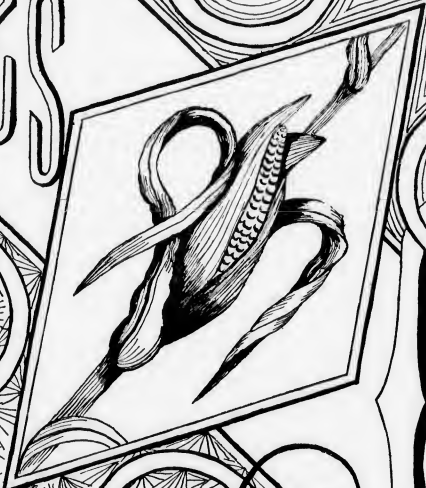
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Vol. XVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

No. 9.

## THE BATES STUDENT

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COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

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LEWISTON, ME.

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## EDITORIAL.

IT SOMETIMES happens that students accustomed only to the regular routine of school work, fail to appreciate that part of our college instruction which takes the form of lectures. They seem to look upon lecture day as a sort of holiday, and regard the required attendance upon the lecture a mere form, if not an unmitigated bore. Now, though the foreign method of giving all instruction in this way would hardly be advisable here, yet no part of our work should be regarded as of more importance, or may be made of more real value. In these lectures we receive the result of years of study and thought, on the part of able men, in a form not to found in books. They have collected from various sources, with much patient labor, a vast amount of material, selecting, condensing, and arranging it, with a view to making it of practical use to us, and enriching it with the fruit of their own thoughtful reflection upon the subject in hand.

Ordinary courtesy requires us to listen with at least outward attention and respect. No lady or gentleman would do otherwise. But while we may thus escape the contempt that must always fall on those guilty of rude and discourteous conduct in the class-room, we often fail to secure the

actual benefit to ourselves that we easily might. The lecture must fail to accomplish the purpose for which it is designed, unless students will learn to give strict heed to the speaker, taking as full notes as possible for future reference, and, moreover, actually referring to them from time to time afterwards. It ought not to take a student two or three years to discover these very obvious facts; yet some pass through their whole course without an idea, apparently, that they are losing anything by failing to appreciate and utilize this means of acquiring knowledge.

"A MAN is known by the company he keeps," says the old adage, but a surer test of character is found in the amusements he chooses. One may be compelled by circumstances to engage in work utterly distasteful to him; he may be thrown unavoidably into the society of uncongenial companions; he may appear a thousand times better than he really is, or a thousand times worse; but watch him in his moments of relaxation from business, of freedom from restraint, discover the sources from which he draws his enjoyment, and you have the key to his character. However strong and manly he may appear, if he derives pleasure from trivial things only, he is morally and mentally weak. However irreproachable he may seem in business life, if he evinces a taste for low amusements, there is a fatal flaw in his character.

Not only do our chosen diversions reveal our true selves to others, but all

amusements have a reflex action upon character. Hence the importance of cultivating a taste for healthful and elevating enjoyments. Learn to appreciate really good music, good lectures, and good books. Let out-door recreations be pure and manly, calling forth the best qualities of mind and body. Cultivate a taste for games of skill rather than games of chance. Look for pleasure in wise, witty, helpful conversation, rather than low jests and meaningless gossip. How we amuse ourselves in our idle moments may seem of little consequence, but it is morally impossible for one who spends his leisure time unworthily to develop a strong, manly character.

THE art of conversing correctly is a rare acquisition. But, like many other rare things, it is very valuable, and by a college student it should be considered indispensable. If he can spend two or three years in Latin and Greek grammars and a year or two more with French and German, he can certainly do himself the justice to learn his native tongue, and not only learn but *practice* its correct use. Yet too many a student, although able to conjugate the verb "to be" in four or five languages, steps out of the classroom, and in ten minutes' conversation gives the following version of knowledge:

I aint been.	We aint been.
You aint been.	You aint been.
He aint been.	They aint been.

He may not give it in that order but one can easily sift it from his conversation. This, unlike many faults in

the student's education, is rather the failure to enforce his knowledge than a faulty educational system. For the student knows what is correct, but has not the energy to correct himself. Teachers can criticise only in the classroom, and there the student is both more careful in his grammar and more likely to follow the expressions of the text-book. It is only by constant watchfulness of one's self that the habit of faulty expressions can be avoided. This may not be easy, but very few really valuable things are easy to attain, and the prize to be gained is certainly worthy to excite great effort, for with correct grammar, correct pronunciation is almost sure to be attained, and correct pronunciation is always a symbol of culture. The college student, then, and especially the Bates College student, should take care that he not only has something worth saying but is able to say it properly.

FROM the experience the college has had thus far with the new arrangement for conducting its public declamations and debates it would seem that there is very little to criticise. The wisdom of the Faculty in asking the whole student body to unite in an effort to free such entertainments from all disturbance is very much to be commended. The four committees, consisting of three men from each of the classes, have thus far discharged their duties with zeal and manliness, and at the time of this writing they have had practically no difficulty. Speaking in behalf of the joint com-

mittee we believe they wish to express their thanks that no student has treated them otherwise than with the utmost respect. We believe that this is practical demonstration that the student body, at any rate an overwhelming majority of it, will prove themselves worthy of much responsibility in the general government of the college whenever the proper occasion is given them to do so.

WE WISH some arrangement might be made to avoid crowding into the last weeks of the fall term so many public exercises. The present plan seriously interferes with the regular work. Four or five evenings devoted to Freshman declamations, and more than that number to Sophomore debates, together with the two public society meetings, and an occasional lecture, crowd the last two or three weeks so full, that an evening for study becomes the exception. To be sure, attendance on these exercises is not made compulsory, but we are expected to attend as far as possible, and it is only right to show so much interest in the work of our fellow-students. They spend much time in preparation, and ought to receive at least the encouragement of a good audience. But aside from this consideration, not a few of the students are obliged to be present. Those who serve on committees of award cannot absent themselves; and when, as often happens, the music is furnished by the college band, all its members must not only attend the exercises, but spend much time in rehearsals. To keep up the regular school work,

and make ready for examinations, under such circumstances, is well-nigh impossible. We would suggest that a part of this general work be transferred to the winter term, when much less is going on; or if that seems impracticable, why could not either the declamations or debates come earlier in the term? For instance, by doing a part of their preliminary work in the summer term, the Sophomores might easily have their debates finished by the middle of the fall; and their regular work would suffer less than under the present arrangement. It is surely worth while to consider the matter.

**A**CCURACY is the foundation stone to the highest success. There is a growing tendency, not only among students, but in every vocation, to sacrifice accuracy to speed. "All work done with neatness and dispatch" too often means that the emphasis shall be upon the last word. The artisan may, perhaps, in many instances profitably sacrifice accuracy to speed, but the student never. To do so would be to violate the first principal of scholarship. "Make haste slowly" is the rule that should be written upon the first leaf of every text-book. The danger of being inaccurate, perhaps more than any other, threatens the over-crowded student. The college course being so short for the amount of work that is needful to be done, he is almost driven to the habit of superficial preparation. He hastens through the book with an idea that at some time in the future he will review it thoroughly. But experience brings

out the fact that future reviews are apt to be tainted with the old habit of inaccuracy. This habit if not early overcome will lead to a superficial life, but it can only be overcome by a firm determination and constant struggle beginning in the present and extending even to the most insignificant matters.

## LITERARY.

### CHOOSING THE QUEEN.

By M. S. M., '91.

The sunlight pours like wine through the rifted trees,  
Where the golden-hearted lilies rise out of the river deeps;  
Here, on the bank where the evening primrose sleeps,  
The sweet wild rose is in bloom, and the harebells ring to the breeze,  
And the willows bend and dream,  
Where the line of silver creeps.

'Twas here one day that I came in the noon-tide calm;  
For I a secret had learned from the frolic breeze,  
That haunts the dell and talks with the flowers and trees;—  
At noon the place would be under an elfin charm,  
For the flowers were to choose their queen,  
At this hour of mysteries.

Then faint sounds came to my ear or my listening heart;—  
It was as if on the air low music broke,  
So strange and sweet, that the sleeping waters woke,  
Then, awe-struck, their murmurs hushed, for now, apart,  
Pleading her cause with pride,  
The water-lily spoke:—

"Lo! I was queen of the nymphs; my dwelling  
Was fashioned of pearl and of crystal rare;  
And the cool clear waters, around it swelling,  
Would brush the gems from the silver stair,—

"That I might walk to my palace-garden,  
Where the choicest flowers of the water-  
world  
Still fadeless bloom, till their petals harden  
To gems of the deep; how the light waves  
curled

"Round the silver boats of the nymphs, that  
glided  
Through the swaying crystal tides, to meet  
Their queen, as she in her place abided,  
Awaiting their greeting, merry and sweet.

"Who better should rule o'er those pale  
flowers yonder  
Than I, who have watched the waters  
sweep  
O'er the boundless reach of my realm of  
wonder,  
That lies in the heart of the silver deep?"

Then another music breaks  
On the air like a sigh,  
As sweetly a new voice speaks;  
'Tis the wild rose nigh,  
That has leaned from her bank to hear,  
As the breeze passed by:—

"And I," she said, "I, too, was a queen;  
I ruled in the border realm, that lies  
The land of the fairies and earth between;  
Ah, that land was the wild flowers' para-  
dise!

"For they were a troop of bright-faced elves,  
That dwelt in my kingdom, wide and fair,  
List! they will tell you the same themselves;  
Hear what the harebells are saying there."

"Yes, we were the trickiest elves of all;  
We haunted Earth's hill-side places;  
The mossy dells, where the pine-cones fall,  
Knew well our merry faces;

"For the hill-trolls wild are our cousins dear;—  
Their wisdom is past the telling,—  
So we love to dwell on the hill-sides, near  
The portals of their strange dwelling.

"And our souls steal out of our azure bells,  
When we hear their voices calling,  
To visit them there in their rocky cells,  
When the shades of night are falling.

"Now turn to the rose, each cup and bell!  
For the queen of the dreamland bowers,  
Who ruled in her kingdom, long and well,  
Is queen of the earth-born flowers."

Then a babel of voices rose, near and far,  
But were silent every one,  
When the primrose opened her pale gold star,  
As a cloud slid over the sun.

Once more, upon the air low music broke,  
As with her quiet voice, softly, she spoke:—

"Queen Night dwells far in the silent places,  
At the gates of Shadowland;  
All tribes of the earth hersway acknowledge,  
When she comes with her elfin band,—

"With her cooling dew, and her stars, and  
music,  
And her healing charm of sleep;  
With balm for the souls that are sad and  
troubled,  
And the sorrowful hearts that weep.

"Fair queen is she, and a royal maiden  
Was I, in her palace dim;  
Now I dwell on the earth as a lowly flower,  
Yet glad is my vesper hymn.

"Enough for me is this humble service,—  
To make dull places bright,  
Perchance to bring to the earth some gladness,  
In the falling shades of night."

Then I saw that the fair flowers, every one,  
Had turned to the primrose pale  
With looks of love and reverence sweet;  
Low murmured the sleeping gale,

Then wakened to greet, as the new made  
queen,  
The humblest flower of the dell;  
And the waves on the shore as they, too,  
rejoiced,  
In music rose and fell.

## NON-CONFORMITY A VIRTUE.

By N. G. H., '91.

**T**HERE are in every man, I believe,  
certain characteristic qualities that  
might render him of value to the world.  
In every nature there is some good  
that is sure to assert itself, if the man  
does not thwart the purpose of the  
Creator by conforming to the ways of  
others. As the requirements of life  
are varied so are the people designed  
to meet them, and all should be com-

plete and harmonious. Each of us has his own personality, and our worth and influences are proportional to our power and willingness to use our own ideas. Too long has the world catered to popular whim and prejudice, and too long have men of genius cramped their minds into narrow, dogmatic beliefs and theories. The spirit of discovery is now pervading the gloomy recesses of thought, and life and energy are awakening to healthful activity. Men are the factors that make up the great mass of humanity, and, therefore, men should be represented by their own individual acts, *unrestrained* and *independent*. The past is too plainly characterized by examples of dependency and slavish obedience to inferiors. Tyrants have trampled upon the rights of their followers, and worth has bowed to folly simply because men have been afraid to use their own minds. The masses have followed the direction of the few, who have dared to use the powers that God had given them. Deep in the breast of every honest man lies some noble purpose; yet too often do circumstances and the public voice repress the thought of independent action, and thus the world loses many an impetus to advancement. Fear and superstition have always been the greatest enemies of progress, and the dependent mind is forced to reverence both, for he does not dare to make a departure from the long-established lines of thought.

Hemmed in by the fear of attack from his contemporaries, many a man of genius has confined himself to very narrow limits, and has thus dwarfed

his usefulness. Thousands have spent their lives in pondering over the worthless theories and exploded notions of the past, because they were afraid to advance whatever of original thought they had. Energy demands advancement, and pays her devotees in a royal manner. Sloth and stupidity, which are the firmest supporters of the timid soul, offer nothing but dissatisfaction and remorse.

There are new fields in every branch of science, and ample opportunities for success for every intelligent man who will think for himself and assert his right to his own ideas. To-day there is too much conformity. Men are afraid of the displeasure of the world and restrain their honest thoughts—they fear to advance a new idea lest it contradict some popular notion and thereby invite criticism. The dread of incurring the wrath of the ignorant should not serve to keep a free man from acting as his conscience prompts. The thousands who shrink from duty, present and well-defined, in order to curry favor with the rabble, sooner or later discover their folly and bitterly repent. We should be ourselves. Our own private thoughts and experiences are real and can be reported by us with accuracy, while the attempts to reproduce the thoughts of others often result most disastrously, both for the reflector and for the world upon which he reflects these broken ideas.

We often speak of assimilating the thoughts of others—better speak of appropriating the thoughts of others. The ideas that a man has once presented to the world are his by right, and all

who attempt to assimilate with a view of using the ideas as their own are guilty of theft, full and simple. The innate tendencies of an intelligent man, if left to take their course, will bring out his worth and accomplish the end for which he was created.

The prevalent idea that the people should look to the so-called great minds for direction is fraught with direful consequences. The new and useful are made secondary to the old and worthless, originality to worn-out theory, and independence to subserviency. To follow will destroy every spark of genius and render a man weak and effeminate. To lead will arouse in him those dormant fires that, bursting into flame, will illumine the sphere in which he moves, and bring to his active mind satisfaction and contentment. To follow is to throw aside all the powers that God has given and to rely on the judgment of those whose natures may be perverted or even depraved. Vice and crime live and acquire enormous proportions because of our lack of confidence in ourselves.

The boy conforms to the ways of men and like them often rues the day he sought to copy. The sensible man learns the nature of everything before he believes. He grasps the reasonable and real and discards the unreasonable and unreal. He accepts nothing that is not plainly presented to his mind. He is honest with himself and honest with the world. He states his own ideas as they really appear, and does not, like the ready conformist, hamper every thought with qualifications that will please the people. Time is the

actions, and its decision is sure and only just judge of human true. The present may shower honors upon the partisan and servile reflector, but time will truly honor him who gives his fellow-men the benefit of his own mind's work. When timidity and the love of popular applause shall no longer find place in the breasts of intelligent men, when thought shall come directly from the mind of him who employs it, and when the world shall demand sincerity of all, then will the great object of man's creation be truly reached.

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#### THE NEW PUPIL AT DISTRICT No. 2.

"OH, COUSIN Alma, I'm just dying for an adventure. I do wish something or somebody would come to break up the monotony of things if it's only a hand-organ grinder and a monkey."

Cousin Alma looked up from her sewing and surveyed the speaker in mild surprise.

"Why, Edith," she said, "what has come over you so suddenly? It was only this morning that you said you thought Belmont the loveliest country place in the world and you would be willing to stay all the year round."

"Oh, I know it," said Edith sitting down on a very low cricket at her cousin's feet and folding her hands in an attitude of despair; "but I must have something to do if I am to stay in this morsel of a village; and my vacation is only half gone. I have been good just as long as I can, Alma, really, and you must tell me something

to pass away the time or I shall get wild and unmanageable, and she looked up with such a serious expression that the elder lady laughed outright.

"Well, dear," she said, smoothing the soft hair, "you might go to school with Allie. You don't look a bit too old to go to a district school, and I suppose I am responsible for your training while you are here."

Edith started lightly to her feet, and her eyes began to sparkle like dark waters touched by sudden sunshine.

"That's just the thing! I'm going and if I get into trouble remember you suggested it, Alma," and she was out of the room before her cousin could say a word.

"What is the child going to do?" asked Alma of herself. "I hope I haven't put any mischief into her head."

A few minutes later the door opened and a demure little girl stepped in and stood before the astonished Alma with a quaint little courtesy. She wore a plain calico dress with a yoke and belt, a large white apron and a broad-brimmed straw hat, and carried a satchel of books in one hand. Her hair was twisted into long curls and tied back with a bit of ribbon. Her small figure, her quaint dress, and the absence of the stylish structure of hair had changed her wonderfully. She looked the pretty bashful country child to perfection.

"Why, Edith Lyle, where *are* you going, for mercy's sake," said cousin Alma, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry, for Edith's eyes were full of mischief, and she looked the very image

of another Edith, who once went with her pet cousin Alma, a care-free girl of fifteen, to that very district school-house visible from the window.

"Why, I'm going to school, to be sure," said Edith, "you said I might."

"Well," said Alma, laughing, "I don't know what harm it can do, unless you frighten old Mr. Collins to death. He has the school this term. Does he know you?"

"No," said Edith, "nobody knows me, and I'll promise to be a model pupil. I shouldn't want to be guilty of slaying an aged bachelor afflicted with bashfulness."

"Well, go then," said Alma, laughing, "your mind evidently needs improving."

"Why, Edith Lyle, is that you?" said a little girl of fourteen coming into the room with her clean white apron and satchel of books.

"Certainly," said Edith, "I'm going to school with you, Allie. You must say that your cousin is staying with you and wants to go to school while she is here."

Allie's blue eyes opened wide for a moment, then entering into the joke she said gayly.

"Well, I will. Won't it be fun! But what do you suppose they'd say if they know you were twenty and went to college?"

"They won't know it, so they won't say anything. Come, we must go. It's quarter of nine."

The pupils of District No. 2 were assembling at the little red school-house. A brisk fire—it was a cold, wet day—was sending forth clouds of

smoke from the chimney. Inside about twenty scholars of all ages and sizes were standing around the stove or lounging over the benches. A group of girls in new print dresses and elaborately starched aprons were speculating about the master and talking about studying "algebra," which had just been introduced into the school. Two boys were wrestling in front of the teacher's desk. Two small girls were playing "Wash the lady's dishes." One long, lank youth of eighteen, sitting in a grasshopper-like attitude with one leg drawn up to an oblique angle, the other extending over the two nearest benches, was entering into negotiations concerning a broken jack-knife, the property of a smaller lad whose hair was of such a flaming red that at first glance his head appeared to be enveloped in a halo.

Edith and her cousin divested themselves of their cloaks and hats in the "girls' entry" and came into the school-room. The country girls looked askance at the stranger who, though she was dressed just as they were, did not look exactly like one of them. But finding that she was pleasant and social, and to all appearances just like the rest of them, they received her with favor, while several great boys stared sheepishly at her and remarked to each other that there was "a new gal come."

A sudden silence fell over the various groups, and looking up to learn the cause, Edith saw, to her amazement and consternation, the new master, not the staid, elderly villager she had supposed was to have the school but a young man of about twenty-three,

well dressed and with something about him that made her say to herself in dire dismay: "A college student, as true as I live!"

However, it was too late to retreat now. He was ringing the bell and the scholars were taking their seats. Feeling somewhat quenched, Edith went to a seat in the corner and put the books she had brought into her desk.

After calling the school to order the young master stood for a moment behind his desk glancing over his assembled pupils. Edith, quick at reading expressions, saw that he was complacently conscious of knowing more than his scholars, and expected to make a profound impression upon them. Her audacity rose again as she remarked this. If he had been nervous or ill at ease she would have felt uncomfortable to think of taking advantage of him. But that little flavoring of self-conceit that she detected quieted her conscience.

After the usual morning exercises the classes were called. "First class in reading will please come forward," said the master, and a motley collection of big boys and girls filled the front seats. Edith took her place with the others. She decided after she had heard two or three of the scholars read that it would never do to read in her ordinary manner. It would betray her at once. But she was a capital mimic, and moreover had lately been practicing with her elocution teacher a piece supposed to have been spoken by a bashful girl on the last day of school. So when it came her turn she rose and, falling into a school-

girl attitude, read the stanza in a murderous sing-song and with a rapidity that would have been appalling to one unaccustomed to district-school elocution.

The master looked up at the commencement of her reading somewhat puzzled, for there was something about the reader's face and voice that, in spite of her disguise, distinguished her from the others. But she had such an air of perfect unconsciousness that he could not suspect her of being a masquerader, even if such an idea had entered his head. So the recitation proceeded, and in due time the class was dismissed. By this time the spirit of mischief had taken complete possession of our reckless heroine. Her disguise, she flattered herself, was perfect and she determined to use it for a while longer.

After all the reading classes had been called and dismissed the pupils in arithmetic and algebra were classified. Edith enrolled herself with the first class in arithmetic and the beginners in algebra. She was careful not to display more knowledge than a country girl might reasonably be supposed to possess, but the master, whose eyes in his unemployed moments for some reason strayed often to the desk where his pretty pupil sat, noticed that she played with her books, and while pretending to be busy, in reality did nothing. How was it that she got her lessons without studying? he asked himself, and finally decided that she was one of those exceptionally bright pupils that he knew by experience are sometimes to be found in districts schools.

The forenoon passed quickly enough to Edith for she had never been in such an atmosphere before and was greatly amused by the words and ways of the awkward boys and girls, their mingled brightness and stupidity, their perfect simplicity and Yankee shrewdness. She was an enthusiastic student of human nature, and had that quick sympathetic interest in others that makes a person understand even untrained country boys and girls. She observed with indignation a certain slight tone of superiority that was now and then discernible in the young master's words. It was very slight, for he was a gentleman in spite of the self-conceit natural to a young man who stands first in his class at college, and is the ideal of an admiring circle at home, but Edith, quicker than he to penetrate through the disguise of ignorance and awkwardness, and see the real worth of these country boys and girls, said to herself scornfully, "He thinks his college learning and experience raise him above these scholars. He has not sense enough to see that there are dozens of them that with his training would be far above him."

This judgment may have been severe, but our heroine was young herself and had not yet learned to make allowance for the follies of youth.

Edith's appreciativeness and quick sympathy made her a favorite before the day was over, and she found that she could make herself useful in various ways. She noticed just in front of her a blond-haired girl who, with a large slate having a long pencil and sponge ingeniously attached to the

frame by a string, was wrestling with her "algebra." Evidently she was being worsted in the struggle, for presently she leaned her head despairingly upon her hand, and Edith saw a tear steal out from under the lowered lashes.

"Please may I speak?" said Edith in a meek school-girl voice, raising her hand as she caught the master's eye. He nodded, and in a minute the brown head was bent down beside the blonde one, and two girls were hard at work with slate and pencil upon the refractory "examples." In half an hour they were all correctly worked and Edith had gained an enthusiastic friend and admirer.

Edith deliberated within herself whether she should go back to school the next day. At first she decided she would not. But it was raining, there was nothing to do, and cousin Alma was going away for the day, leaving her quite alone. So she decided to go. The next day was dull also, and Allie, who was very fond of her cousin, nearly cried with disappointment when Edith said she was not going back to school; so she yielded and went. So the days slipped by. Edith was enjoying her opportunities of studying human nature to the utmost, and thought what a fund of enjoyment the memory of this experience would be to her when she got back to her city home. The spirit of mischief, too, was strong in her and she greatly enjoyed the part she was playing. She was somewhat disgusted to find that the master had evidently singled her out from the rest and persisted in asking her all the questions the others could not answer.

"Why can't the simpleton let me alone and not make me conspicuous in that way," she said to herself, and she began to wonder if she could have betrayed herself in any way, as she remembered how often she had looked up suddenly to find him studying her with evident curiosity. He had a way, too, when he was not otherwise occupied, of placing himself in an empty seat near her and remaining there till his duties called him away.

One day he seemed more than usually interested in her proceedings, and she looked up several times to find him watching her with something in his look that made her slightly uncomfortable. She could not tell why. She busied herself with her books and remained very quiet, but mentally decided that she had had enough of her acting and that District No. 2 should know her no more.

Late in the afternoon she was leaning her head on her hand, her eyes resting upon a page of "Barnes' History of the United States," when the teacher, who for the last half hour had been in his favorite seat, rose and coming to her side leaned down and asked some trifling question about the lesson. Edith looked up in some surprise into the face above her. There was a look in his eyes—not a grave teacher's look, but an expression of unmistakable admiration—admiration that did not attempt to disguise itself, such a look as a stylish young city gentleman might give an unsophisticated country girl who he knew would not object to a harmless flirtation. He had had experience with country girls and knew

they were not averse to admiration. But this time he was surprised. Edith raised her head and the beautiful eyes flashed straight back into his a look that made him straighten himself suddenly and walk away, without waiting for an answer to his question, to another part of the room where he bent down to examine the work of a very small boy who was writing a copy. The small boy evidently required considerable attention, for the young master did not turn round for full five minutes. Then he walked to his desk and called the first class in geography, much to their surprise, as they had already recited their lesson.

Two persons went home from District No. 2 that night somewhat disturbed in mind. Edith, escaping from the others, walked swiftly home, went straight to her room, threw her satchel of books on one chair and herself on another, saying disdainfully, "What simpletons men are! But it serves me right for being such a mad-cap. I'll never go near that school-house again."

Meanwhile Mr. Wentworth was walking toward his boarding place meditating somewhat confessedly as he went.

"Is she a witch?" he said to himself. "She acts just like the other scholars in reciting and all that, but once in a while I see a look on her face like that of a full-grown woman, and not a common woman either—one of those lofty creatures that make a man feel as if he were small enough to crawl into his own boots. Why did she look at me like that when I smiled at her, and where did she get all those graceful ways and movements that are

as natural to her as breathing? By Jove, if she is a country girl she's a rare specimen; and she must be older than she looks, too."

And when he reached his own room, the first thing he did was to look at his record book where the scholars had written their names and ages. Edith Lyle,—there was the name but the opposite space was blank. Edith had feared that her twenty years would betray her.

Mr. Wentworth's dreams were haunted that night by a vision with a sweet face and star-like dark eyes, that floated to and fro through a strange realm of dusty benches, blotted copy-books, and broken slates. The next day Edith's place was empty, and Mr. Wentworth, though after what had passed he was more comfortable with her away than he would have been otherwise, was conscious of a vague discontent. And when the days passed and she did not come, he made up his mind (desire overcoming his fear of that extraordinary young lady who had resented his admiring glance) that, as her teacher, he had a right to see what had become of her. Perhaps it did not occur to him that he might have questioned Allie and saved himself the walk to the farm-house. At any rate one evening just at dusk he knocked at the door and asked to see his pupil.

"Do you mean Allie? She has just gone out," said Cousin Alma, who knew well enough what he wanted but was desirous of shielding Edith.

"No, I mean—her cousin—Edith."

"Edith!" The owner of the name

in the adjoining room started to her feet, hardly knowing whether to laugh or not. It was too ridiculous to be treated like a child by this young stripling of a student.

"He's coming in," she said to herself, in dismay. "The wretch! What shall I do?"

"You'd better go and explain, Edith," said Alma, appearing before her horrified relative. "It's the only way to get rid of him. He's as slow as—Simple Simon."

A minute later, Mr. Wentworth, seated in the parlor, heard the door open. He looked up and Edith Lyle was standing before him, not his pupil but the beautiful, well-bred city girl from the shining crown of hair to the silken slippers foot.

He rose to his feet and stood looking at her in incredulous astonishment till she spoke, flushing slightly but speaking with the dignity that, sweet as it was, always repelled familiarity.

"I want to apologize to you, Mr. Wentworth, for the part I have been playing. I was restless with having nothing to do, and was carried away by the spirit of mischief. I am not one of your pupils—only a visitor in the place."

Mr. Wentworth was still staring at her as if she had been an apparition.

"Well, who are you, then," he asked, in honest perplexity, quite forgetting to be ceremonious.

"I am Edith Lyle, Mrs. Maynard's cousin," answered Edith, her eyes sparkling with merriment in spite of herself at the young man's bewilderment. "I always wanted to go to a

district school, and my disguise deceived you so completely that I couldn't resist the temptation to go on. I hope you will forgive me."

That was the beginning but not the end. Three weeks later Miss Lyle went away. Mr. Wentworth called to say good-bye. It was not the first time he had called in these three weeks; it was quite natural for the schoolmaster to make calls in the district where he was teaching.

"You must have seen it," he said, as they stood together at the close of an earnest conversation, "but I can't let you go away without saying it."

"Well, please don't say it again," said Edith, decisively, "I don't want to hear it. I am sorry and ashamed to think that my foolish fun has ended in this way."

And there was nothing for Mr. Wentworth to say but "Good-bye."

But it seemed that these two were destined to see more of each other. When Edith went to spend her next vacation with relatives in a neighboring city, she found, strangely enough, that Mr. Wentworth was there visiting *his* relatives, and during the next few months these two young people seemed to meet very frequently.

One evening they were standing in the parlor of the house where Edith was staying. Mr. Wentworth was evidently continuing the conversation broken off several months before.

"I have waited so long, Edith," he said, pleadingly (doubtless he thought he had, though as a matter of fact it had been only three months). "Can't you give me a little reward? Tell me

at least that you don't hate me." And he looked at her so imploringly that Edith turned her face away from him—all she could do since both of her hands had been taken prisoners.

"No, I don't hate you," she said, slowly, "and I don't think I ever did—" She forgot the rest of the sentence, for with sudden boldness he drew her nearer and looked down into her eyes.

"Edith, I know it now," he said, exultingly. "You needn't look away from me. I am so glad—" Just there he, too, forgot what he was saying, and it was half an hour later that Edith, remembering the broken sentence, asked, "What were you going to say a few minutes ago—that you were so glad of what?"

"That I taught school at District No. 2," he answered.

#### A THOUGHT.

Once upon a summer's day  
I was lying on the hay  
In the barn,  
Watching swallows, swift of flight,  
Build their nests by that dim light  
On the dingy rafters height  
Safe from harm.

As I upward turned my gaze  
I beheld the pencil rays  
Of the sun  
Streaming through a chink at noon,  
Lighting up the inward gloom,  
Where the swallow had her home  
And her young.

As I looked upon the ray,  
Telling of the outward day,  
Day so fair,  
Quick the thought then came to me,  
Shall my life 'mong mortals be  
As the sunlight that I see  
Shining there;

Bringing into many a home  
Peace and comfort as they roam  
On through time,  
Telling of that outward day,  
When our cares are put away,  
And we leave this home of clay  
For that clime?

—W. L. N., in *West Pitch Echo*.

#### CRITICISM ON CHAUCER.

By A. A. B., '91.

ANCIENT writers, unlike modern, do not attempt to screen themselves behind their works. No one of them exemplifies this more than Chaucer. Even in the "Prologue" where he avowedly limits himself to painting the character of others, he paints his own. In the opening lines he shows himself a fervent admirer of nature. For who but a lover of nature would pay such an unconscious and delicate tribute to her power? It is one great proof that he is advancing beyond the thralldom of the Dark Ages. Even this is a lesser improvement compared to the one it introduces: that of insight into man's motive. He sees clearly the working of the human heart without dryly philosophizing over it. He presents it at every turn with an unsurpassed accuracy. He does not pretend that his pilgrimage is an offspring of religious devotion but ingeniously points out the true impulse—a quickening of life in the spring-time. He again proves the possession of this power by the verses on the "Prioress." He tells of her mock French ways as though he thought them natural until the last, then discloses under the guise of a compliment that he understands her superficiality,—“She pains herself

to be stately and worthy of their admiration." In the power of penetration and in the appreciated art of helping one discover a plain truth without saying it, he is almost unsurpassed.

He loves society, too. For, as he tells us, he soon wins the fellowship of the band of pilgrims and speaks to them every one. He does not, however, join the group with eyes shut and mouth open. We can almost see him retired to a comfortable corner and passing an unerring judgment on his new found companions. He will almost make one respect the honest yeoman; then in one line show you how to rank him, "A Christopher was on his breast of silver sheen." In this one verse he tells the whole story of Saxon superstition. No veneer conceals a real character from him. Even the prioress asserts her charms in vain. Chaucer is no recluse to be trapped by the shy smile of the demure nun. We know he has had too much experience with the world to be either a hermit or even an esquire. For none but a man of the world could judge character so well. He is both a scholar and a traveler. He can tell in alphabetical order the shrines of the saints, the guiding stars of the sailors, or the doctors of renown. He knows not only the learned astrologer that fools the patient, but he can analyze the patient's case better than that professional. He knows every trick of the church, of friar, pardoner, or priest. And, although he was probably a Catholic, it can hardly be said that "he unto that order was a noble post." A few more posts like him, and the Roman Church would

have sooner fallen, where it eventually did,—into the mire.

He is by no means a religious dupe or fanatic. Could Wycliff have jeered more at the relics of pig's bones and the "pardons hot from Rome?" Yet he is not without morality. Many a moral lesson he gives that would have shortened his stature by a head, had he been more serious. But Chaucer is seldom serious. The nobles hear the truth from him as they would from the court fool. And Chaucer deliberately places himself in that position which now seems about the most manly and independent one of the Middle Ages. He is a thorough humorist. How artfully ambiguous is his verse on the monk: "Now certainly he was a fair prelate: he was not pale as a wasted ghost." The monk can take that deceptive epithet *fair* as a compliment on his person or his prelateship; while those who are keen as Chaucer can laugh at the joke on both. The prioress, too, is gravely complimented on her tender heart. "She would weep if but she saw a mouse." It is at once a delicate compliment and a sharp thrust of ridicule. The merchant, too, gets a sly tweak. "He is very worthy, but yet I know not how men call him." That is, whether John or James, or else whether good or bad. Chaucer can shield himself under either meaning that suits best. For he is eminently prudent.

Although he jests at priest or friar, he really respects the good. His ideal of manhood, as shown in the knight, would need but little remodeling for the nineteenth century. No better sermon ever came from Luther's lips

than this. "Christ's words he taught, but first he followed it himself." None but a nature really loving truth could body forth such a sentiment. And then he has wide charity. He makes us smile at his companion's folly and have only pity for their weakness. Compliment and reprimand, jest and truth, are so mingled that we know he was no self-appointed judge going about to reprimand the world. But why does he so lightly jest at evil? Is it that he has such broad sympathy, or because he does not care? Does he try to conceal his true sentiment, or does he have spurts of morality? The question of his morality is hardest to decide. He is certainly in advance of the fickle Norman but has lost some of the shrewdness of the Saxon. He, like Jack Frost, give all a sly twinge, yet they rather like it. He is a mixture of French and English, now sturdy, now capricious. A stalk of maize, whose sap mingled but not assimilated, turns one kernel of its ear white, one yellow. There is moral certainty nowhere. Yet he is our first great humorist, satirist, Protestant, and poet.

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#### OBITUARY.

**W**ALTER H. DAVIS, of the class of '84, who died October 24, 1890, was a man who would not care to have vain things said about him at his death. He did not consider himself remarkable for anything in particular. He never anticipated either wealth or fame. He considered himself a man of average abilities, who could hope for fair

success in life by working hard for it. He had classmates whom he expected to see succeed beyond himself. These characteristics I am speaking of were not that mock modesty which is sometimes held in stock to be used according as life might prove with him a failure, or to be cast aside as life might prove with him a success. They were real.

While in college he was an extensive reader. He read much current literature and fiction of the better class. No other man in his class was so good a judge of the literary merits and demerits of an author, or a work. No student in college with him knew so much of writings—writers of our own day. He was acquainted (through their writings) with all the leading journalists of our time. His favorite journalist was Thurlow Weed. His favorite English novels were "Romola" and "Pendennis." He enjoyed English fiction better than American, was not an admirer of *Scarlet Letter*. In preferring Thackeray to Hawthorne he differed widely from myself, nevertheless I assert again that no man in his class was so capable a literary critic as he himself.

He had an aversion to putting to things that peculiar finish which would make them telling in the class-room, and was content with being considered an average scholar. He was one of the editors of the *STUDENT*, and was graduated with honors. He was popular in school and in the city. He was a member of the Polymnian Society, and was for a year its honored President. He was a matter-of-fact rather than ideal, and in his tastes this may be why he preferred English to American fiction.

With his "matter-of-fact nature" was a nervous temperament which insured him against being a plodder. He made friends and held them. Few Preceptors of Alfred Academy ever made more and warmer friends in the town than he did while there. On leaving Alfred Academy he became Principal of the Brewer High School, where he remained till called to become Principal of the Skowhegan High School, to succeed Professor Taylor who went to Waterville. Here he remained till failing health led him to go to Colorado. He returned from Colorado a few months since, and was at his father's home in Poland at the time of his death. His wife was Miss Fannie Tefft, daughter of Dr. Frank Tefft of Bangor, and granddaughter of Rev. Dr. B. F. Tefft, a friend of Abraham Lincoln, and the United States Minister to Sweden under him. His own family is one of the oldest and most respected in the town of Poland. His wife and one child survive him. He was my roommate in college and I remember his once saying to me, "If you ever write my obituary don't try to make me out great." As I said before, in college he was not particularly remarkable. Up to the time of his failing health he had succeeded in life as well as any one need care to succeed. He was a communicant of the M. E. Church.

AARON BEEDE.

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Let us have faith that right makes might; and, in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

## LOCALS.

"Did you pass?"

Heard '93's new class yell?

Mason, '91, Beal, '91, and Nickerson, '91, have returned to their class.

The Freshman colors are blue and garnet.

At the Observatory: Interested Senior—"Where is the Swan?" Professor—"Just at the right there." Student—"Oh yes, it is in Cygnus isn't it?" And he wondered what the joke was.

The College Band is doing unusually fine work this term. Dutton, '93, was elected leader.

The Sophomore debates, this fall, show thorough work. The prizes were awarded to Mr. Bruce, Miss Bean, Mr. Fanning, Miss Hutchinson, Mr. Hoffman, and Mr. Adams.

The alumni dinner will be held in Boston, Tuesday, December 30, 1890, at Young's Hotel. Alumni intending to be present should send their names to the Secretary, George E. Smith.

Prof. (in astronomy)—"Now, Miss B., if three planets were each a million miles from the other, how far apart would the two outside ones be?" Miss B—"Did you say each was a million miles apart!"

First Student—"I say if there are three pounds of water in four pounds of beef what makes this steak so tough?" Second Student—"Well, there are different kinds of water; the kind in this is evidently *hard*."

The editors of the STUDENT for the

following year have been appointed as follows: Wilson, Skelton, Small, Howard, Walter, and Miss Meserve. Manager, Blanchard. All success to you, and may honor not be your only reward.

Stoyan K. Vatralsky, a native Bulgarian, gave an address to the students November 6th. He gave an interesting account of Bulgarian life, manners, and government. He has just been graduated from Howard University, and is to return to his own country as a missionary.

Saturday, November 1st, George Kennan lectured at Music Hall. A large delegation from Bates was present, and even after being "coached," were able to find few mistakes in the orator's address. The opportunities for listening to first-class lectures are on the increase and the students should make the most of them.

The Public Exercises of the Polymnian Society this year were held November 7th. The programme was as follows:

Piano Duet. Misses Getchell and Fairbanks.

PRAYER.

Vocal Solo. Miss Emma Merrill.

Declamation—Public Opinion.

C. N. Blanchard.

Recitation—Evremond. Miss A. G. Bailey.

Piano Solo. Miss Marion A. Getchell.

Discussion—Will the republican form of government continue one hundred years in France?

Aff.—G. K. Small.

Neg.—N. W. Howard.

Vocal Solo. Miss Emma Merrill.

Oration—Non-Conformity a Virtue.

N. G. Howard.

Poem—Choosing the Queen.

Miss M. S. Merrill.

Xylophone Solo. E. J. Lord.

Paper.

A. D. Pinkham, Miss V. E. Meserve.

November 11th the Freshman prize declamations were held in the college chapel. Two first prizes were given this year. They were awarded to Miss E. I. Cummings, and to Mr. E. J. Hatch. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Address at Gettysburg.—Connors.

Frank L. Callahan.

Oratory.—Beecher.

J. C. Woodman.

Lord Chatham as Secretary of State.—Henry Grattan.

W. A. French.

Gaulberto's Victory.

Maude A. Hill.

MUSIC.

National Injustice.—Theodore Parker.

G. G. Osgood.

Christian Citizenship.—Phillips. E. F. Pierce.

Daniel Periton's Ride.—Tourgeé.

Ethel I. Cummings.

National Recollections.—Everett.

E. M. Jordan.

MUSIC.

Extract.—Grady.

J. B. Hoag.

Extract.—Burke.

L. J. Brackett.

The Ballad of Carmilhan.—Longfellow.

E. J. Hatch.

Becahmed.—Kowan.

Elizabeth J. Elliott.

MUSIC.

The Eurosophian Public Meeting was held Friday evening, November 14th. The following was the programme:

PART I.

Overture.—Boettger.

ORCHESTRA.

F. L. Callahan,

W. M. Dutton,

A. P. Irving,

A. H. Miller.

PRAYER.

La Traviata.—Verdi.

BRASS QUARTETTE.

W. M. Dutton,

W. B. Watson,

F. S. Libbey,

H. E. Walter.

Oration—Independent Thought.

F. L. Pugsley.

Selection from Macbeth (in two scenes).

F. S. Libbey, Miss Grace P. Conant.

Clarinet Solo—Aria, from Attila.—Verdi.

A. P. Irving.

PART II.

Discussion—Should the Federal Election Bill, as passed by the House of Representatives, become a law?

Aff.—Scott Wilson.

Neg.—R. A. Small.

Poem—L'Angelus. Miss Grace Bray.  
 Violin Solo—Fantasia from Guillaume Tell.—  
 DeBeriot. F. L. Callahan.  
 Paper. Miss A. L. Bean, H. E. Walter.  
 Cornet Duet—Good Night.  
 W. M. Dutton, F. S. Libbey.

♦♦♦

## PERSONALS.

### ALUMNI.

'72.—Among the "Alumni Articles" in the *Morning Star* we noticed some time since a paper by Prof. J. S. Brown of Doane College, Crete, Neb., on "What Church and State Owe to the Laboring Classes."

'73.—Charles B. Reade, Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, and wife, are making a tour of the Pacific Coast with the Senate Committee.

'73.—L. C. Jewett, M.D., has located in Auburn.

'73.—Prof. Edmund R. Angell, of Derry, N. H., analyst to the New Hampshire State Board of Health, has been elected representative to the Legislature.

'74.—Rev. C. S. Frost has been obliged to resign his pastorate at Pawtucket, R. I., on account of ill health. During his nine years' work there, says the *Morning Star*, a new house of worship has been built and dedicated, free of debt, and a large number added to the church membership. It is with great regret that his people accept his resignation.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy writes from San Francisco to the *Lewiston Journal* that Mr. Sandford, '86, and himself, had a delightful trip across the continent. They were to sail on the steam-

ship "Belgie," October 21st, for Yokohama.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Johonnot, pastor of the Bates Street Universalist Church, was married November 5th, to Miss Rose A. Abbott of Rumford by Rev. G. B. Hannaford.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes has resigned his pastorate of the Shawmut Avenue Free Baptist Church in Boston, having accepted a call to Minneapolis, Minn.

'82.—J. C. Perkins, now a Senior in the Cambridge Divinity School, will probably be appointed associate pastor with Rev. Dr. Hill, of the First Parish Church in Portland. The *Portland Argus* states that Mr. Perkins recently preached to a large audience in that place, making a very favorable impression.

'83.—Rev. O. H. Tracy has accepted the call of the Oakland, Cal., church, and will soon start for his new field of labor.

'86.—A very interesting letter from Prof. W. H. Hartshorn, who is now in Leipsic, Germany, lately appeared in the *Lewiston Journal*.

'86.—Rev. Charles Hadley and wife have sailed for India by way of the Suez Canal, and expect to arrive at Madras about the first of December.

'87.—F. W. Chase, principal of the high school at Belfast was chosen President of the Waldo County Teachers' Convention at the last annual session.

'87.—A. S. Woodman was admitted to practice as a member of the Cumberland bar at the October session of the Supreme Judicial Court. His office is 36 Exchange Street, Portland.

'87.—W. C. Buck, Clerk of the Census Bureau at Washington, D. C., has been spending a few days with his Lewiston friends.

'89.—A. E. Hatch is lecturing in New Hampshire with marked success. Mr. and Mrs. Hatch have a son, Roy Emerson, born September 30th.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of our late classmate, and also printed in the BATES STUDENT and Lewiston Journal.

A. D. PINKHAM,  
F. S. LIBBEY,  
N. G. BRAY,  
*Committee.*

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## EXCHANGES.

W. Isaacman, a native Russian, has an interesting article in the *Dickenson Liberal*, under the title of "The Laboring Man in Russia." Below we give our readers the benefit of its most interesting and instructive part:

"A farmer in Russia usually owns from one hundred to two hundred acres of land. One owning one hundred acres will hire about three men and two girls to do his work, the girls doing the same work with the men. The work is done almost altogether without machinery, as mowers, binders, threshing machines, horse-rakes, and horse-forks are almost entirely unknown there. Grass is cut with the scythe, and grain with the sickle. They are raked with a hand-rake and handled with a hand-fork. The grain is usually stored away until winter, and then is threshed with the flail and cleaned through a hand sieve instead of a fanning mill, as here. Nearly every farmer has a flock of sheep and raises his own wool, which he has spun and woven and knitted, making clothes for himself and family. As this work is also done at home it will readily be seen that there is no small amount of work for the five persons to do. The men rise at about three o'clock in the morning during the summer and work until dark, receiving from fifteen to thirty-five dollars per year, and in addition a suit of working clothes. The girls receive from ten to twenty-five dollars per year. The manner of hiring laborers is perhaps different in Russia from that in any other country. On certain days men wanting to hire men, and those wanting work, gather at the hotel, the farmer in one room and the laborer in another,

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## IN SYMPATHY.

*Whereas*, In the divine order of events, death has removed a former President and beloved member of the Polymnian Society, Mr. Walter Henry Davis, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Polymnian Society, hereby express our heartfelt sympathy with the family and relatives of the deceased;

*Resolved*, That, recalling the noble qualities of the deceased, his thorough scholarship, his honorable ambition, and his earnest Christian manhood, we deeply deplore the loss sustained by the community in his early death;

*Resolved*, That it shall be our endeavor to keep our society true to the spirit of his life, that in the experience of its individual members may be realized the ideals that it was his constant endeavor to attain;

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow of the deceased, and that they be published in the BATES STUDENT.

W. L. NICKERSON,  
F. W. LARRABEE,  
VANN E. MESERVE,  
*Committee.*

*Whereas*, It has pleased God, in His divine providence, to call to a higher school our former classmate, Fred D. Mace; be it

*Resolved*, That the Class of '91, Bates College, learn with deep sorrow that their late friend and fellow-student has been thus early called to lay down his life-work.

*Resolved*, That the heartfelt sympathy of the class be extended to his family and friends in their bereavement;

for it must be remembered that they associate together as little as possible; even at their homes they eat in separate rooms. The farmers do not bargain directly with workmen, but they have middlemen whom they tell what kind of men they want, and how many, and the middlemen go and hire the men for them, after which they are brought in and the bargain is usually settled by drinking together. The girls are hired in, very much the same manner. The farmers there will have the best and finest of horses, cattle, and poultry, and large numbers of them, and as they have no fences, these are taken care of by boys. Each one takes his drove out and watches them all day, returning with them at night. Since the towns are so far apart there are a great many peddlers traveling through the country, mostly Jews, many of whom do a fine business. There are few stores, except in the towns, and therefore the peddlers have almost a monopoly of the trade; for the same reason tailors travel through the country instead of remaining at their shops in the towns. Rye is the most common article of food here, as well as being in great demand for distilling whiskey, while wheat is scarcely ever used. Drinking whiskey is almost a universal custom with the Russians. Almost everybody keeps it at home. They have no public schools, and consequently very few have any education; not even enough to read or write their own names. As Russia has no coal, wood is used instead, both for home use and in factories and machine shops. It is sold by the cord; a cord being there a pile seven feet cube and is worth from fifteen to twenty-two dollars."

The *Home Market Bulletin* gives us the following, under the title of "Dingbats from Dingley," from Gov. Dingley's speech at South Framingham, October 18, 1890:

"I notice that the democratic candidate for Congress in the fifth district told the Waltham watchmakers that the democratic policy is to give them free copper and free nickel, but that the republicans in the McKinley tariff have refused to reduce the duty on copper and nickel. Considering that the McKinley tariff reduces the duty on copper from four cents per pound to one and one-fourth cents, while the democratic Mills bill made it two cents per

pound, and transfers nickel ore and nickel matte from the dutiable to the free list, while the Mills bill imposed upon them a duty of ten cents per pound, the Waltham watchmakers will hardly recognize the democratic candidate as an authority as to democratic policy, and will be likely to stand by the republican party, whose policy not only gives them copper and nickel at lower duties than the Mills bill provided, but also ensures protection to the makers of watches [applause]; for the democratic theory that duties should be adjusted for revenue only, and not for protection, would invite a reduction of the duty on watches to the point where Swiss watches could come in and take the place of Waltham watches, unless the Waltham workmen would work for Swiss wages.

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## MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The *Outing* for November is attractive as ever. The illustrations are numerous and very good. The reading matter is very interesting in this issue, especially to those of a sporting nature, but not entirely to them. Some of the most interesting articles this month illustrated are, "Turtling in Florida," "Foot-Ball Studies for Captain and Coach," "Athletics at Williams College," "Photographing Interiors," and "California on Horseback."

The new serial, by Frank R. Stockton, author of "Ruddy Grange," which opens the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, is entitled "The House of Martha." It abounds in that dry, whimsical humor, which is so difficult to analyze, and yet so easy to enjoy. The short parts which make up this installment are called "My Grandmother and I," "Relating to my Year in Europe," "The Modern Use of the Human Ear," "I Obtain a Listener," "My Understudy," "My Book." "The Legend

of William Tell" is traced to its early beginning by Mr. W. B. McCrackan; and Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook has an instructive paper on "Robert Morris." Dr. Holmes bids the *Atlantic* readers farewell all too soon in the closing paper of "Over the Teacups," in which, for a few moments, he steps before the curtain, and speaks in his own person. Kate Mason Rowland's bright paper on "Maryland Women and French Officers" must not be forgotten by any lover of amusing sketches of society at the time of the Revolution.

The *Century* for November has for a frontispiece "Lincoln and his Son Tad." The number is a particularly interesting one. John Hay has an article on "Life in the White House in the Time of Lincoln." "An American in the Thibet" is the account by W. Woodville Rockhill, of a journey through China to the Koko-nor.

Among other interesting articles we would mention, "Two French Sculptors: Rodin and Dalou," by W. C. Brownell, "A Legend of Old New York," "Early Victories of the American Navy," "On the Andersonville Circuit," "The First Emigrant Train to California," and in the "Open Letters" we find one from Lincoln when in Congress. The *Century* promises its readers some rare treats for next year. It will soon publish extracts from the Memoirs of Talleyrand before they appear in book form in any country.

Princeton has done more for football this season than all the other universities put together.

—*Mail and Express.*

## BOOK NOTICES.

"ELEMENTARY PSYCHOLOGY," with practical applications to Education and Conduct of Life for the use of High Schools, Normal Schools, and Academies, by James H. Baker, A.M.

This book attempts to present, with applications, the more important principles of Psychology in a clear and concise form.

The topics are selected for their essential importance and treated concisely. Such metaphysical discussion as does not belong to an elementary work is omitted. Exercises calculated to test the skill and invite the research of the student, are placed at the end of each subject. It is a very good book.

"SEVEN THOUSAND WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED." A complete hand-book of difficulties in English Pronunciation including an unusually large number of Proper Names, and words from Foreign Languages. 16 mo. cloth, at \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The author of this excellent book, William Henry P. Phyfe, is a member of the American Philological Association. In this book he has endeavored to select such words only as, through inherent difficulty or carelessness on the part of the speaker are liable to be mispronounced. The number of proper names is unusually large for a book of this kind. The pronunciations are very carefully indicated. Prefixed to the "List of Words" is a chapter on the Sounds of the English Language. The book is a very handy, accommodating work which should be possessed by both teacher and student.

"TABULAR VIEWS OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY" is the title of another book by the same publishers as the above.

It is a series of chronological tables

presenting in parallel columns a record of the more noteworthy events in the history of the world from the earliest times down to 1890.

Particularly to be commended is the arrangement here adopted of placing in parallel columns on facing pages the events occurring throughout the world at about the same period of time. This calls in the powerful assistance of association in enabling the memory to grasp and retain a hold of important dates by showing at a glance simultaneous occurrences in other countries. It also helps in teaching the lesson that the history of any one nation is only a part of the history of the world. The book should be in the possession of all who have occasion to refer to historical dates and events.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

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It is expected that a summer school, including English Literature, Geology, and Botany and other branches of learning, will be held by college professors at Colebrook, N. H., next season.

—*Ex.*

At Harvard for fifty years no smoker has graduated with the first honors of his class.—*Ex.*

The pennant of '89 has been placed in the gymnasium, and boards are to be put up there on which are to be placed the records of Field-Day. It has been decided to preserve all the balls won hereafter by our team, and to place them with suitable inscriptions in a conspicuous place in the gymnasium. All these little things arouse an inter-

est in athletics, and help to keep up an enthusiasm through the winter training.

Brown was refused admittance to the New England Base-Ball League, Amherst objecting on the ground of Brown's tendency toward professionalism, notwithstanding the fact that one of Brown's "professionals" for next year came direct from the Amherst team of last year.—*Wesleyan Argus.*

The \$100,000 raised for a fund to establish a medical school for women at Johns Hopkins, will not be touched until by additions and interest it has reached \$500,000, when the new department will be instituted.—*Ex.*

After so many centuries Constantinople is again coming in for her share in the world's means of education. What she once possessed she gave up for the benefit of Europe and all nations of the west. She is now feeling its reflex influence. In 1863 a charter was granted by the State of New York for the founding of Robert College in Constantinople. It was named in honor of Mr. Christopher Robert, a merchant of New York, who was then traveling in the East. At the time it was little more than an experiment, but it is now a flourishing institution. Many of its graduates occupy high government positions in Bulgaria. Others are scattered over Europe as professional men. The Faculty of the college now consists of nine professors, and all of these, including the President, are Americans except three. These are the Professors of the Bulgarian, Armenian, and Greek languages. Beside the nine professors there are eleven instructors.

## POETS' CORNER.

NOVEMBER.

By N. G. B., '91.

Sear brown leaves are falling, falling,  
Leaving branches bare,  
Good-bye to each other calling,  
Thro' the chilly air.

All the winds are sighing, sighing,  
As the dead leaves fall;  
All the summer flowers are dying,  
At the Frost-king's call.

Cold gray clouds are weeping, weeping,  
O'er the blossoms dead;  
Nature is her vigil keeping,  
Sad, un comforted.

Tiny buds are sleeping, sleeping,  
Close to Nature's breast;  
Every tiny pulse is beating  
In a dreamless rest.

Winter's moan is ringing, ringing,  
Thro' the leaden sky;  
In our hearts sweet hope is singing,  
Spring comes by and by.

## POT-POURRI.

A young woman sent to a newspaper a poem entitled "I Cannot Make Him Smile." The editor ventured to express an opinion that she would have succeeded had she shown him the poem.—*Ex.*

At the husking bee, if you get a red ear, you may steal a kiss; while, on the contrary, under other conditions if you steal a kiss, you may get a red ear.—*Ex.*

At a medical examination a young aspirant for a physician's diploma was asked: "When does mortification ensue?" "When you propose and are rejected," was the reply that greeted the questioner.—*Ex.*

The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated.—*Locke.*

First Boy to Second Boy (who has been fishing)—"Catch anything?" Second Boy—"Haven't been home yet."—*Ex.*

"Papa," asked Johnny Withers of his father, who was a graduate of Boomtown University in 1858, "what is the meaning of '*semper fidelis*'?" "Always fiddling," my son. It was a term applied to the Emperor Nero, who swam the Hellespont while Rome was burning, replied the old man.—*Ex.*

## PRIZE ESSAY PROPOSAL FOR 1891.

NEW YORK, October 20, 1890.

The American Protective Tariff League offers to the undergraduate students of Senior classes of colleges and universities in the United States, a series of prizes for approved essays on "Effect of Protection on the Purchasing Power of Wages in the United States." Competing essays not to exceed eight thousand words, signed by some other than the writer's name to be sent to the office of "The League," No. 23 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, on or before March 1, 1891, accompanied by the name and address of the writer and certificate of standing, signed by some officer of the college to which he belongs, in a separate sealed envelope (not to be opened until the successful essays have been determined), marked by a word or symbol corresponding with the signature to the essay. It is desired, but not required, that manuscripts be typewritten. Awards will be made June 1, 1891, as follows: For the best essay, one hundred and fifty dollars; for the second best, one hundred dollars; for third best fifty dollars. And for other essays, deemed especially meritorious, the Silver Medal of the League will be awarded, with honorable mention of the authors in a public notice of the awards. "The League" reserves the right to publish, at its own expense, any of the essays for which prizes may be awarded. The names of Judges will be announced hereafter.

Respectfully, etc.,

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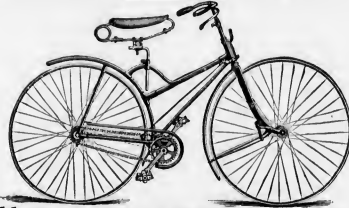
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
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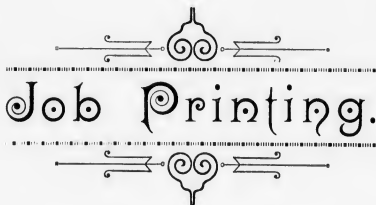
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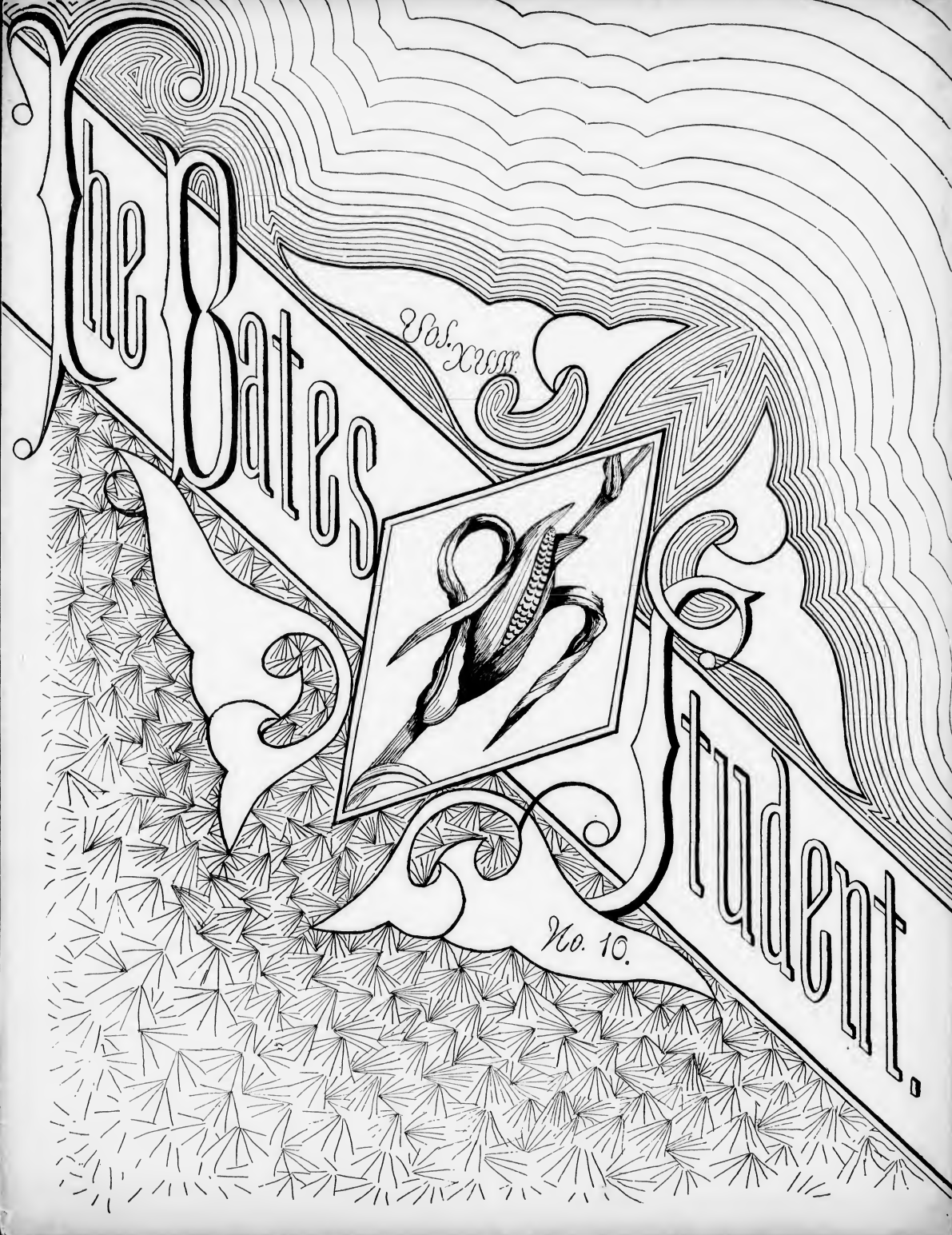


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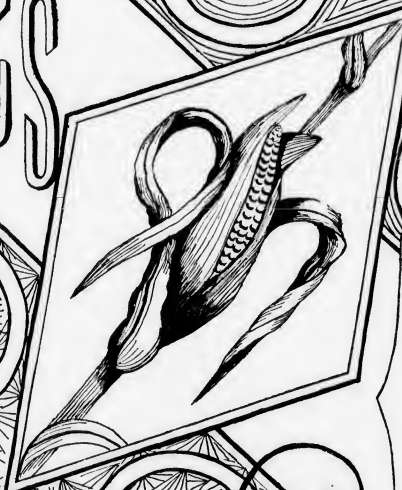
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The Bates

Vol. XXVIII



No. 10.

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VOLUME XVIII.

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THE

# BATES STUDENT.

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*Χαλεπὰ τὰ καλὰ.*

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Published by the Class of '91,

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

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## **Editorial Board:**

W. L. NICKERSON,

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F. S. LIBBEY,

N. G. BRAY,

F. L. PUGSLEY,

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A. D. PINKHAM, BUSINESS MANAGER; F. W. PLUMMER, ASSISTANT MANAGER.

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# THE BATES STUDENT.

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## THE BATES STUDENT

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COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '91, BATES COLLEGE,  
LEWISTON, ME.

### EDITORS.

W. L. NICKERSON,    F. L. PUGSLEY,  
N. G. BRAY,         F. S. LIBBEY,  
A. A. BEAL,         N. G. HOWARD.

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## EDITORIAL.

WITH this issue the present editors bid their readers good-bye. With a lingering impression of the vastness of space we pull the quills from behind our ears and bow ourselves out of the sanctum, leaving our successors to take up the editor's refrain, "What shall I write?" Although at times we have nearly made our heads sore by much scratching, yet these familiar pages seem to us like the face of some old friend whom we are always glad to welcome, and it gives us pleasure that the STUDENT is to pass into the hands of such an able corps of editors, nearly all of whom, by their welcome contributions, have become known to our readers.

We take this opportunity to express our thanks to those who have kindly aided us by their contributions, and especially to acknowledge our indebtedness to the printer, Mr. Hale, and to the proof reader, Mrs. Hatch, for the neatly printed pages and freedom from errors.

THE spirit of rivalry is undoubtedly one of the greatest incentives to human action. Recognizing this fact, home and school, church and state, alike foster this spirit in every possible way. At home, the child is en-

couraged from infancy to bend his little energies to outdo his playmates. At school, the teacher touches the same spring, and appeals to this instinct, by a regular system of prizes, rank-cards, rolls of honor, and rewards of various kinds. The method proves fairly successful, we grant; though it is possible that the stimulation of the average majority hardly outweighs the discouragement of the hard working, dull in intellect, and the nervous strain upon the quicker and more sensitively organized. That the teacher's work is materially lessened, there is no doubt. It is far easier to rouse a spirit of rivalry than a spirit of praiseworthy ambition to do one's best; the instinctive desire for recognized superiority can be much more readily developed than interest in the work for the work's sake. But it is questionable whether the results obtained compensate for the warping of the child's nature. A principle so instilled into his mind must actuate him through life. Competition in business, sectarianism in the church, partisanism in politics, all useful within proper bounds, but pernicious when carried to excess, are the natural outgrowth of such training. A generous rivalry, under proper conditions, may be invaluable. This deeply rooted instinct of human nature should not be ignored by any means. But are we justified in relying so fully on this, as almost utterly to neglect the cultivation of a spirit of real interest in school work, of honesty and justice in business life, of Christian love in church relations, and of patriotism in State affairs? The decision lies almost

wholly in the hands of the parent and the teacher, and on them the responsibility must rest.

---

THE over-hasty publication of idle rumors and exaggerated reports is fast making the unreliability of newspaper statements a by-word. In a large daily newspaper it is simply impossible to verify every item; but even here fewer errors would occur if the rare question, "Is it true?" was occasionally substituted for the more familiar, "Will it take?" The editorial columns, however, in any publication, can and should truthfully express the editor's own convictions. The temptation is strong to write something that will sound well, or please the readers, or too often "anything to fill up." This lack of sincerity in writing cannot be too severely condemned. No man has a right to help mould public opinion by putting forth sentiments that he does not himself believe. Even our college magazines exert more or less influence, although comparatively limited in their range. But, aside from this consideration, no student can afford to fall into a habit of loose and insincere writing,—a habit seldom broken, when once established. Such a writer speedily loses not only all regard for truth, but even the ability to discriminate between truth and falsehood, so blended together do they become in his mind. If one is either unwilling or unable to write or speak as he honestly thinks, let him hold his peace for the sake of his own self-respect, if for no other reason.

PERHAPS a brief history of the proceedings which have finally culminated in the establishment of a College Council will be of interest to our readers. It will be remembered by most of us that at our last Commencement a committee was appointed by the Board of Trustees to investigate the various systems of government in other colleges, and report what, in their judgment, would be best for Bates. At a meeting of the Executive Board of the college on Saturday, November 15th, this committee made its report, and advised that a College Council, consisting of ten members, be elected by the students, as follows: four from the Seniors, three from the Juniors, two from the Sophomores, and one from the Freshmen. The students were invited to send representatives to this meeting, and committees of three were elected by the four classes, making in all twelve men, who were present and heard the report of the committee before the Executive Board. After the adoption of the report by the Board, it was moved by Nathan W. Harris, Esq., that a committee of six, consisting of two members of the Executive Board, two of the Faculty, and two students be appointed to provide the details of the new system of government. The motion was passed and the following gentlemen were appointed: Henry W. Oakes, Esq., Nathan W. Harris, Esq., Professor Stanton, Professor Chase, F. L. Pugsley, '91, and C. C. Ferguson, '92. This committee met on Tuesday, November 18th, and decided upon the details and appointed a sub-committee, consisting of Professor

Chase, F. L. Pugsley, and C. C. Ferguson, to make a suitable copy of these to be presented to the Executive Board, the Faculty, and the students. Each of these bodies ratified the "Articles of Agreement" thus prepared and presented on Wednesday, November 19th, and in accordance with their provisions the members of the Council have all been elected except the member from the Freshman class, who will be chosen as soon as the class is able to obtain a quorum to do business. Many of the class had gone home before notice could be given of a meeting for the election. It will doubtless take place early next term. A copy of the "Articles of Agreement" will be found published elsewhere in this issue.

We believe that through this Council the students have the opportunity to test thoroughly the theory of college government by the student body, for, while the Faculty have the power to overrule the acts and opinions of the Council, they are agreed to leave the government in the hands of the Council as long as that body shows itself competent to manage the affairs of the college justly and honorably. The only danger that seems to us to lie in the way of the complete success of this new arrangement, is negligence on the part of the students and on the part of the members of the Council in particular to do their full and honest duty by the faithful discharge of their obligations to themselves and the college. If this is done they will find all they desire in the results that it is possible to attain, and the Faculty will

only be too glad to be relieved of the irksome responsibility which, under the former arrangement, they felt in duty bound to assume.

THE new rule for the selection of committees—"One from each society and one from neither"—has been fully appreciated. But the fact that the law was necessary is none the less deplorable, for it shows that the society lines are being more and more sharply drawn; that even now a committee of two from one society, and one from the other cannot be fully trusted to award prizes. This prejudice is the great evil our two societies are fostering. If there is any public exercise, the first thing done by the student is to count the number of participants belonging to *our* society, then to complain of the decision, if they are in the minority, or use it as another taunt against the other society, if in the majority. If a prize is awarded, not "Who deserved it?" but "Which society got it?" is the principal question. Class leaders, editors, ball players, all, in fact, are ranged on society bases. When both sides are so zealous, it is not strange that one cannot be trusted to judge the other, and the new rule may prevent one of the evil effects but leaves the cause untouched. The societies themselves are the only ones that can remedy this, and the effort should certainly be made. No student can have a well trained mind who graduates with this society fever, for it leaves ineffaceable marks. In college it divides the students into two classes, who are perpetually magnifying their own virtues

and their opponents' deficiencies; out of college it continues in other forms of bigotry, for once adapt the vision to party glasses and the mind acquires, with deplorable rapidity, a permanent bias, a sort of myopia in the top eye, to speak psychologically. Instead of my society it will be, my party, my church, my opinion, and eventually my *self*. No one enjoys people of this character, yet it is in such small things as rivalry that the evil begins.

It is one of the essential conditions of happiness to consider one's own lot as good if not better than others, but it is not so well to impose that opinion on them. Nothing is more helpful to character than picking *virtues* in your opponents. And for first exercise try ranking students as if you belonged to the *other* society, and at least in all terms (except the fall!) spend less time in hunting for their deficiencies. Only with a mind trained to see good and evil, without regard to party, can a man become truly successful. Quack, pedagogue, or politician he may be, but never a true physician, scientist, or statesman.

ALL who are interested in the welfare of Bates students should find cause for thankfulness that there has been, comparatively, so little sickness in the past among the students. On account of the healthful location, sickness here has been a rare thing, but health is not contagious, and even in the pure atmosphere of Lewiston students are not wholly free from the liability to sickness. Sickness in college is no pleasant experience, and

sometimes more even than medical attendance is needed. Although it has frequently happened that students have had reasons for gratitude for the kindness of Lewiston's physicians, yet it is often true that as much depends upon proper care as upon proper medicine. There may be times when as good care will be given by a room-mate as by a hired nurse; fortunate is the sick student that has such a room-mate; but not all are thus blessed, for, though having a keen interest in one another's welfare, the majority of students are wholly unused to caring for the sick.

Taking up the *Orient*, a few days ago, we noticed that a fund had been established to be used in securing medical attendance for students in case of illness at college. This seems a step in the right direction, and we wish there might be a similar fund at Bates, to be used in securing not only medical attendance but also proper care and needed articles for those who are obliged to be sick while at college and are unable to be removed to their homes.

While other needs of the college are great, and the want of an observatory, together with other improvements, is sorely felt, yet such a fund seems to be of more present importance. Nor would such a fund need to be large. A fund sufficient for the establishment of a scholarship would go very far in this direction, and would certainly be doing more good, in a time of sorest need, to the student dependent on his own exertions and struggling for an education, than a scholarship. It would always be doing good, because it would always be used in a time of need.

OUR value to the world is dependent largely upon our health and strength, and each of us is in duty bound to keep unimpaired the vital powers that God has given. Worth and noble purpose are of no avail, if we have not the physical stamina to carry out our designs. A weak, broken constitution often binds an active mind in fetters that it cannot break. Many, actuated by the noblest impulses, have studied long and patiently only to find themselves hampered and inefficient because of ill health. More and more are the results of thoughtlessness in our habits of study becoming apparent, and the subject calls for our earnest attention. No one can afford to sacrifice a strong constitution in order to take degrees or to pursue favorite studies, yet this is just what is being done by many students in the institutions of learning throughout the country. Hundreds of graduates leave our colleges every year who have used up their physical strength by incorrect habits of study to such an extent that they are unfit for any active pursuit. Real worth is wasted in this way to an alarming extent. The gymnasium is expected to do everything in the line of repairing the exhausted body, and when it fails we wonder why we are not as strong as we were a few years ago. The bad air of our studies and of the recitation rooms more than offset all that is gained by mechanical exercise. The great trouble, I think, lies in the fact that we exercise too little in the open air. We are wont to cling too closely to our over-heated, ill-ventilated rooms. If we as stu-

dents would exercise our common sense and attend to the condition of the air about us, we might leave college in as good health as when we entered. Without pure air at all times the mind cannot be fully developed, as the body cannot retain its vitality.

THE winter vacation should be a time of review to every student. Not a study review perhaps so much as a review in thought of what they have accomplished the past year; to what degree their capabilities have been increased; in what respects they have failed to improve their opportunities; how they might have improved upon methods adopted by them for their advancement, etc. This line of thought honestly pursued by every student would be of great benefit in all their future work. The weak places in their mode of study would be made strong, the strong places stronger. The neglected opportunities of last year would be improved the present year, and improved opportunities disclose new opportunities. There would soon be no need of thought to determine our improved capabilities; they would be very evident to ourselves and others. Let each student, then, this vacation make this thoughtful review, and make it fairly and honestly.

PERHAPS in no better way can we show our loyalty to the college than by supporting a good live college magazine. Now it is needless to say that money is needed to run a publication well, and as those whom we are obliged to pay will fully agree with us in this

matter, we would be very grateful to those who have not yet sent in their dollar, if they would send it at once in order that we meet the expenses of the present year's paper promptly.

## LITERARY.

### L'ANGELUS.

By N. G. B., '91.

God put into the artist's soul a thought  
Of beauty and of truth. Straightway upon  
The blank, unmeaning canvas he wrought out,  
With skillful hand, a symbol of this thought,  
That all who saw might read and understand  
What God had said to him.

A level stretch of field, half-harvested;  
Two figures in the foreground, with bowed  
heads;  
Around them, marks of sordid toil; afar  
A church tower rising 'gainst the dark'ning  
sky;  
And over all a brooding stillness, through  
Which seemed to fall upon the listening air  
The distant bell's clear call to evening prayer.  
This was the picture.

One day, half-doubting whether he had made  
His meaning clear, the artist called a friend  
Into his studio, and bade him read  
The hidden message he had written there.  
"To me," the friend replied, "it means there is  
No use in prayer. In blind, unquestioning  
faith

These worshipping peasants stand beneath a  
dumb,  
Black sky. No voice from Heaven the silence  
breaks.

Where is their answer? Where?"

The painter smiled  
And seized his brush. The murky darkness of  
The sky he pierced with one swift stroke, and  
lo!

A single golden beam of light broke thro'  
The rift, and flashed God's answer from the  
cloud.

The gray sky seemed to lift and arch itself;  
The landscape wider grew; the sunset gleam  
Fell on the bowed heads tenderly, and lent  
To all the scene a glow of promise and of hope.

Tho' few can wield the painter's magic brush,  
Yet are we all God's artists. Some deep  
thought

Of beauty and of truth He sends into  
Each waiting soul to be wrought out into  
A human life. We mix the colors with  
Unskillful hand. Brown fields beneath our  
feet,

Graysky o'erhead, our vision bounded by  
The dull routine of life. In dumb despair,  
Or ignorant faith, we take what each day  
brings,

Nor dream that life's horizon may stretch out  
To distance infinite; the lowering sky  
Be lost in unknown azure depths; the half  
Unconscious prayer bring Heaven's blessing  
down,

And make the darkness light. We scarce  
discern

The hidden meaning of our lives, until  
Some kindly hand, with tender touch, breaks  
through

The gathering gloom, and with one cheerful  
ray

Of loving sympathy illumines all  
The sombre scene, and makes it beautiful.

To widen life's horizon; to uplift  
The lowering sky that seems to shut us in;  
To light up with some golden gleam the grays  
And browns of life; to make God's thought so  
clear

That none can fail to understand,—this is  
The work intrusted to our hands. We see  
The sombre hues of ignorance and sin,  
Of hopeless sorrow and relentless toil,  
Men paint into their lives; but in our hands  
We hold the rarer colors that shall make  
Life beautiful. The blue of truth and calm;  
The white of purity; the emerald hue  
Of promise; the deep red of perfect love,  
Triumphant over suffering; then joy  
And peace, the flame and azure mingled; and  
At last the royal purple, sign of things  
Ineffable. Earth lies transformed before  
Us, touched with beauty infinite; and lo!  
The human has become divine, and life  
is glorified.



The oldest college in the world is the  
Mohammedan College at Cario, Egypt.  
It is 1,800 years older than Oxford.

—*Ex.*

### INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.

THERE are many things of which  
the world has always been, and is  
to-day in great need; but the greatest  
of these needs is that of independent,  
vigorous thought. Such thought is the  
secret source of that vast and ever  
increasing difference between the serv-  
ile and the noble, the base and the  
good. And yet while it is the source  
of that difference it is nevertheless true  
that they who think most independently  
and vigorously are not always noblest  
and best. This fact, however, does  
not lessen the need of such thought,  
rather upon the other hand does it make  
that need greater, if possible, than be-  
fore; for above all things else, it is  
necessary that the great body of hu-  
man thought be preserved in a state of  
stable equilibrium. This state can be  
preserved only upon condition that  
such independent and vigorous thought  
as is noblest and best shall at all times  
prevail; and this condition is quite  
certain to obtain, if the thinkers are  
the many instead of the few.

To whatever page of history we turn  
we shall find that it presents to us, not  
a steady growth in the evolution of  
knowledge, not a steady growth in art,  
literature, science, politics, and relig-  
ion, in which the bulk of thought upon  
these subjects has always been right  
side up and in stable equilibrium, but,  
quite the reverse of this, it presents to  
us, fitfully, spasmodically, art, now  
coming forth with grace and magnifi-  
cence, and now, stripped of all that  
makes it admirable, prostrate, and  
ruined; literature, though in a sense  
permanent from its very nature, now

unfolding itself and pouring out lavishly its richest treasure, and now contracting and withering away like a tender vine bitten with early frost; science, now raising itself up like a strong man from restful and invigorating sleep as if prepared for herculean tasks, and now, apparently exhausted with the energy of a single effort, staggering and falling like one smitten with disease; politics, now with wisdom, justice, and equity, laying the foundations of government and rearing thereupon a splendid superstructure, and now, by corrupt methods and false legislation, undermining the whole till it totter "from turret to foundation stone," and finally collapse in irreparable ruin; religion, now propounding its first principles and urging nothing but the very essence of its doctrines, applying its simple teachings with moral effect to the lives of men, and now embodying itself in the creeds of sects and elaborating forms of worship, types, symbols, ceremonies, and sacrifices, until they only are considered saints who live in cloisters and heretics are burned at the stake.

We cannot look upon the course which knowledge has pursued in any one of its many departments, we cannot observe its advancing and retreating, its rising and falling, its sudden turning to right and left, and how, in the language of Coleridge, it has "plunged and tacked and veered," without the inquiry pressing itself upon us as to what has been the cause producing these results. The answer to this inquiry will not be found difficult, if, upon taking a cursory review of men and events, we note the facts that, for the

most part, men have been dominated by impulse and passion and the thinkers have been few.

Upon one hand we may see Xerxes puffed up with military pride, exulting in the hope of a magnificent conquest and followed in his enterprise by an almost innumerable host, each man of which shares, to some extent, the same ignoble ambition; upon the other we may see Socrates, filled with a divine inspiration to search after truth if haply, by years of patient toil, by a life-time of study in the market-place, and whenever opportunity is afforded, he may behold it dimly and as yet afar off, even though, instead of a host of followers to encourage and strengthen him, he at last be persecuted as a heretic and die as a martyr. Again, upon the one hand, we may see men such as Philip, Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon, each marshaling his thousands about him, and each having no purpose, no motive, other than to wage war, to conquer kingdoms, and to lay waste with fire and sword cities and principalities; and, upon the other, we may see such men as Homer, blind and vagrant, whose poetry was, is, and shall be, a civilizing influence, greater than a thousand military conquests, as Demosthenes, whose eloquence is mightier to move men to the purest patriotism than an infinite multiple of armies and victories like those of Philip; as Cicero who did not wish his memory to be penetrated in statues of bronze or monument of stone, but who wished his character as a citizen, his thoughts, his utterances, and his life-work to be a perpetual monument to

his genius among all races of men ; as Galileo, who, though imprisoned for his scientific learning and original discoveries, yet accomplished more in the interests of humanity during his life-time than all his enemies together could have done in seventy generations ; as Darwin, whose indefatigable research has lifted forever from men's hearts and minds the great burden of dogma, superstition, and miracle, which the ages have accumulated and against which not all the armies and navies of Europe, with all their marvelous engineering of war and devastation at command, could more avail than the gentlest breath of a summer's breeze.

Thus out of the travail of the ages in which the vast hosts of humanity, led hither and thither by demagogue or fanatic, have waisted their treasure and their blood, has been born to us the glorious possibilities of our modern civilization, through the consecrated effort of a few noble minds who, withdrawing themselves "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," and separated from each other by time and space, have turned the energy of their thought to those departments of knowledge from which all human progress has been derived. The fulfillment of those grand possibilities seems to have been left by Divine Providence to the care of this greatest of great republics.

For while from century to century the star of empire has been taking its way westward, the shores of the broad Pacific have at last marked its *ultima thule* its remotest boundary. Here in the midst of a mighty continent, with a broad belt of territory stretching

from ocean to ocean, marvelously provided with almost every source of wealth known to man, having the most extensive and fertile lands for tillage, capable of sustaining even in opulence at least a thousand million souls, inestimably rich in coal, petroleum, iron, and all ores for the mechanic arts, yielding the precious metals with incomparable abundance, adapted to internal commerce by a most extraordinary system of natural water ways through the very heart of the realm, enjoying a variety of climate and natural scenery, the like of which is not elsewhere to be found under the sun, here, where, within little more than a century, an almost interminable wilderness has been recovered from the hunting ground of a few miserable savages to become the dwelling place of industrious millions, here it seems to have been the design of Infinite Wisdom that the last act in the great drama of human events shall be performed.

But let it be remembered that that act is by no means predestinated or foreordained. The interposition of no miracle is to be looked for to fulfill those promises of our nation's future greatness which its brilliant career for the past century would seem to warrant. All that it promises us, all that we hope for, all that we are ambitious it should attain is left to the purity, sincerity, and truth of its scientific and religious teachers, to the wisdom and equity of its statesmen, and most of all, to the intelligence and unimpeachable character of its citizens. To these alone are we to look for, and from these alone is it reasonable for us to

expect such maintenance of our social equality, such preservation of our free institutions, such safety of our political liberties, as shall, with the increase of our population, result in an uninterrupted, healthy growth and development of every legitimate interest, both public and private; and as shall weld together more and more firmly, from generation to generation, that liberty and that union which the blood of our fathers calls upon us to render forever one and inseparable.

If, then, upon the one hand, in view of the inevitable and paramount importance to mankind of our nation's destiny, if, in the language of Matthew Arnold, "America holds the future," if in view of the matchless wealth of its natural resources, if in view of all it promises and all we hope may be fulfilled; and if, upon the other hand, in view of the unprecedented problems with which it is beset, namely, as to what shall be done with the hostile relations of labor and capital, as to what shall be done with socialism which bids fair to work, at no distant date, a revolution of some sort, either of good or ill, as to what shall be done with foreign immigration which, within the short period of four years, has poured in upon us, from the slums of Europe, more than twice the number of Goths and vandals that overwhelmed Rome in the fifth century, and marked an epoch in the world's history, as to what shall be done with the liquor traffic, which costs the nation more per annum than its bread and meat, and for the conduct of which our alien population is almost entirely responsible, as to what shall be

done to kill race prejudice and enable white and black to live on the same soil, under the same government with equal liberties and equal rights, as to what shall be done with Romanism, which declares that our public schools, the great bulwark of the republic, should not be subject to the civil power nor made to conform to the opinions of the age, but that the Romish church has the right to control their discipline, to arrange their studies, and to choose their teachers, if, in view of all these things, we are to look for their wise adjustment, their successful administration, to our statesmen, our scientific and religious teachers, and, most of all to the common people, then it must be evident to every rational being that there must be no room among us for Philips or Alexanders, Cæsars, or Napoleons, but that every citizen, every statesman, every public teacher must be unto himself in some degree a Darwin, a Galileo, a Cicero, a Demosthenes, a Homer. In short there must be an abundant supply to meet this greatest of great needs, that of universal, independent, vigorous thought; and there must lie next, or even within the heart of every one, both now and in succeeding generations, that thought to which our poet has given such potent utterance:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers,  
But error, wounded, writhes with pain  
And dies among his worshippers."

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Wellesley students are trying to raise \$100,000 for a new chapel. \$5,000 has already been subscribed.—*Ex.*

## THE WASHINGTON ELM.

By A. A. B., '91.

CAMBRIDGE, the ancient college town, is the scene of many an historical event, and here new and old are everywhere blended. Beside the busy pavement of Harvard Square stands a rough-hewn mile-stone of 1736, on one side stands a house a century old, with small-paned windows and huge brick chimney; across the way is one of the finest suburban mansions—a model of nineteenth-century architecture. Side by side stand Harvard's first hall covered with woodbine, and the elegant new dormitories of gray stone. Amid all this alternation, one living monument there is, whose early years can be reckoned not only with Puritan but with Indian history. It is the "Washington Elm."

Turn from the busy square toward the common, and beyond, in the center of the street, and, rising against a background of church and steeples, you see it standing alone. A stranger, unaware of its position in the city, when suddenly coming upon it, will involuntarily exclaim "Washington Elm!" A granite tablet at its base bears this inscription:

UNDER THIS TREE  
Washington  
FIRST TOOK COMMAND  
of the  
AMERICAN ARMY  
July 3, 1775.

But the tree declares itself before the lines are read or even observed. For, shattered as it is, there is a grandeur about it that speaks of ancient forests. Its massive trunk is more than six feet in diameter, and in spite of the storms

that have torn away its branches, it rises a hundred feet overlooking the trees of the common. A railing about the trunk defends it somewhat from the knife of the curiosity hunter. And where the trunk and boughs are shattered by wind and time, broad sheets of zinc protect the precious relic. But in summer the thick green foliage covers the defacing blemishes and gives the whole tree the appearance of vigorous life and beauty. It is only on close observation that one sees there are no new branches, and that all the strength of the tree is required to preserve the old growth. Birds flit back and forth among its branches as birds did a century ago. The warm sunshine, too, sifts through the wind-lifted leaves as it did when it fell, not on a dusty pavement, but on the cool mosses and ferns of the primeval wood.

Scarcely a day passes without some visitor, coming perhaps from distant states or countries, standing attentively by its aged trunk. Its very leaves are seized for mementos, and many a low hanging bough is robbed of its covering. Of all the historical objects in the historic city, it is perhaps the most valued. The old halls of the college, the Cragie house that has been Washington's headquarters and Longfellow's home, and the old church-yard, all attract the visitor, but it is the Elm that wakens pride in our country and deepest reverence for the brave men that won its freedom.

What scenes and changes it has witnessed! Before the first grim Puritan came to cut down its fellows it watched over wigwam and rude war

dance of the red men. It saw them slowly fall back as fell back the line of the forest. Under its branches crept stealthily the painted warrior to wreak vengeance on the palisaded cabins. In the war of Queen Anne it watched the bloody struggle and saw the dauntless settlers capture from the crafty French their cannon, and there on the common one stands yet, "An old friend of the elm's," one would say after looking at its battered iron.

Later comes the great event of the tree's and the nation's life. Tents made from the sails of the craft in the harbor cover the common; rough, but determined soldiers crowd the streets, and soon beneath the sheltering tree Washington checks his horse and drags the commander's sword. Then it heard the hostile bullets whistle past, and at intervals the death-cry of some soldier. Beneath its shade, perhaps, passed the funeral train of the five veterans who sleep now in the near church-yard. Another old companion, this church-yard! The grassy tomb making now but a gentle slope, and the stones with their half obliterated Latin inscriptions are fast crumbling away.

A hundred years have passed, and still the tree watches over the city. The stage-coach that once drove beneath it has lumbered away to oblivion, and now in the evening it sees the scattered sparks announce the coming of the car, driven by the invisible and tireless captive of Franklin. Like a warning voice from the past does the tree call to duty. A teacher it is of history, advocate of perseverance and uprightness. And fervently the visitor exclaims,

"May its descendant, guarded in the common, live as long, and see in the nation no less progress and happiness than has been seen by this historic Elm of Washington!"

♦♦♦

### THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

By N. G. B., '91.

With the midnight song of angels,  
And the golden light  
Of an unseen world of glory,  
Dawned the Day-star bright,—  
The Babe foretold by sages,  
The promised Babe of ages,—  
The Prince of Peace.

The shining feet pressed softly  
The path he trod,  
The downward pathway leading  
To us from God,—  
Feet that should grow so weary,  
Treading earth's thorn-fields dreary,—  
Blest Prince of Peace.

From the light of the Father's presence.  
Came the Child so fair;  
Close-filled were the baby fingers  
With blessings rare,—  
Hands that nail-pierced and bleeding,  
Should toil for a world unheeding,—  
Blest Prince of Peace.

No joy-bells rang out loudly  
That Christmas time;  
Only the shepherds welcomed  
The Babe divine,—  
The lowly babe in the manger,  
The unowned, royal stranger,—  
The Prince of Peace.

But the Prince of Peace now reigneth  
Where once he died,  
And the Christmas-tide brings blessing  
To the nations wide,—  
For his earth-life, filled with sadness,  
Hath crowned our lives with gladness,—  
Our Prince of Peace.

O earth, forget your sorrow,  
'Tis Christmas day;

And the Babe divine yet liveth,  
 To bless away.  
 Set all your joy-bells ringing,  
 Greet our love-crowned King with singing,  
 Our Prince of Peace.

### THE BASSAS.

**N**O SECTION of the earth is attracting more attention at present than Africa. Greedy civilization is now turning its eyes toward the Dark Continent and watching for opportunities of speculation. The savage must now be tamed and have sufficient education to fill the safes of his white brethren with gold and his own heart with misery.

One of the least-known regions is West Central Africa, the seat of the Bassa tribe, and a few facts concerning this region, as related by their king, may be of interest to our readers.

The territory occupied by this tribe is nearly the same in extent as Great Britain; and being somewhat broken by the Kong Mountains, its surface is similar to that of New England. It is quite densely populated toward the interior, with here and there large villages of two or three thousand inhabitants.

As they come in contact with civilization the natives are found to be an active, intelligent people, and quite ready to adopt new customs. The clothing is scant, consisting only of a piece of cloth tied about the waist, and sometimes a small cloth cap. But when they are in full dress, that is when they wish to imitate the white man, they wear a sort of undershirt with a wide open bosom and no sleeves.

The women wear a short skirt reaching a trifle below the knee.

They are very cleanly in their habits, and baths are taken regularly, the men bathing twice, and the women three times each day. At their feasts each guest is supplied with a brass kettle of water in which he may bathe before eating.

The people never eat in their houses, but in a sort of booth answering to a kitchen, erected two or three rods from the house. This kitchen is an open structure having a portion floored over with bomboo. The food is prepared and placed upon this bamboo floor, which answers both for table and stools. The men, women, and children sit flat upon this floor in three separate companies, the men eating with wooden spoons, while the women and children have only their fingers. Their manner of inviting their friends to dine with them is peculiar. When the food is prepared the man cries out to his neighbor, "Come walking on the limb," which means that he is to come and bring his spoon.

Their principal article of food is rice; and next in importance, the cassava, a vegetable somewhat resembling the potato, but growing at the base of a stalk from six to twelve feet tall like a corn stalk. The eddoe is also cultivated. All kinds of tropical fruit grow in abundance, chief among which are the banana, bray fruit, and butter pear. The latter is very soft, and is often eaten upon the cassava like butter. Wild cherries grow very large, but the natives seldom make use of these.

Though game is abundant, the men

do not all engage regularly in hunting, as might be supposed, but many of them only hunt occasionally for pastime. There are organized bands of hunters sent out for the benefit of all. The red deer is most prized by the natives. This deer has only one horn growing from the middle of the head. Lions are seen only once in the year. During the dry season they pass through this region in great numbers. It is no uncommon sight to see a leopard or tiger break into the flocks and carry away lambs, but they seldom molest the natives.

These people are proficient in the use of fire-arms, but are peaceable, hospitable, and well-disposed toward white men. There is at present only one white missionary among them, Miss Mary Scott. Their worship is that of the devil, and there is a regular organized body, corresponding to the priestly class, whose duty it is to impersonate his majesty. These priests practice sleight-of-hand, amuse the people, and make the laws which the king executes. Among them is a host of legends and customs that seem to point to great antiquity. Indeed, they have preserved a legend that they were once civilized, but have gone back into barbarism. In the language and customs of this people there may be hidden a Rosetta Stone for the philologist and the anthropologist. Who can say, but in these unstudied regions of the Dark Continent may be found the ashes of a burned-out civilization ancient as that of the Ptolemies? and that, touched by the vivifying power of the gospel, there may yet spring up a new civilization giving "beauty for ashes."

## THE DURABILITY OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

BY F. S. LIBBEY.

**W**HAT once becomes dear to the human heart cannot be forgotten; what cannot be forgotten, one shrinks from thinking will ever cease to exist. The principles upon which our government is founded endears it to all, and its noble record can never be forgotten. Can we, then, believe that its brilliant light will ever be extinguished? American patriotism rouses to answer, but as it beholds the numerous elements threatening the nation's destruction, this answer remains unspoken until investigation of the character of these threatening dangers discloses their probable effect. These dangers may be classed as external and internal.

External dangers can arise only from wars resulting from diplomatic disputes. Should such a war come we are fully competent to wage it, but that our government, which, in its diplomacy, has always striven for peace, will seek such war is as absurd as it is unlikely; and before the powers of Europe, which are the only ones to be feared, can seek war with the United States, they must first dispel the war clouds which their jealousies keep constantly suspended above their heads. Their large standing armies are all required at home to guard their own territory, and not until the geographical position or character of the nations changes will this requirement be otherwise; and not until it is otherwise, have we anything to fear from external dangers.

Of internal dangers we shall men-

tion only those considered as acting directly upon the government.

Wealth controlled by a few is so considered. The power of wealth over our government gives to the United States, even now, the appellation, Plutocracy; many of its legislators are made by wealth; much of its legislation is influenced by wealth; all this favors monopoly, which, by its injustice to labor, leads to anarchy and socialism.

But observation, as well as experience, shows us that most wealth is controlled by individual selfishness, and that selfishness knows not reason, in which very fact lies the final destruction of wealth's power.

Ambitious, grasping, unreasonable, wealth exposes its selfish purposes and awakens its victims to the fact that yielding to its allurements gives but momentary benefits, while it increases the power of the tempter.

With this knowledge there comes, though long delayed, a sense of reason and honor which becomes stronger as injustice and wrong become more evident, and at length cries with all its opposing power, "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go," and Reason is a conqueror, and Honor, master.

Political corruption we need not fear; for although at present it seems to be on the increase, yet it is this very increase that gives it prominence and serves to stimulate the people to right action; and although the public often seem late in comprehending wrong, yet, guided by that sense of reason and honor which controls right, they have not been, nor will they be, too

late; and when once aroused, right prevails.

Mormonism has well been considered dangerous, but it is a declining power. The courts have decided against it; Congress has legislated against it until it has no legal foundation, and its defeat by the Gentiles at the last election in Utah, together with the recent edict of the Mormon president to abide by the laws of the country, confirms the belief that it is no longer a government danger.

Of the dangers from immigration I shall refer only to the two considered greatest—the degrading of labor and the disloyalty of immigrants. That immigration has degraded labor our workingmen realize and have furnished a remedy in their labor organizations. So great a political power have they become that they have already secured demanded restrictions to the immigration laws, and Congress dare not refuse them others when required.

The immigrant, coming to our shores, finds himself a free man in a free country. The innate love of freedom produces within him an increasing love for the country that gives him that freedom, and with this love comes the firmest loyalty, and I cannot believe that those who, by their coming, acknowledge our country's superiority, will be its destroyers.

Romanism is conceded to be the deadliest enemy of government. Papal power, which claims supremacy over the state, if unobstructed, would destroy any government; but, thanks to the influence of our free schools, of our institutions, of the pervasive

spirit of independence, freedom of thought and action, the Pope dare not enforce that claim. In Italy, the very heart of Romanism, he has lost all temporal power, and can we think that he will gain it here, where Catholics are a small minority?

The Romish clergy, also, are fast losing that mysterious power which they have so long held over their subjects, and as reason, stimulated by education, comes more and more to govern, this power will decrease faster.

Then to the question, "Shall our government be destroyed?" In view of these considerations we believe that Patriotism can safely answer "No!" Reason, Honor, Freedom, Justice, and Equality say "No!" Love and Pride of Country in every American breast say "No!" And we all, in the name of posterity, in the name of our fathers who formed and bequeathed this government to us, and in the name of God, who loves its principles, not only say "No!" but believe that centuries hence will be heard those words of Garfield: "God reigns and the government still lives."

#### ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

##### BETWEEN THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF BATES COLLEGE.

**T**HE Faculty and students of Bates College, desiring to secure greater harmony of purpose and action, adopt the following articles of agreement:

#### ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. A College Council of ten shall be established, to be constituted as follows: The Seniors shall elect to the council four of

their number; the Juniors, in like manner, three; the Sophomores, two; the Freshmen, one.

SEC. 2. To be eligible to membership in the council, students must be recognized by the faculty as in good and regular standing, but no lady student shall be eligible.

#### ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. The first election of councilors shall occur as soon as possible after the adoption of these articles and their ratification by the Executive Board of the college.

SEC. 2. Subsequent elections shall be held as follows: The regular election for the three upper classes shall be held on the second Saturday before Commencement Day, the outgoing Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen, then electing nine councilors, who shall enter upon their duties on the Friday following Commencement Day.

SEC. 3. The regular election for the Freshman class shall be held on the third Saturday of the Fall Term, and the councilor chosen shall at once enter upon his duties.

SEC. 4. The term of office of each of the ten councilors shall expire with the Commencement Day of the college year for which he has been elected.

SEC. 5. Vacancies occurring between the regular election shall be filled promptly by special elections, of which seasonable notice shall be given to the members of the class for which the vacancy occurs.

SEC. 6. When an election, whether regular or special, has been held, the Secretary of the class holding the election shall at once certify the result to the President of the college, or in his absence, to the Secretary of the faculty, by presenting to him the written record of such election.

SEC. 7. But, if the faculty find any councilor elect ineligible, they shall promptly notify the president of the class electing him of such finding, and a new election shall immediately be held.

SEC. 8. And, if the faculty at any time decide that a councilor is not in good and regular standing as a student, they shall at once declare his place vacant, and notice of the vacancy having been promptly given to the president of his class, his place shall be filled by a new election.

SEC. 9. And, if any five students shall, over their own signatures, address the president for

secretary of the faculty, challenging the right of any councilor to his seat, and naming any reasonable ground for such challenge, as invalid election, unworthy character, incompetence, or neglect of official duty, the faculty shall inquire into the alleged facts, and if they find the charges true, shall declare the seat vacant, and a new election shall be held as provided in the preceding section.

SEC. 10. All elections, regular and special, shall be by written ballots.

#### ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1. The council shall organize by electing from its own number, by written ballot, a president and secretary.

SEC. 2. It shall adopt such rules for its procedure and government as its members shall judge best suited to its purpose.

#### ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 1. The faculty and the council shall cooperate in the endeavor to secure harmony between instructors and students, and also between classes and individual students.

SEC. 2. They shall jointly strive to guard the institution against all injurious practices and influences among its members, and to aid all movements tending to promote character and scholarship, and to render college life more pleasant and profitable.

#### ARTICLE V.

SECTION 1. The council shall meet from time to time, under such regulations as it may adopt, to deliberate upon matters of interest to the students, and, by giving due notice to the president or the secretary of the faculty, shall be entitled to a hearing upon all matters of college discipline or policy that seem to it to require consideration. And, in like manner, the faculty, by giving due notice to the president or secretary of the council, shall be entitled to receive advice whenever occasion may seem to require.

SEC. 2. The faculty shall seek, through the council, to learn the wishes and views of the students in regard to matters of interest to the body of undergraduates, and shall give special heed to its representations as to the degree of guilt attaching to any infraction of the college laws, and to any recommendations that it shall make in regard to college occurrences, customs, and policy.

SEC. 3. No student shall be expelled or sus-

pended without a conference between the faculty and the council.

#### ARTICLE VI.

SECTION 1. Members of the council are not expected to become informers against fellow-students, unless in their own judgment the evils of which they may be cognizant are such as to demand exposure.

SEC. 2. In giving advice each councilor is to be guided solely by his own deliberate judgment and sense of right.

SEC. 3. And before entering upon his duties shall sign the following pledge, duly written in the record book of the council and in that of the secretary of the faculty: "I solemnly promise, on my honor, faithfully to perform the duties of councilor to the best of my judgment and ability."

#### ARTICLE VII.

SECTION 1. Whenever any student shall feel that he has just ground of complaint against the faculty, the laws or policy of the college, or against any class or fellow-student, he is not to resort to violent retaliation, to the infraction of college laws, or to the injury of college property.

SEC. 2. But the council shall have authority to investigate the grievance, to summons before it students, and to elicit by questions or other proper means the relevant facts, and to effect, if possible, an adjustment of the difficulty.

SEC. 3. But, if no satisfactory adjustment is thus attained, the council shall, at its discretion, bring the alleged grievance promptly to the knowledge of the faculty, with such recital of the facts, and such advice as shall seem to it pertinent, and it shall then receive the united consideration of the council and the faculty.

SEC. 4. The council, whenever it shall deem it necessary or desirable, shall appeal to the students as a body for an expression of their judgment as to its action.

#### ARTICLE VIII.

SECTION 1. These articles shall take effect when they have been approved by an affirmative vote of two-thirds of the faculty and of two-thirds of the students in actual attendance at a meeting duly called for the purpose, and shall have been ratified by the Executive Board of the college.

SEC. 2. In like manner they may be annulled by a vote of the Trustees, or of the Executive Board, or by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the faculty, or by a vote of two-thirds of the regularly enrolled students.

#### ARTICLE IX.

SECTION 1. These articles, after they have been adopted and ratified as provided in Article VIII., Section 1, shall be copied into the record book of the secretary of the council, and also into the record book of the secretary of the faculty.

#### ARTICLE X.

SECTION 1. Amendments to these articles may be made under the same procedure by which provision is herein made for their adoption.

### LOCALS.

Vacation!

Merry Christmas to all.

Strange how the resolution to "study this vacation" remains only a resolution still!

Three Seniors, a Junior, and a Sophomore still remain at their old quarters in Parker Hall.

It looks as though the students present at the spring term would have a chance to recite as often as they wish.

Those chosen for the champion debates are as follows: Mr. Bruce, Mr. Mason, Mr. Fanning, Mr. Chase, Mr. Spratt, Mr. McFadden, Miss Little, Miss Bean, and Mr. Sims.

Professor Wood is to have a class in Constitutional History during the vacation. Topics for study and discussion are to be given each one of the class, and much pleasure, as well as profit, is anticipated.

The library is open every afternoon as usual, during term time, and the

number taking advantage of it is on the increase. The library is becoming to the students what it should be, an indispensable factor of college work.

The Latin School opened December 9th. Among the instructors are a larger number than usual of Bates students. Five are catalogued: F. W. Plummer, W. B. Skelton, C. C. Ferguson, A. C. Yeaton, and E. L. Pennell.

Another prize is offered to the ambitious student. Professor Wood offers *ten dollars* for the best essay on "What Our Legislature Should Do in the Year 1891." A chance for our young politicians. A copy of the best should be sent to the legislature.

Prof. (in Astronomy)—"Mr. P., how many moons has Neptune?" Mr. P.—"Don't know." Prof.—"Mr. H., can you tell?" Mr. H. (determined not to flunk)—"Four." Class grins, and Mr. H. adds, "I believe they haven't all been discovered yet."

### PERSONALS.

'73.—J. H. Baker, principal of Denver High School, is president of the State Teachers' Association of Colorado.

'76.—Letters have been received from Rev. Mr. Stacy, pastor of the Court Street Free Baptist Church, under date of November 9th, one day's sail from Yokohama, from which place the letters were mailed. The voyage from San Francisco had been eighteen days. Head winds had somewhat delayed the passage, but the weather in the main had been good, and Mr. Stacy

had not experienced an hour of sickness, and was in excellent health and spirits. He expected to reach Shanghai, China, the 25th ult.

'83.—J. L. Reade has been building a fine house on Wakefield Street, which will be ready for occupancy by the first of January.

'85.—C. W. Harlow, M.D., is having a lucrative practice in Melrose, Mass.

'85.—W. V. Whitmore, M.D., who for the past year has been Interne of the Los Angeles County Hospital, has resigned his position and is now practicing at Wilmington, Cal. Dr. Whitmore is also Physician and Surgeon to the Wilmington Transportation Company.

'87.—At the Teachers' Meeting, Lisbon Falls, December 6th, U. G. Wheeler, '87, was elected president.

'90.—F. L. Day, W. F. Garcelon, and H. V. Neal dined together in New York on Thanksgiving day.

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## EXCHANGES.

The term of office of the present board of editors expires with this issue and the Exchange editor, with the others, retires from his sanctum and passes his quill to his successor, hoping that he will find the work of this department as agreeable and profitable as we have done.

A year of such work gives one a wide acquaintance with American college papers and, therefore, with college life all over the country. Although the reading of a college paper does not neces-

sarily acquaint one with the characteristics of the college in all their details, yet one comes thus to know sufficient to feel somewhat at home with each. We have been pleased with the favorable criticisms of the *STUDENT* which has been very general among our exchanges during our term of office. We have not spent much of our time in mere criticism for the sake of expressing our opinion of our contemporaries, but we have re-published, for the benefit of our readers, two or three short extracts almost every month from the best things in our exchanges and left them to judge from this fact in what esteem they are held by us. We consider this a better criticism than anything formal, and inserted only for the purpose of criticising.

In conclusion we have only to say that there have been none upon our list of which we shall have anything but pleasant recollections. We wish success to our college journals and especially to those of our sister colleges in Maine. We also extend a cordial greeting to our successor to the editorial chair of this department.

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## COLLEGE NOTES.

An examination in gymnastics is now required of Johns Hopkins' undergraduates before a degree is conferred. Eastern colleges realize the importance of the development of the physical man.—*Ex.*

Harvard has formed a stock company to rent furniture to poor students. \$50 worth are loaned for one year on de-

posit of \$10—\$2.50 of which is refunded if the furniture is returned in good condition.—*Ex.*

Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., opens the current collegiate year with an amazing advance in the number of its students, and at the end of ten days new students are still coming in; and this, notwithstanding its requirements for admission are not excelled by any Eastern university. The Freshman class now numbers 162, and the total in college of liberal arts 353, academic department 465, college of theology 220, college of law 173, college of medicine 240, college of pharmacy 233, music 197, oratory 53, art 31, dentistry 39—a total of 2,004 students. A half dozen new professors have been added to meet the increased demand in the literary department alone. The university is now expending \$150,000 on new buildings for some of its professional schools in Chicago, and will next year erect on its lake-shore campus at Evanston a new \$50,000 building for its academic or preparatory department.

—*Mail and Express.*

One hundred and seventy-five out of three hundred and sixty-five colleges in the United States publish papers.

—*Ex.*

The University of Virginia, which was founded by Jefferson, is the only one in this country modeled after the French system. To obtain a degree one has to be a graduate of a certain number of schools or departments of the university. The result is that since its foundation in 1819 only 179 Master's Degrees and a lesser number

of Bachelor's Degrees have been granted. This arises from the fact that it is very little more difficult to obtain the degree of Master of Arts than that of Bachelor of Arts.—*Ex.*

A few months past, ladies of Baltimore, prominent in social, philanthropic, and educational circles, organized a society for the purpose of raising \$100,000, to give to the medical school of the Johns Hopkins University on condition that women be admitted to the lectures and work of the school on the same footing as men. The sum was raised much sooner than was expected, and a few days ago it was presented to the university. The fund will be invested and the interest added to it until a general fund is secured sufficient for the maintenance of a medical school worthy of that university.—*Ex.*

Edison, it is said, is working on a novelty in the form of a clock which will talk time. Instead of a blank sound it will say, "one," "two," "three," etc., at proper times. Instead of the usual alarm it will say "Get up" in so many words.

One of the sources of income of Oxford University is its well-managed press, which last year turned in \$50,000 to the general fund.—*Ex.*

Recently a serious row occurred between the students of Ann Arbor University and a company of militia, resulting in the death of one student and the injury of many on both sides. They had some trouble the evening before, also.—*Ex.*

Class in Analogy: Prof.—"Mr. A., you may pass on to the next life." Mr. A.—"Not prepared, sir."

## POETS' CORNER.

## LACK OF PLAN.

By F. L. P., '91.

Too oft man leaps into the dark,  
Too oft is more a babe than man;  
Too oft makes playthings of his years,  
And lives them all without a plan.

I walk the cities' busy streets,  
I see men hurrying to and fro,  
I ask myself the aim of each,  
And answer, though I do not know.

But this my own experience proves,  
And I believe 'tis always true:  
But few are they who plan for life,  
And these are the successful few.

Whenever with my daily task  
I fret myself to fever heat,  
And fail in what I undertake,  
My lack of plan is my defeat.

'Twas not because I idly sat  
And mused or lolled the hours away,  
But yet, I might have done as much  
Had I, at ease, thus spent the day.

And I perceive that most mankind  
Are not less foolish than am I;  
They rush about in breathless haste,  
Until from want of breath they die.

And all they think must be unthought;  
And all they do must be undone.  
The world was even better off  
Before their folly had begun.

As buzzing insects beat the air,  
And flit about in aimless haste,  
So seems the mass of human kind,  
Its energy and strength to waste.

Economy of brain and brawn,  
Economy of work and worth,  
With plan and forethought, can alone  
Spread wealth and peace o'er all the earth.

## THE SPY.

With a crunching sound  
On the frozen ground

Pick-axe and spade are at work, over there  
Just beyond the hill, in the morning still  
They are busily plied, with no time to spare.  
They've been hard at work since the sun's  
first ray,  
For they're digging the grave of a man to-day;

And all through the camp there's a sense of  
dread,

For they're digging a grave for a man not dead.  
Then reveille sounds, 'tis the first parade  
And they give a short rest to the axe and spade.

Then brought out to die  
Is the captured spy.

Every man in the ranks draws a long, deep  
breath

As they wheel into line at the place of death.  
They keep a sharp touch at the elbow and knee,  
Each dreading the sight that he's got to see.  
Each face is pale as the line is dressed,  
Each heart is beating, each lip compressed,  
But the calmest of all is the captured spy;  
Not a tremor of limb, not a quiver of eye—  
He's wide with his thoughts in the far north  
land,

Sees the mountains again where the pine trees  
stand,

Sees an old, stained house in a clearing there,  
And some pasture bars—and the face so fair  
Of the one he loves as she said good-bye.

He raises his face to the snow-pent sky  
And breathes a prayer that she may not know,  
Then looks at the ground and the dirt-strewn  
snow,

And they show him the spot he's to kneel upon.

"Ah, could I but die with my uniform on!"  
He thinks to himself, yet shows no alarm,  
And kisses the flag on his tattooed arm.

His eyes are bandaged, his hands drawn tight—  
All is hushed and dark as the blackest night;  
An order is given, low and clear,  
But not so low that he cannot hear  
There's a crash, a lurch, a convulsive roll,  
A heave of the chest and a fleeting soul  
That leaves the shell lying mangled there,  
With the blood and dirt in the tangled hair;  
The semblance of something that was a man,  
Full of life and strength when the day began.

"Forward! Guide right!"

Back once more, out of sight  
Of the pick and the spade at work again,  
When they bury that soldier boy from Maine.  
The brigade's on the march to the silent camp,  
The snow is melting, the air is damp,  
A blue-bird twitters—a sign of spring,  
A crow flies over on lazy wing,  
The earth peeps forth in dark sweltering spots;  
Some scattered leaves show a few red clots—  
Never mind! perhaps it will snow to-night  
And all will be hidden, and smooth, and white.

And the prayer he breathed, it was surely heard,  
 For how he had died, she received no word.  
 'Tis his general's secret where he died,  
 And why he was there, and how he was tried.  
 His name was reported among the "missed,"  
 With hundreds and more on the self same list;  
 But she's waited, and waited, from day to day,  
 Till her face is wrinkled, and hair turned gray;  
 And no one remembers his name or face,  
 And the grave of the spy is an unmarked place.

—James Barnes, in *Nassau Lit.*

"Were a star quenched on high,  
 For ages would its light,  
 Still traveling downward from the sky,  
 Shine on our mortal sight.  
 So when a great man dies,  
 For years beyond our ken,  
 The light he leaves behind him lies.  
 Upon the paths of men." —*Ex.*

### POT-POURRI.

#### CRUEL FATE.

The summer has gone and now backward returning,  
 Each one is seeking a haven of rest.  
 The rest that will quiet the heart in its yearning,  
 The quiet of home that is always the best.

When dame fortune placed those few auburn hairs on Redwine's face and called them whiskers, she gave to (h) "airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

Thus mused poor Will and thus he had spoken,  
 As he packed up his trunk preparing to leave;  
 Feeling indeed that his heart was quite broken,  
 That alone and forsaken his spirit must grieve.  
 How swiftly the days had flown by, at the shore,  
 Sweeter and dearer the friend that he found  
 Than all the dear friends, whom his heart  
 Knew before,  
 Though many there were who had clustered around.

Seem those dear days like a beautiful legend,  
 And Mabel to him e'en fairer than life;  
 But now she, alas! must return to her husband  
 While he just as sadly goes back to his wife.

Advice to Freshmen: Honor thy Professor in the days of thy youth that thou may'st be solid before thy Senior year.—*N. C. University Magazine.*

#### A NATURAL INFERENCE.

They were standing in the hall-way where  
 beneath the yellow light,  
 The two, as one, united stood and bade a fond  
 good night,  
 "Here is one, dear, for your mother," he said,  
 and then was gone,  
 While she, so meek, with crimson cheek, fled  
 like a bird forlorn.

Next morning at the table they were seated,  
 each in place;  
 Little Johnnie, all impatient, while old  
 grandpa asked the grace;  
 "Where's that present, Sis, for mamma, Jack  
 gave last night to you;  
 I heard him say as he went away 'Here's one  
 for mamma, too.'"

Small Boy (holding up his hand)—  
 "What's B. C. hitched onter them  
 dates in Greek history mean?" Teacher  
 (a trifle confused)—"Well-er, Sammie,  
 you see them old Greeks were queer  
 kind of creeters, so whin they didn't  
 know a date for sartin they put B. C.,  
 'bout correct,' arter the numbers."

—*Yale Record.*

#### A chemical romance:

Said Atom unto Molly Cule:  
 "Will you unite with me?"  
 And Molly Cule did quick retort:  
 "There's no affinity."

Beneath electric light plant's shade,  
 Poor Atom hoped he'd metre.  
 But she eloped with a rascal base,  
 And her name is now Salt peter.

—*Ex.*

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday..... JUNE 25, 1891.

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
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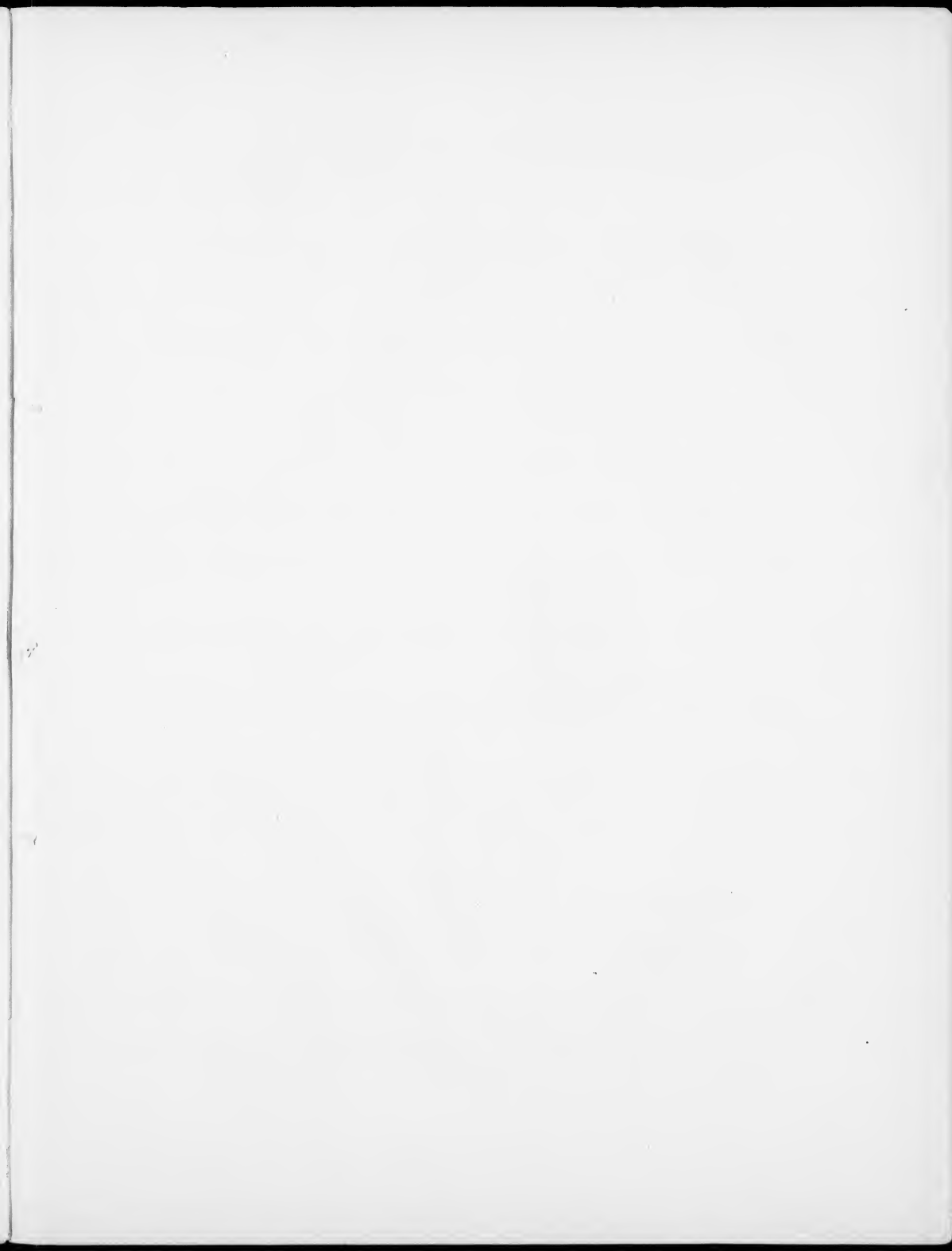
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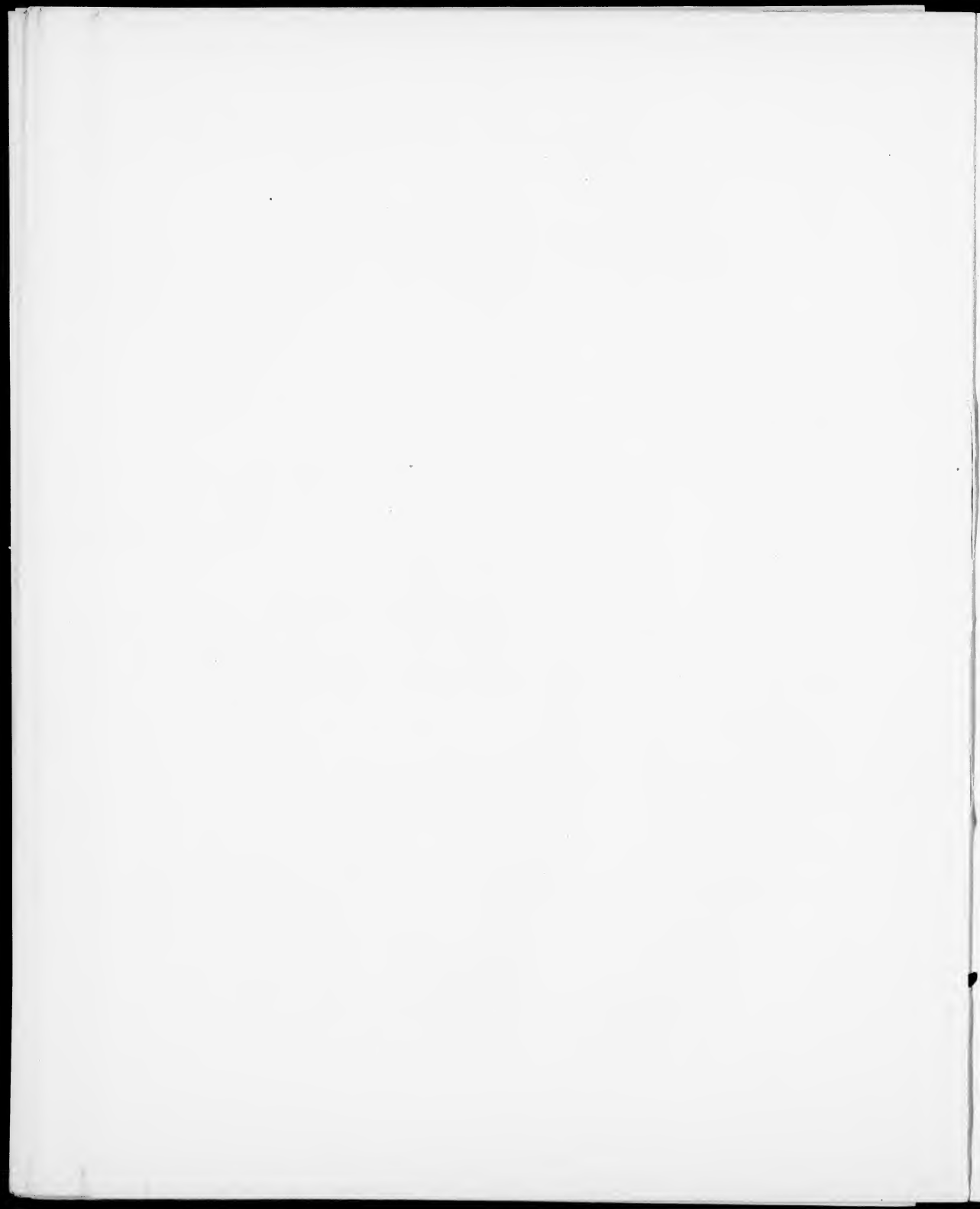
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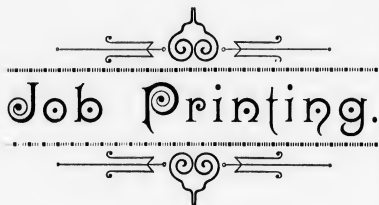
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